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*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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PAUL JONES RAISING THE FLAG

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COMFORT

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Happiness and Success in over
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SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Man and misery are twins.
Patience is the art of hoping.
Misery is everywhere and so is happiness.
Fate gives us parents; choice gives us friends.
Men are the cause of women's dislike for each other.

When flattery is unsuccessful it is because of
the flatterer.

We are no longer happy as soon as we wish
to be happier.

None are less eager to learn than they who
know nothing.

One is very near being ungrateful when he
weighs a service.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more
sympathy we command.

One does not reason with his heart; he either
breaks it, or yields to it.

The want of goods is easily repaired, but
poverty of soul is irreparable.

Poverty destroys pride; it is impossible for
an empty bag to stand upright.

The ideal man exists only in the mind of the
woman who has never married.

No one perfectly loves God who does not per-
fectly love some of His creatures.

A woman is more influenced by what she
guesses than by what she is told.

Women, cats and birds are the creatures that
waste most time on their toilets.

Kidnapping a Bridegroom

By Elizabeth R. Carpenter

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

John Graham, a bustling young New Hampshire business man, registers at a New York hotel, and half an hour later in the evening, two strangers, who introduce themselves as Jacobs and Jones, call on him at his room. They address him as "my lord the Duke," and when Graham assures them that he is no duke and evidently not the person they are looking for, they insist that Graham is in fact the Duke of Charteris traveling under an assumed name and just arrived from England. In spite of their pretended belief that he is the Duke, Graham suspects trickery and demands that they tell him their game. Thereupon, Jacobs explains that the unscrupulous stepfather of a certain beautiful young heiress in New York is desirous, for personal reasons, to marry her to the Duke of Charteris, expected to arrive that evening from Europe, and has promised them \$5,000.00 if they will get the Duke's consent. As the real duke might be a difficult subject to handle they propose to use Graham for bridegroom, as he resembles the Duke so closely that the stepfather is not likely to discover the imposture until after the ceremony and they have got their money for the job. Graham attempts to reach the bell button to summon help from the hotel office, but is stopped by a cocked revolver which Jacobs thrusts in his face. Graham sits down to await further developments, confident in his own mind that these two rogues are not clever enough to marry him off against his will. Jacobs explains that he is Monsieur Default, the celebrated mesmerist, and that he intends to use his mysterious power to get control of Graham's will and compel him to act the part of the Duke, and immediately begins working over Graham to accomplish his purpose. A few passes Graham sinks back in his chair, his eyes assume a vacant stare, and he appears to be completely under control of the expert hypnotist. Jacobs tells him to forget the name of Graham and to remember only that he is the Duke of Charteris, about to marry Helen Winston, and as soon as the ceremony is over he is to fall with his bride for Genoa. Satisfied with the success of his experiment Jacobs hurries Graham into a cab and Jones follows with Graham's baggage. They drive to an elegant residence where they find the stepfather with a clergyman, and the intended bride, richly gowned for traveling. Everything seems in readiness and Jacobs insists on hurrying the ceremony as it is past eleven and he says there is scant time to catch the steamer which sails at midnight. As they stand before the minister Graham's eyes meet those of the girl and he sees in them an expression of helpless appeal at first—then one of slowly dawning joy. Under his newly assumed name and character he is married, and at the close of the ceremony the bride signs her name "Helen G. Winston" in the marriage register; then Jacobs gives him his cue to sign his name "John, Duke of Charteris, Gloucestershire, England," but never doubting his complete control over his victim turns to attend to another matter while the bridegroom writes his name "John F. Graham, Canaan, N. H.," and closes the book. Jacobs rushes the bride and groom into an automobile, in which their baggage had already been deposited, and gives orders to drive them quickly to the North German Lloyd dock in Hoboken.

CHAPTER II.

THE car moved swiftly, easily over the smooth wet asphalt. For a time there was silence. The girl, swathed in her heavy garments and furs, sat in the extreme corner of the ample seat, entirely lost to view in the darkness. John Graham was more distinctly ill at ease than ever before in his happy-go-lucky existence. His ready good nature and wit failed to help him now. He felt unaccountably uncomfortable and, yes, he was compelled to admit it, shy. Yet above these new and novel sensations one desire predominated. More than anything else on earth, he wanted a smoke! He craved that soothing influence, and a smoke he must have. In the forward, "Madam—I wonder if I may—smoke?" "Certainly."

"Thank you." He pulled forth his cigarette case and in a moment drew a couple of long draughts. He began to feel decidedly better, almost sociable. Again he leaned a little forward.

"Awful habit this—smoking. Makes a slave out of a fellow. It's downright pernicious. I'll lower the window this side just a crack, with your permission. So, how's that? Too cold?"

"No."

Another lengthy pause ensued and Graham

was racking his brains for another commonplace, when she spoke.

"Lord Charteris—?"

He turned swiftly. "You don't believe that, do you?"

She seemed to be considering the matter, and after a pause she said: "So I've been deceived; you are not a—Duke?"

"No more than I'm a Pasha!"

"Ah!" After a moment she said softly, "I wonder where he is,—the real Duke?"

Graham laughed. "Lord knows. Probably arrived soon after I did. I hope the slight error is discovered before those—dastards get their ransom."

"And so," continued the girl absently, "you were perhaps—not under the spell of—mesmerism?"

"No more than I am now! In fact not as much as I am now. Why—"

He fancied he heard a smothered laugh. "Then why on earth—"

"Listen!" he cried leaning forward and speak-

ing rapidly. "It won't take long to make you understand. You know, of course, of the plans of those scoundrels. They came to my room, forced me—yes, at the point of a revolver, to fall in with their scheme. Well, I suddenly decided to meet them on their own ground, and be quits. I intended as soon as we reached your home to expose their villainy. If that failed to get me my liberty, I was prepared to fight tooth and nail for my freedom. But I calculated that the parson would not be in their dastardly plot. I was going to appeal to him. I little dreamed of actually going through the marriage ceremony. As we stood in front of the minister, just as I was about to speak, I looked into your face—your eyes. I saw, not only your helplessness and your terror and your need of a friend, but I saw—prepare for a shock Miss Winston,—I saw an old friend!"

"You say you were not under the power of mesmerism?" she asked in a puzzled voice.

"Not for one instant, although I fooled them both—"

"But then—I don't understand how you could have thought me an old friend."

"Miss Winston, will you let your memory hark back a while? Where were you three years ago?"

After a moment she replied, "Why, in New Hampshire; I was a junior at 'Hawarth'."

"So you were! I, too, was in New Hampshire, a senior at 'Canaan Law School'."

After a moment's silence he again strove to collect his disordered forces.

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and smoke. There was just time for them to run up the gang plank, and in five minutes they were off.

Graham at once excused himself and went below to look after the luggage, and absented himself for half an hour. When he again reached her side the harbor lights were fading from view in the mists. He stood for a long time gazing at the girl's half averted face. It was the same dear, remembered little face, with its coronet of dark waving hair. They were the same beautiful pure eyes with their heavy fringing lashes. How well he remembered the tender little mouth, with dimples at the corners! She turned at last and awakened him from his dream.

Mr. Graham, I've been thinking of all you told me in the automobile. It seems like a story from a book,—a pretty fairy tale. And yet I cannot doubt its truth, any more than I can doubt the truth and honor which is stamped upon your face and in your eyes. But still we are strangers, and we find ourselves in a most unusual and extraordinary position. What are we to do? I know I should justify myself and explain to you my share in this—in all this, but not—quite yet. It has to do with my mother who is dead and past defending her honor. She's past knowing and caring, too, thank God. And now—what are we to do?"

Graham threw away his cigarette. "Miss Winston," he said, with his sweet friendly smile, "first and foremost, I've made up my mind to give you a pleasant trip. When you feel moved to confide in me I shall be ready to listen and to sympathize, and to understand. I must be in Argentine early in the New Year. Meanwhile, for the next few weeks, you're going to have a bang-up time and forget all your unhappy past. Listen, little girl, have you a brother? No? Well, I'll show you what a brother's good for. Brothers are occasionally useful, especially in traveling. If you don't enjoy every blessed minute of this trip, my name's not John Graham! And now, it's long after midnight so I'm going to say good night. I spoke to the stewardess and she'll make you comfortable. Little sister, pleasant dreams. Good night."

He lifted his hat but she detained him. "Mr. Graham, I—my mind is all in a whirl. I can't express myself,—but I want to tell you that—nothing that fate has in store for me can be as hard to bear as was my forlorn and lonely childhood and youth. I'm nearer being downright happy tonight than ever before. I won't attempt to thank you for the part you have played in my—destiny. But I am truly grateful, and I want to shake the hand of the finest, truest gentleman on earth!"

Graham trembled as he took the little hand in his. "One thing more, Miss Winston. I don't want you to worry; when we return to New York, you—if it is your desire—you can have your marriage with me annulled. Such things are not unusual. And in your case—why, you married me under a misrepresentation. But, perhaps,—who can say! In the next month, in the dispensation of—divine providence,—you may come to feel—as the boy felt when he wrote—that 'sonnet'!"

She made no answer. After a moment, he gently placed the little hand upon the rail. Then she lifted the gray eyes to his, and in their deep, pure depths, he saw no shadow of a parting, but rather a sweet prophecy of hopes and dreams to be fulfilled.

THE END.

Current Events

NATURALIZATION NOTES.—Charles Kallitsch applied recently for citizenship at Allentown, Pa., where he was asked who W. J. Bryan was. This, he was unable to do, so his petition was turned down by the judge.

A MODERN DOCTOR.—A Missouri doctor has smashed medical ethics and monopolized the practice in his field. It is reported, by advertising that he will "pay half the funeral expenses where any of his patients die."

A WAY TO WIN A WOMAN.—A Sterling, Ill., young woman has just accepted a suitor who, deep in jealousy, shot 14 bullets into her. "I didn't care for him, till he shot me," she says. The different ways to win a woman surely constitute one of the greatest marvels of life.

FIRST WOMAN DEPUTY NAMED IN NEW YORK.—True to his promise to appoint several women deputies, Sheriff Julius Harburger selected a woman as deputy sheriff and invested her with authority of deputy sheriff of New York county. The sheriff has other applications and probably will soon name additional feminine deputies.

A HEROIC MAYOR.—Falling to find any firemen on duty at the fire station when he entered there just as an alarm was rang, Mayor C. S. Taylor hitched the pair of grays himself, and, jumping to the driver's seat, guided the apparatus to the scene of the fire, a quarter of a mile away. Admiring citizens, under the mayor's direction, put out the blaze. This happened in Medford, Mass.

SEND "FINGER PRINTS" BY THE TELEGRAPH.—Telegraphed classification of finger prints caused the arrest of Ben Lieberman, alias Harry Leonard, who was being sought by the New York police. He had been apprehended in Chicago on suspicion, and the classification register of his finger prints were wired to New York and compared with a bertillon record there. The arrest was also ordered by telegraph.

A JURY STRIKE.—Another almost unique jury episode happened at St. Louis. In a will case where it was charged the priest had used undue influence, the jury "stuck" and refused to obey the instructions of the court and hold the will valid as a matter of law. Judge Withdrew kept them in restraint four days but they held out and he had to give in and accept the verdict—though he can set it aside later.

MEN TO WORK IN COUNTRY.—According to Manager J. T. Hunt of the Free Labor Bureau of the Bowery Mission, 227 Bowery, New York City, an unusual number of men have been supplied recently for work on farms and other places in the country. But hosts of worthy men in the city are still unemployed and the Bureau, which makes no charges whatever, is prepared to furnish able workers at any time that application is made to the address above.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Outing Jacket

THIS empire style crocheted jacket is very much easier to put on than a sweater, so is especially comfortable for stout or elderly people. As pictured it was made of gray and black wool. Any color may be used.

The yoke is made up and down across the shoulders, in place of around the neck. It is started on the left side and the piece worked across the shoulder, then the back to it, then stitches added for the right shoulder and this worked, then on both sides inward more are added for the fronts.

In detail it is like this: Ch. 105, on this work 102 d. c. beginning on 4th ch.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c. under each double, the crochet needle passing under from right to left around the double instead of on top of it. This makes a very heavy rib and every stitch in the yoke is made in this way, work ch. 3 on the end. Repeat this row until 9 ribs are complete (two rows make a rib). For fear of confusion mark the end where you started. The completed 9 ribs end on the opposite end.

For the back of yoke work up 42 stitches back and forth until 7 ribs are complete, finishing on the neck side.

For right shoulder add ch. 63, begin on 4th and work 9 complete ribs. Fasten off.



OUTING JACKET.

For right front piece fasten yarn on the 16th stitch up from the back yoke, ch. 3 and continue the ribs until four (or more if full bust) are made.

Make the left front to correspond. Begin the under arm yoke at the marked end and work 8 ribs on 16 stitches, join to the back yoke; this makes the armhole. Make the other to correspond.

Star and Dot

With the black yarn now make two rows of star and dot stitch around the neck for trimming; begin on right hand front and ch. 5, bring up a loop through each of ch. 4 and three through three rows.

Yarn over and draw through all the loops, yarn over and draw through one loop. This is to fasten and is the eye of the star. Now make a dot in the eye of the star. Draw the loop half an inch; (yarn over the

needle, take up a loop through eye of star), repeat this five times, which makes a very heavy dot; yarn over and draw through all the loops; yarn over and through one loop to fasten. This is eye of dot, and finishes the first stitch. The first stitch of every row is like it, only the foundation is different.

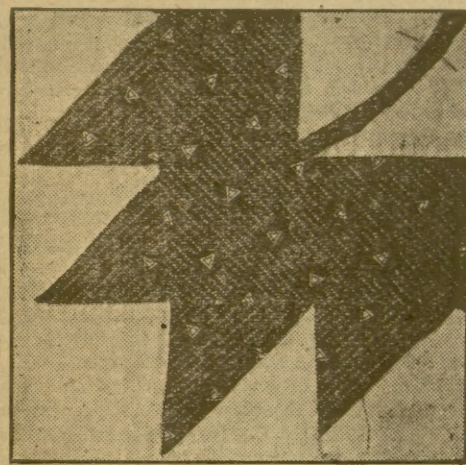
To make the second and all other stitches, do like this: Take up a loop on needle through eye of dot, one through the underside of dot, one through the lower part of star, and three through three rows. This makes seven on needle, and is now repeated from *, no dot being made with last star at end of row.

Ch. 1, a s. c. in eye of star, a s. c. in top of star, a s. c. in eye of dot. This makes

three s. c. over a stitch and must be made carefully, or when you work back you may not get your dots straight in a line up and down. To work the three s. c. over the next stitch, press the dot away from you to get to the eye of the star and make the s. c. not too loose, so it will not throw out the dot in relief. On the end stitch, to get the three s. c., make the last one in the chain used in the beginning. In the corners take up the loops on both

Patchwork Patterns

Either of these patterns, Lovers' Knot and Poplar Leaf are effective ways of working up calico scraps into attractive quilts. The Lovers' Knot can be made by seaming the different



POPLAR LEAF. By Jennie Benight.

pieces together or a square made of four pieces cut as shown, and the light pieces appliqued on afterwards. The Poplar Leaf pattern is an easy design to cut.

sides, three from a side, and draw together so the corner does not get full or ruffled. Repeat these two rows up both fronts, then on the bottom of yoke and to the short sleeve which are made of 9 ribs running around the armhole. The joining of the sleeve is made in the center of the under arm piece and is worked back and forth to make the rib.

For the flounce to the yoke and sleeves begin on the wrong side for the first row. Fasten on end and ch. 4 (a d. c. in 2nd s. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same place, ch. 2, 1 s. c. in next 2 s. c., ch. 2, a s. c. in next 2 s. c., ch. 2), repeat this for the length; try and end with the two d. c. in same place.

2nd row.—Ch. 4* (a shell of 2 d. c. with ch. 2 between into the space made by the 2 d. c. of first row, ch. 2 and 1 s. c. on top of d. c.), now roll shell of four roll stitches over 10 times under the ch. 2 between the 2 s. c. in first row, fasten on next d. c., ch. 2), * repeat from * to * and end with open shell.

3rd row.—Ch. 4* (2 d. c. with ch. 2 between into the space made by previous 2 d. c., ch. 2 and 1 s. c. along side of the roll shell, ch. 2 and 1 s. c. on other side of the shell, ch. 2), * repeat from * to * the entire length. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows until jacket and sleeves are as long as desired and with last row make five chain picots with every ch. 2 in open shells and at the end of three of the four roll stitches.

Make a stand-up collar of two rows of star and dot stitch, the same as little black yoke and other trimming.

Face the yoke on both sides with black ribbon and sew on small black hooks and eyes for the closing.

This jacket was designed for a lady 36-inch bust, but will do for several inches either way owing to its elastic yoke.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Drawnwork Scarf

A piece of white or natural linen should first be cut by a thread the desired size, hems planned, threads drawn and then hemstitched all around.



DRAWNWORK SCARF. By Mrs. E. L. Kimmey.

After this, to plan a border similar to the one shown, measure the width of your scarf carefully, and mark out the spaces to be drawn with a ruler, allowing from 2-1/2 to a 3-inch space for the open work, according to how the space to be used can best be divided.

Draw all threads both ways and cut the corners carefully. Buttonhole all cut edges and divide the threads into groups by hemstitching. Then the pattern shown or any drawnwork design can be used, and the corners filled with darned-in stars, butterflies or wheel.

MRS. E. L. KIMMEY.

Original Patchwork Designs

Miss Viola Kruschke sent in the two attractive and easily made designs for working up light and dark calico or plain goods of two colors.

Gilpin Lace

Chain 20.

1st row.—Skip 3, 6 d. c. in next 6 sts., ch. 6, skip 6, 1 d. c. in next, ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c. in next, ch. 2 skip 2, 1 d. c. in next ch. 5, 1 s. c. in last st., ch. 20.

2nd row.—8 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, catch in 3rd st. of 8 d. c., repeat, making 3 spaces, 8 d. c. under each ch. 5, this makes one scallop, ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 6 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—6 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—1 d. c. on second d. c. of last row, ch. 2, 6 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

5th row.—6 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5 fasten in end of 4th row, 8 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5 catch in 3rd d. c., make 2 more chs. 5, turn and under each ch. 5 work 8 d. c., sl. st. back along the edge of 11-2 scal-



GILPIN LACE.

lops or 12 double crochet. Ch. 5 catch between second and third scallop of last completed scallop, ch. 6 catch between the second and third scallops of first scallop, ch. 5, catch in 5th d. c. or center of first scallop. This joins the two scallops, turn and work 4 s. c. under last ch. 5, 1 tr. c. under first ch. 5, this makes line parallel with ch. 6, under this tr. c. work 8 d. c., then 4 s. c. under ch. 5, slip st. around scallop.

6th row.—Ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 6 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

7th row.—8 d. c., ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. ch. 5, turn.

8th row.—Same as 4th row.

9th row.—Same as 5th row, and so on.

HATTIE THOMPSON.

Crocheted Driving Coat

Light gray wool trimmed with border of dark gray was used in this crocheted coat, but other combinations or a single color would answer.

This coat is started on the left-hand shoulder and the front worked to the under arm; next the right-hand front which laps over is made also to the under arm. After this the back is worked on these fronts with additional stitches between the fronts for the neck; this piece is also worked to the under arm. Now the skirt part is worked back and forth until as long as desired.

Left-hand front.—Ch. 34, on this work 10 stars and 9 dots as per star and dot stitch direction given on this page.

2nd row.—Ch. 1 to turn (a single crochet in eye of a star, a s. c. in star, a s. c. in eye of dot), repeat this to the end of the row. Always push the dots over away from you to the right side; this makes them stand out in relief. There must always be 3 s. c. to a star and dot, so this row has 30 s. c., the last one is made in the edge of first star.

3rd row.—Ch. 4, this is made like first row, only now you have s. c. for the foundation in place of chains. There are 10 stars and 9 dots in the row.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row.

5th row.—Same as 3rd row. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows until 12 rows are made. The 12th is the row of s. c., in this add ch. 19 at the end for under the chin.

13th row.—On the ch. 19 work 5 stars and 5 dots and across as before; 15 stars and 14 dots in the row.

14th row.—Single crochet across, with ch. 7 on the end for an increase of 1 star and 1 dot; this is for the double breast.

15th row.—Sixteen stars and 15 dots in the row.

16th row.—Same as 14th row.

17th row.—Seventeen stars and 16 dots in the row.

18th row.—Same as 14th row.

19th row.—Eighteen stars and 17 dots in the row.

20th row.—Same as 14th row.

21st row.—Nineteen stars and 18 dots.

22nd row.—Same as 14th row.

23rd row.—Twenty stars and 19 dots in the row. Ch. 4 at the end for an increase of one star at the armhole.

24th row.—Three single crochet on ch. 3 for

on the right side and work 28 stars and 27 dots on the shoulder pieces and the ch. 24. Work backward and forward on this until there are 11 star and dot rows, which is deep enough for yoke. Now ch. 8 from one yoke to the other for the under arm. After this you work back and forth until long enough. If for a very full-breasted person with large hips increase occasionally under the arm where it is the least noticeable, prepare for it in the row of singles by working twice in one place three times in succession, this will make an extra three stitches for a star. If found necessary to increase frequently then do not do it always in the same place but move backwards or forwards, this will prevent making a point on the edge.

Make as long as desired with the gray and for a trimming use the dark gray for last two rows of star and dot.

Sleeves.—Use dark gray for the first two rows. Start in the armhole where the sleeve seam comes in a dress and work 26 stars and 25 dots in the round, join to first star, work back on wrong side with the s. c. One more round of dark gray, then five rounds of light gray without any decrease. After this decrease one star every third round to the wrist. To decrease, in the single row skip three stitches in succession near the joining, this makes one star less. For the last two rows again use the dark.

Around the neck make a little yoke of the dark using two rows of the star and dot stitch. In the corners, to turn, leave off the dot and make a star on both sides in succession. For the collar work straight across the corners without missing the dot, make three rows, more or less as required.

Border the right side with two rows of the



CROCHETED DRIVING COAT AND CAP.

dark and divide the stitches so as to get three buttonholes in. When making the s. c., ch. 3 and sk. 3 for buttonhole. Of course if the buttons are larger the hole must be made to fit but the chain must be divisible by 3 on account of the stars.

Crocheted Driving Cap

A stiff inch wide velvet band is made to fit around the head, to this is sewed a velvet shield made of covered cardboard. The crochet part is gathered and sewed only as far as the shield extends on both sides, this will then bring the crochet part down in front of the ears to protect them from cold and dirt. A ribbon is drawn around the neck to tie in front.

Three skins of Germantown yarn are necessary and a long straight Afghan crochet needle.

Make a loose chain of fifty stitches to extend from top of cap to the neck.

1st row.—In Afghan stitch take up 49 loops, work it off by two's.

2nd row.—In this row the knobs are made. Take up the 49 loops and in working back make ch. 3 between every two loops worked off.

3rd row.—In working up be careful to get the knobs on the right side. Work back without making the knobs. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows until there are three rows of knobs, then work four plain rows, again the row of knobs, alternate the plain and pattern row until there are four pattern rows which should be wide enough to reach across back of head over the ears, if not, add enough to do so.

Single crochet up 25 stitches and on the next 25 work as before until there are six pattern rows and seven plain rows or more if necessary. Join on the wrong side to the beginning. Gather that part made on the 25 stitches and sew over the shield on the band. The part going over back of head and neck is not fastened to the band but left entirely loose. Gather the edge for top of cap as tightly as possible.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

Lace-trimmed Bedspread

A beautiful insertion and edgings to match convert a linen spread into a thing of worth and beauty. Such a spread is a cool and dainty bed dressing. The lace and insertion should be wrought in linen thread. Pillow cases to match, complete the bed dressing. Add linen sheets and what a comfort such a bed would be to a summer visitor in the country.

Thread Case

Cut three pieces of cardboard oval in shape and rather pointed at the ends, a flatiron, will serve as a pattern.

Cover one side of each piece with velvet, and line with silk or satin. Join the three pieces to form a three-sided case, leaving one side open, taking a few stitches from the end on this side. Take three fourths yard of one inch ribbon, make a bow at each end leaving a loop between to hang by. To open the case press at the ends. A spool or ball of thread may be left in the case and the thread drawn through the closed side.

MRS. L. D. SLATER.



DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK.

By Miss Viola Kruschke.

A Few Words by the Editor

A recent trial in New York of some score or more of commission men who were found guilty of conspiring together to raise the price of poultry, it developed that six different prices were tagged against the homely but all necessary chicken in its eventful journey from producer to ultimate consumer. Four, and we might add, five at least of these six charges, which of course the ultimate consumer has to pay, were paid to men who perform no useful service whatsoever, either to the producer or the consumer, and certainly not to the chicken. These charges were, in fact, made by mere industrial highwaymen, who had projected themselves into the poultry business, simply with the idea of robbing both producer and consumer.

The case was tried before a real, live judge, who has no corporate strings attached to him, and the poultry pirates were heavily fined, and packed off without further ceremony to jail, to the intense consternation of the pirates themselves, and to the astonishment of the good (?) citizens of New York, who never expect to see anyone go to jail that has money or Tammany influence back of him.

The high cost of living is the greatest problem before the American people today. Next to lowering the present iniquitous tariff and the proper curbing of the trusts, the greatest means of reducing the price of the necessities of life and the high cost of living lies in bringing into the closest possible relation to each other, the producer and consumer of life's essentials.

Butter, eggs, milk, vegetables, bread, fish and meat, these are the articles we all require, and which form the largest part of both the rich and the poor man's means of subsistence, and these articles should pass freely, without let or hindrance from producer to consumer, without any interruption or any taxation from the sharks and parasites found in every avenue of commerce, and especially numerous in those channels of trade through which all articles of food travel from farm to table.

If our state representatives had the welfare of the people at heart, instead of the welfare of the interests, and if you, the people, elected real men to represent you, instead of politicians with financial axes to grind, we would see our legislators bending every energy towards perfecting plans by which producer and consumer could be brought into the closest relationship with one another.

We have chambers of commerce galore all over the land, but all these bodies apparently do, is to eat a number of dinners yearly, dispense platitudes, and work always for the

interests of the middlemen and those thoroughly well able to take care of themselves.

As an instance of what we want in this country, the writer wishes to draw your attention to the public-spirited action of the present Mayor of Indianapolis. Finding that commission men had cornered the potato market in the city over which he presides, the Mayor promptly telegraphed to Michigan for several car loads of potatoes which he sold at cost to the housewives and citizens generally. The food pirates were soon in a panic, and prices began to tumble instantly.

What a pity we have not a few millions of such men as this public-spirited Hoosier Mayor. It takes only initiative and civic spirit to outwit commercial pirates, but, alas! these qualities are sadly lacking in our public men.

It may astonish our readers to know that a bushel of potatoes sold by a farmer on Long Island for twenty-five cents brought \$2.50 when it reached New York, a few miles away. These potatoes passed through four hands before they reached the final purchaser. In New York City, people pay nine and ten cents a quart for milk. For this milk the up-state farmer receives from two and one-half to three cents a quart. Allowing three cents for transportation and distribution, there remains some three cents to be accounted for, and these three cents are filched from the pocket of the consumer.

This plundering of the consumer in the course of the year, on milk alone, would amount to between eleven and fifteen dollars for each family in the city of New York, or a tax of some fifteen million dollars yearly levied on the entire city population—and this on one of life's necessities only.

With a view to remedying this deplorable state of things fifty Pennsylvania farmers recently visited New York, to see if they could not devise some means of getting their products directly to the consumers of the great metropolis, for the mutual benefit of both. The Pennsylvania farmer found that the chicken for which he received twenty-five cents, sold in the city for a dollar. The farmers found that sheep for which they received \$3.50 each, sold in New York for \$12.00. Hay for which they were paid \$10.00 a ton, the city purchaser paid \$36.00. Potatoes for which the farmers were glad to get fifty cents a bushel, cost the consumer from \$1.50 to \$3.50, the larger price being exacted from those small purchasers, who bought only a quart at a time. Butter worth about twenty cents in the country, in New York brought forty-five cents a pound. Eggs for which the farmer received from fifteen to twenty

cents a dozen, were being retailed for forty-five cents, and these eggs are never strictly fresh. The farmers declared that the commission men and the cold storage sharks are as thick as thieves and work together. Chickens which were purchased in the summer at from twenty to thirty cents apiece, and which might have been sold to the hungry hordes of the great city at a good profit at fifty cents, were put in cold storage, thus creating a summer poultry famine, making prices exorbitantly high, and were held until winter for still higher prices.

Thus the consumer not only has to pay high prices for everything he consumes, but he seldom if ever gets anything strictly fresh. All he eats is months old. Thus are the people robbed and the public health undermined that food pirates may flourish and grow rich at the expense of a long suffering public.

The Secretary of Agriculture reports that on most farm products, the consumer pays three times as much as the farmer receives. Now, what does that mean? It means this, that out of every big silver dollar that the poor man hands out for the necessities of life, no less than sixty-seven cents of it is appropriated by the middlemen who reap without sowing, fattening on the toil of others, thus making the problem of existence for both producer and consumer a cruelly hard one.

The whole thing is an outrage. It is an outrage against the rich as well as the poor, but the rich can bear the burden while the poor man cannot. There is no reason on earth why the agriculturists of the nation should not combine and maintain depots and markets in all cities, both large and small, and through the hands of their paid agents distribute their products to the consumer, at about half what the consumer now pays, thus ridding commerce of pirates and parasites, lowering the cost of living, making life more bearable for the masses, and greatly adding to the profits of the producing farmer. With a parcel's post, both the consumer and producer would be freed from many of the extortionate taxes of the middle man, while the honest merchant, who renders real service to the community, would suffer no loss whatsoever.

Our country readers should study this matter, and by combination and cooperation seek to gather in the profits which now go to those who pretend to engage in trade but are really engaged cornering the market and forcing the price to the producers down and the price to the consumer up.

Comfort's Editor.

A Valentine by Wireless By William S. Birge, M. D.

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FEBRUARY along our Atlantic coast is a month of storms. Fierce nor'easters, roll up huge, combing seas athwart the Gulf Stream upon far reaching reefs off Hatteras and other projecting capes. Then, before the fogs drawn from that warm breathing current cease to hide danger, mayhap the mercury falls as the gale shifts westerly. The freezing lookouts on steamer's bridge, or schooner's forecastle, face blinding blizzards of snow and ice scarcely less dangerous and infinitely more uncomfortable.

Usually a brief lull marks ominous intermission between these wintry changes. On board the big liner Dorinda, ploughing northward midway of the broadening "Gulf," one of these short intermissions began while Second Officer Goodwill, on the bridge, staring through his night glass, heard the call of his "wireless" operator from his little cabin on the high deck under neath.

"Can't make it out," he muttered, peering at the falling mercury which indicated the approaching gale off shore. "Fog's too thick to see the light, I guess. We may be too far out to hear the bell, but—I hardly know. That sound—if it was a sound, comes from the wrong direction, or—the ship's compass is wrong."

Again came the impatient summons from below. "Oh! Mr. Goodwill. Please come down a moment if you can. It's after twelve. I want to send that message. The Ethelinda must be within our radius if she has kept outside the 'Gulf' going south."

"What message? Can't come. Is it important?"

"It is the 14th. Have you forgotten, Mr. Goodwill?"

"Confound you, Bland!" The second officer was provoked. "What do you mean by bothering me about nothing? I am alone just now. Send whatever you want, and—watch out for the light-ship's signals. If we can't see nor hear yet, we may later on. Nor'wester blowing off Kittyhawk."

Goodwill, still annoyed, slammed the bridge annunciator into its socket, and again turned his night glass in the direction from which, a few minutes before, he had heard—or thought so—that muffled echo from "the wrong direction."

Meanwhile young Bland, in his little wireless closet, was calling a sister ship of the line, then supposed to be somewhere eastward within one or two hundred miles, well on her way from New York to the West Indies. For a time no answer came, and Phil Bland wondered if that northeastern storm center could have seized the Ethelinda in a fiercer grip and hurled her tremendous steel hull, further on her course, out of the narrower limit of "wireless" connection, on this stormy eve of good old St. Valentine.

While the young operator still waited, a treasured tapping in the receptor began. At first Bland almost doubted that its cause could be owing to human agency, so faint a palpitation ensued. A mere fluttering, like the rustle of wings athwart one's senses, rather than one's ears.

"That is not the Ethelinda—" he began. "Yet it may be some new fellow; not Jack." The vibration ceased. Impatient, Phil again sprang his call into the company's private code. "That you Ethelinda? What's the matter? Where are you, Jack? Sounds like someone else."

No one answered; or seemed to. Still more impatient, Bland pressed hard upon his key, until hiss and crash, the great, blue, dull flame leaped strongly across the spark-gap; and the Dorinda's call, for the third time, shot from eighty foot aerials into the bellowing darkness of that storm-thrashed ocean. At this instant, while Bland was waiting for Jack's answer (Jack was another operator, supposed to be on the Ethelinda), Second Officer Goodwill called down from the bridge.

"What is the matter down there? Who are you calling? Do you get any reply? If so, where from?"

"Hold on just a moment, sir," came through the tube from young Bland, and Goodwill, not unwise as to the uncertain circumference of range on such a night, waited. In a minute, from Bland again. "Someone is calling, sir. May be the Ethelinda; but if so, something is wrong. Do you know just where she is, in reference to our position?"

But that Goodwill, of course, could only infer.

He had again heard that half-smothered sound—from the "wrong direction" which simulated breakers, yet could not be. Why? Well, the nearest breakers eastward from that Carolina coast were off Bermuda, hundreds of miles away. At this juncture the other officer on watch returned to the bridge, and Mr. Goodwill went down for a moment to see what Bland was at.

To say the truth the veteran second mate of the Dorinda was puzzled. This was no earthquake region, nor one unknown—in a sea-sense. The shoals off Hatteras and the ocean floor along our North Atlantic coast are as well charted as any land area near our greater cities.

Moreover, despite the well-known lighthouse on

the Dorinda ought to be. He was less sure but reasonably confident of the eastward position of the Ethelinda, providing that this southbound steamship was nautically speaking—on time. And finally, the fog, ever brewing over the Gulf Stream, was already thinning out before he left the bridge. Only the cold nor'wester, coming off shore, could be the cause of that.

Why, therefore, could they neither see the light off Kittyhawk, nor get an answer from the Ethelinda? Or in fact, seem to see, hear or feel—anything beyond the ordinary storm-sounds of the deep sea which sailorwise sense could make head or tail of? Phil Bland, when Goodwill appeared, had his receivers fastened over his ears, and was

two pencilled messages, at the same time keeping his attention upon the resonator which indicates an incoming dispatch.

The Second Officer read the first. "If I O you, do you O me? Are you my valentine? If you don't O me, as I O you, will you ever O to be mine? Phil to Jack."

"What foolery is this?" Goodwill scowled but Bland was still listening; so the other passed to the second message, that ran as follows: "I am not Jack. Who are you, Phil? You're boozed with love or wine. Go east, not west—Phil, Jack or Jill; or you'll miss my Valentine."

By this time Goodwill was thoroughly angry. "On a night like this such nonsense passes endurance," he exploded. "Be good enough to instantly explain. Valentines by wireless off Hatteras, may mean putting this ship inside Deadman's Bight."

This is a specially out-reaching shoal a dozen miles from land, with a southerly entrance which, while offering apparent safety, is sure to lead the doomed ship to destruction beyond, especially in thick weather.

One of the electric bell buoys had for months clanged out a muffled warning here. Also, further northeast, the second light-ship had been assigned a place. The absence of either light, or any explainable sounds, was one cause of the second officer's nervous irritation. He turned to one of the tubes leading from the wireless operator's table, to order the captain to be called, but Phil stopped him.

"I believe it is the Ethelinda, sir. But I am getting these through someone else. I feel sure of that."

Goodwill paused, mouthpiece in hand. "What do you mean?" he curtly demanded. "Be quick about it, too."

"I think the Ethelinda is too far off to reach us on such a night; but someone nearer—or between us, has repeated and answered for both."

"Strange we neither hear the buoy, nor see that nearest light—"

A call came from the tube from the bridge. "Well—what is it?" replied Goodwill, irritably, "want me?"

"It is clearing fast, sir," came the hollow voice of the man left on watch. "I am sure we catch the flash of the Cape light now."

"How does it bear with our present course?" Eagerly this, from Goodwill.

While this was going on Bland rapidly made some changes in the first of the pencilled messages that had excited the second officer's ire. "I don't like it at all, Harris," shouted back Goodwill. "Either that light is from the first or old light-ship north of Kittyhawk, or we are bearing too much to the north."

"Can't mistake the Cape light, sir. And we are not yet in sight of the first light-ship. Shall we bear more east, sir?"

"Yes, but wait until I call the Captain," which Goodwill did, then and there. He was about to return to the bridge himself, when Bland pushed forward the corrected messages, saying: "Suppose you read this again, sir." Goodwill glowered at the lad.

"Mr. Bland," began he, sternly—then his eyes fell on the corrected lines. The frown gradually turned to a sort of amused wrinkle, while Phil himself, read over his Valentine with corrections.

"If I sigh for 'cipher' (0) you, do you 'sigh for 'cipher' (0) me? Are you my Valentine? If you don't sigh for 'cipher' (0) me, as I sigh for (0) you; will you ever sigh for (0) to be mine? Phil to Jack."

Pointing to the reply, already given, Bland said: "One thing that made me think the Ethelinda is sending to us through an intermediary, is that this chap, whoever or whatever he is, did not catch on to the cipher part. That is one of my own tricks in enigmatic valentines."

"Who or what can the other craft be?" gloomed Goodwill perplexedly.

"I asked that, sir, while you were talking to the bridge," Bland put out a third pencilled message, replying to his own query.

"Who are we, Phil, Jack—whatever you are? Oh, well—we are the Merry H—l, broke loose, if you don't turn EAST—sharp, you'll catch it, where you are, in short order."

"He seems to be a merry joker for a night like this, sir," added Bland. "I can't make him out. He said he was barely in touch with the Ethelinda."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)

Your Mission

This beautiful and inspiring old song is said to have been Lincoln's favorite.

If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows, laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors, anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them, as they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley, while the multitudes go by,
You can chant in happy measure, as they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer, they will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver, ever ready to command,
If you cannot to the needy reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted, o'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple, sitting at the Savior's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest, there's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent, you can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded, you can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting for some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess, she will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard, do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor, you can find it everywhere.

that dangerous cape, there was a light-ship still further out along the Kittyhawk shoals, with more than one electric buoy which the keepers on board were supposed to look after. Of late announcement had been made of a second light-ship to be placed still further southeastward miles from the first, and double that distance from the Hatteras Light itself. Wireless equipments are now on everyone of these danger points.

When Goodwill's bearded, anxious face filled the little doorway, frost crisped his mustache and reddened his face. Outside the renewed gale was whipping up an unmistakable chill into the bones, that could only come from off shore at this season and latitude. And yet—where was that Kittyhawk light? Goodwill knew just where

listening—listening. On the boy's face was an intent, wrapt expression, almost painful. "Well Bland," said the second officer, "what do you hear? Is it the lighthouse folks answering, or our own people due east?"

"I can't make it out, sir. It comes from the east; I've just made out that. But it isn't the Ethelinda."

"How do you know—yet?"

"When I first heard them, they seemed scared or nervous. Couldn't make them out as I told you. Then, on a venture, I sent my Valentine message. I knew Jack would understand that; but it don't work, somehow."

"How is that? You must be plainer with me," Goodwill, vaguely anxious, was preparing to leave, when Bland pushed along the little table



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

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ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HERE we are again in the same old place. Hop up on my lap. If there is no room on my lap, sit on my collar button, but please don't fall down my back as it tickles. Talking of collar buttons reminds me that I have not used one of these articles in fifteen years, nor a pair of pants either. This is a month of anniversaries. Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays occurred this month, and fifteen years ago on the third of this month, I went to bed and have remained there ever since, which naturally is a more important event to me than the birthdays of the two great men previously mentioned.

One hundred and seventy-nine years ago, Washington was born, and 141 years ago he decided that the American people should own and run their own country to suit themselves, which is a heap sight more than they do today. Washington was the father of his country and the leader of his people. He fought against taxation without representation and won out. Today we need a leader, another George Washington, a new "white hope," who will hand a knock out punch to the American tyrants, who have sprung up by the scores, and who make the one king we had to contend with, poor old ossified King George, look like a four flusher. I need only refer to a few of our American tyrants. You know them well enough, this American royal family of ours: Kings Steel, Coal, Meat, Sugar, Oil and others, for it is they who tax everything we eat and wear to the limit. Don't you think that George Washington would be astounded if he were to come back to life and see the condition of things in this country today. We find some ninety millions of people allowed a vote, but having practically no say in the government of their own country. Ninety millions of people taxed to the limit of endurance by our royal family of trust kings, who control legislation, appoint judges and other officials, and hold the government and too often the courts in the hollow of their hands. Oh, surely George would be highly edified if he saw things as they are today the old iniquitous system of taxation without representation which he fought, as rampart as ever. He would of course be astounded at the tremendous energy and genius of the people he had freed from the thralldom of Britain. The development of the country would astonish him, but he would wonder how a people possessed of such energy, determination and genius, could allow the government to pass from their hands into the hands of an arrogant plutocracy. He would wonder that such a people could be such supine sheep as to allow themselves to be ensnared the second time by foes within instead of without. He would do one of two things—return to the better land from whence he came, in disgust, or call for his trusty sword, and can't I just see him chasing Lorimer and the sweet-scented bunch that make it possible for this same Lorimer to sit in the Senate. Can't I, and can't you, see him chasing the lobbyists, and jabbing them as they ran. Again we can see him scouring the wretches who adulterate the food of the nation, the interests that were so busy trying to throw Dr. Wiley out of office, so that they could poison us without interference; chasing, too, the wretches who have banished wool from our clothing and garbed the whole nation in shabby; smiting the fiends who buy up the food of the land when it is cheapest, keep it in cold storage until it is putrid, and then when provisions are scarce, force the workers to pay ruinous prices for it or starve. Would not George wave his trusty sword over the heads of the rum-sellers and white slave demons who traffic in women; the heartless employers of child labor, and the other malefactors who have piled up great wealth by sucking the life-blood out of the masses, in order that a pampered few may revel in luxury and live vulgarly and riotously. Dr. Rutledge Rutherford estimates that 250,000 children were killed last year from eating chemically treated food and candy, and now they are even painting green oranges with yellow poison to make them appear eatable. Don't for a moment think that I have tried to make a lot of smoke without having a good fire underneath. I can give you the facts and make good any statement that I make. When I talk of political rottenness, I mean just that talk. Nearly two thousand men pleaded guilty to selling their votes in one county in Ohio recently. The judge who tried these cases said this condition was not peculiar to his county alone, but the same thing prevailed all over the state. The people today in scores of communities have nothing on their politicians in the way of corruption. Corruption began at the top and has filtered down to the masses below. Let me quote these words from a current magazine: "The buying and selling of votes has had its fruit in the state wide betrayal of the people of Ohio and in the lasting disgrace of that commonwealth. An investigation set on foot last spring has proved that the present legislature is the most hopelessly corrupt body of public looters that ever disgraced Ohio or any other state. Already the nineteen indictments against members of the House and Senate and employees thereof for soliciting and accepting bribes—for selling their political birthrights, for bargaining openly, brazenly, flagrantly with the representatives of privilege—have been returned by a Franklin Co. (Columbus) grand jury, and there is little doubt that an additional score of indictments will yet be found."

This is the way one state is run, and it is pretty much the same all over. So you see after George Washington had punished the oppressors of the masses, he would need to give the people a thorough good spanking too. It is useless for a nation to progress in material things, unless it progresses in character, honesty, probity, rectitude and honor. Corruption in high places has become so common, so much the rule, that it has leaked down through every stratum of our national fabric, until it has reached and demoralized the masses of our people. It is not a case of republicans buying democratic votes and vice-versa, but something worse and more alarming, for today tens of all unless they are paid. It is a terrible exhibition of national degeneracy. Contrast this exhibition of moral turpitude with the superb example set by the glorious father of our country, the incorruptible George, who would not accept one penny for the services he rendered his country during the long and terribly trying struggle with Great Britain. To the one Benedict Arnold we had then, we have a million today. All of you should study the life and character of George Washington. He would not impose on anyone, he could not tell a lie and he would not be dishonest, he would not steal, and he loved his country so much that he would

not ask one red cent for saving its national life from extinction. We need another Washington today. One who will lead the people as Moses did of old, up and out of the quagmires of corruption and poverty, indifference and slothfulness in which they are now wallowing pitifully, inspiring them with the George Washington brand of patriotism, that makes bribe takers into men, men into heroes, heroes into gods. The George Washington brand of patriotism alone can give the masses of the people the strength and courage to take back the government of the country into their own hands, to put an end to taxation without representation, and set about a national house cleaning and general purification that will make them worthy of the glorious country they inhabit, and of the great and heroic soul who gave this nation birth, and made our national existence possible.

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MANKER, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am what old fogies term an "old maid", although I am not old maidish. Do not nurse a dog, or sleep with the cat. However, I nurse my aged mother, and invalid brother, also nursed my father through ten years illness, he having passed away a few years ago. I still miss his dear, kind old face. We live on a farm in the hills and I get very lonely at times. I never spent two weeks in the city in my life, hence I am quite a "greenie." When my friend (from the city) visited me, she laughed at my hair, because I hadn't two or three "rats" done up in it, and a half dozen Chinese queues piled on top. Now Uncle dear, I want your advice. Do you think it strictly proper, that I should wear those traps? Kindly insert a request in COMFORT that some of its readers will contribute to help me get them. As I should be financially embarrassed, if I attempted to purchase them for as near as I can determine, it will require about two bushels of hair, to bring my head up to the most popular size, for I will confess to you uncle, that I am rather small in the upper story. Thanking you in advance for the advice, should you grant it, will close for the present. Will tell you about our "hen-coop" later.

Your affectionate niece,
MISS LYDIA L. J. (No. 33,566.)

I am only too glad to express my opinion on the subject of false hair and rats. The women who put hair mattresses on their cocoanuts, are about on a par with, that is to my humble way of thinking, the South Sea Islander and the Zulu, who put rings through their noses, and make their wool stand up straight, like a bunch of miniature telegraph poles. We can understand savages doing these things, because they don't know any better, but civilized women do know



COUSIN MILFORD BOWEN (13), 10 SOUTHMONT AVE., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

better, and ought to have more sense than to put a bunch of horse hair and dead Chinamen's pig-tails on heads which God Almighty never intended for any such barbaric decoration. A woman's head is supposed to be the seat of her intelligence, her brain; and nature has, in the majority of cases, made that head beautiful, and covered it with hair, which is, as a rule, woman's crowning glory. Why any sane woman should want to stuff a lot of pig's hair, frog's wool, horses' whiskers and dead Chinamen's pig-tails on the top of her head, Heaven above knows, for I don't. To contemplate a woman with her head as big as a bushel basket at night, and then see her crawling down to breakfast next morning with a cranium as big as a Boston bean, is certainly enough to give one palpitation of the liver pad. A lady informs me that she has to wear puffs because big hats are in style. That is all rot for I know two or three young ladies with



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sense and character, who have never worn rats or puffs, and who would not, under any circumstances put any mattresses on their heads. These girls have very pretty, small hats, hats that are infinitely more becoming than those enormous contraptions that are anchored with umpty steen yard long pins, daggers, harpoons, skewers, swords, or whatever you like to call them, to heads upholstered with mountainous masses of hog's wool and horse's feathers. I was informed the other day that one had better be dead than out of style. I replied to the lady who told me that, that she had better be dead than in style. She sat down in a chair at the foot of my bed, abstracted a harpoon from her bewhiskered Chinese graveyard, and placed her hat, which was as big as a circus tent, with a sigh of satisfaction, on my lounge. As she talked the sun streamed in through the window onto that mountain of puffs and rats, on which the wind had blown all the dust of the streets, for by the way it was a windy day. In the sunlight I could see Billy Microbe and Jimmy Germ playing tag on the pig's wool and horse's feathers that surmounted what God Almighty intended to be an intelligent head. Either in taking off her hat or in buffeting the fierce gales out of doors, her Pike's Peak of puffs and rats had dropped over about three yards to the starboard, and I expected every moment to see the whole fuzzy, wuzzy, microby mass of horse hair and pig's wool, flop with a crash on to the floor of my chicken coop. Thank heaven the horrible mass held on, until finally the lady departed to my intense joy, and took her microby, heathenish head furniture with her. Now, girls cut out the rats and puffs. Your head never looks prettier than when adorned solely with your own hair. For God's sake be natural. Be yourselves. Do you know that there is a terrible plague raging in China? Everyone who gets that plague dies dead in a few hours. Not one living soul who has ever got it has escaped. It is reported that the queues are being cut from the heads of the plague victims, fumigated, sterilized and shipped to Europe. Some of the false hair on your head may have been taken from a plague victim. Only the other day a girl in Michigan contracted a horrible scalp disease from wearing false hair. This disease turned out to be that dreadful scourge—leprosy. She will have to linger in agony for years, and then die alone. Another thing scientists say, that if women continue to smother their scalps with all sorts of abominations cut from dead humans or dead animals, the whole sex will soon go bald. This means that the false hair junk on a woman's head, heats the scalp and interferes with the circulation, and will eventually, make womankind bald. It is all rubbish to think you will be considered eccentric, if you don't follow the fashions. A woman should dress her hair with the hair God gave her, and in the way that most becomes her. Rats and puffs never became anybody. Such things are an evidence of weakness of character, and are keeping the sex from progressing. A man does not give a continental whether he is in the fashion or not, as long as he feels comfortable. Cannot you women have as much sense as a man in this regard? In the matter of clothes you can follow the styles without going to extremes. There is a fat woman in a hobble skirt who passes my window every day. She is a sight, and if she could only come to a realizing sense of just how ridiculous she appears, she would either put on some clothing that did not make her look like an apple pie, or a bologna, or a bologna with the dropsy, or lock herself in the house until the fashions change. Because some idiots go to extremes in hair dressing and costuming, you don't need to make yourselves hideous and ridiculous copying them. Adopt no style unless it is becoming to you, and then show your character and your sense by not going to the

extreme in any style, for the extremes in all styles are invariably preposterous, absurd, barbaric and ridiculous.

MARVIN, VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am sixteen years old, weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds and am five feet four inches tall. We live on a farm and keep a store here where Shacks' Mills was until it was discontinued. Next, I'll tell you what I can do. I can make hay, dig potatoes, hoe corn, mow, plough, clerk, and many little things. Uncle, bring all the cousins down, and I will give you the time of your lives, clerking, eating candy and smoking cigars. But I don't like to smoke, as it is injurious to our health. What do you think about young men and boys smoking, Uncle? Last evening I saw a little boy about ten or eleven, smoking cigarettes to beat the band.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and slips into his pockets fragments that he picks up with a trowel. He hastily conceals himself as a small figure on an Exmoor pony appears. The rider, Nora Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the tumble-down stable, where she cares for her pony. Entering the house she inquires of Martha, the woman of all work, for her father. Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter, who inherits from a Scotch mother, strength and ambition. The Ryall land is mortgaged and the home practically in ruin. Nora manages the estate, and her father complains of his narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora asks no questions, but her eye rests on an envelope addressed in a lady's handwriting. At supper-time Martha can only talk of Sir Joseph Ferrand and the grand doings at the Hall. Going to the barn she finds Ned fast asleep. A coming is missing, and she starts in search of it. Coming to a gap in the hedge, bounding the Ferrands' land she sees Brindle. Sir Joseph's cousin, Elliot Graham, who is in the capacity of a caretaker on the Ferrand estate, assists her. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills. The sheep collie, she meets Elliot Graham who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. She is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she tries for one on the opposite bank. The last is short and she stands on the bank of the river. Pretending she is slipping in he puts his arm around her waist. Nora utters a cry and before she can turn, the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Elliot Graham witnesses the scene and inquires the trouble. Nora honestly explains that Bob resents the stranger's familiarity and is responsible for his fall. Elliot introduces Miss Ryall of Ryall—he has been fishing in the Ryall water without permission, and apologizes. Nora tells Elliot of Mr. Ferrand's audacity, and fearing a quarrel between them prevents Elliot from following him. Elliot wishes he bore the relationship of brother and will keep Mr. Selwyn Ferrand from annoying her again.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entrapped by an adventuresome, and passes a sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and Nora's poor clothes. They eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes about her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides into the valley.

After the river incident Elliot rides to the little cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle drawn by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. She inquires the way to the Hall, and further conversation reveals his name and that he cares for Sir Joseph's horses. Expressing a desire to see them Elliot leads her to the stables. She approaches too near and Elliot saves her from danger. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Elliot commands him to go about his business. Elliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Ferrand does not know who he is and attempts to strike Elliot. Sir Joseph appears and demands an explanation. When he learns it is about Miss Bartley he reminds his son he's been making a fool of himself and not the first time either. Selwyn Ferrand going to the Hall meets a man shambling along. He demands his business and he admits he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk. Stripleigh meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will give an answer to the one bearing the stamp of Gilley and Roberts. At the mention of the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unnaturally white face.

Matters grow worse. Mrs. Ryall is exacting in her demands for money and is anxious to know the Ferrands. Nora, going for a walk, meets Sir Joseph. In his confusion he hastily thrusts something into his pocket and he wonders did she see him. Nora walks to the banks of the moor. Elliot Graham appears. He realizes Nora is in trouble, and she confides in him, and because he loves her would help her. She cannot understand—he has known her so little time and powerless to resist she allows him to kiss her. Nora hurries home. She hears her father call her and her stepmother accuses her of meeting a man in secret—and he a groom. Nora denies he is a groom and Mrs. Ryall, in her anger, slaps Nora across the face. Feeling the bitterness of the blow Nora leaves home. She overhears Sir Joseph and his lawyer talking, not dreaming they have reference to her. Meeting a boy with a bundle, she exchanges a brooch for a new suit of boy's clothes and goes to Porlish.

Ryall, returning from a fruitless search for Nora, finds Mrs. Ryall entertaining Sir Joseph. He invites them to dinner next day. It was one, such as Mrs. Ryall had never seen before, and after a glass or two of wine her tongue becomes unloosed. The guests look curiously at Sir Joseph is more attentive. Mrs. Ryall is satisfied.

Entering Porlish Nora buys a pair of scissors and cuts her hair short. She assumes the guise of a boy and inquires for work. Not getting any she walks into the country. An old lady drives along—the pony stumbles and Nora springs to her rescue. The old lady invites Nora to ride. Getting home an old man comes out and she tells Jacob she has found a boy for him. Nora attends to the horse then busies herself about the kitchen, bringing order into a disorderly kitchen. Next morning as she takes hot water to Miss Deborah she stops to admire some pictures, one of which bears a striking resemblance to Elliot Graham.

CHAPTER XII.

THE dinner at the Hall, at which Mrs. Ryall had been such a very pronounced success was the beginning of a series of gaieties in which that lady, to her immense satisfaction, took a prominent part. She was shrewd enough to know that it was impossible to return the Ferrands' hospitality at the Grange but it occurred to her that they might have a picnic.

"The great thing, my dear Reginald," she said, as she discussed it with him, "is to have plenty of champagne, and a good brand. Champagne makes up for everything; the men don't care what they eat as long as they have plenty to drink; and if the men are satisfied the women are sure to be. I'll write to Lady Ferrand and ask them for Thursday; we'll have it at the place by the river where the water falls over."

Dyall listened, and nodded uneasily. It was some days since Nora had disappeared, and he was exceedingly anxious.

"That woman wants us to go to a picnic," said Lady Ferrand, fretfully, when she had read Mrs. Ryall's badly-written letter. "I will write and tell her that we are engaged, Joseph."

"You won't do anything of the sort, Betsy—you will write and accept."

"Why should we, Joseph?" remonstrated Lady Ferrand, almost in tears. "She's not a lady, whatever her husband may be; she's not as good as us; I don't believe she's even respectable."

"Look here Betsy, it suits me to be friendly with these Ryalls and just you do as I tell you. You've never known me make a mistake, and you can bet your life I am not making a mistake now."

Fortunately for Mrs. Ryall, the weather on the Thursday proved unexceptionable. The case of champagne had arrived. Martha had made some particularly indigestible pies, and Ned drove the materials for the feast to the spot chosen. The party from the Hall arrived with all the loud-boasted excitement and hilarity which characterizes present-day functions of this kind, and the quiet of the fairy-like glen, through which poor Nora had so often ridden, echoed with shrill voices and witless laughter. Mrs. Ryall was in her element, and, with Selwyn Ferrand at her side to play foolish tricks with the food and crockery, presided, like a faded and passeé goddess, over a rout of Comus. It was:

"Who'll have some pigeon pie? Lady Ferrand, let me give you some. Ah! Do for goodness sake open the wine, Mr. Selwyn; I'm sure we're all

By Charles Garvice

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thirsty." She ogled the men with a knowing leer, and hummed the first line of the popular music-hall ditty.

"Champagne is the wine for me, boys." The men laughed loudly, and applauded; the wine passed round rapidly; the picnic promised to be a great success. Ryall sat, crouched rather in the uncomfortable picnic attitude opposite his wife, with a would-be genial smile on his weak lips. Next him, in a more graceful attitude, was Florence Bartley.

As the meal proceeded, and the case of champagne decreased, the spirits of the party sought some vent. Someone suggested blind man's buff. They romped like a party of costermongers on Hamstead Heath, their shrieks and laughter cleaving the air and echoing from the hills. The hideous uproar reached Elliot Graham as he was walking down the valley. He had come in search of Nora; he had been seeking her ever since the night he had held her in his arms, and his desire for a sight of her was making his heart ache. He walked round the bend of the river and came full upon the scene.

At that moment Florence was playing the part of blind man. Elliot came upon them from behind some boulders, and stood for a moment watching them. Florence stooped suddenly, and came towards the mass of granite by which he stood. She would have dashed herself against it, but Elliot caught her by both arms, and held her rigid. The laughter and noise ceased suddenly. Thrilled by a feeling which she afterwards found difficult to analyze, Florence put up her hand and tore off the bandage. Her eyes met Elliot's grave regard; she glanced at the rock, and then up at him.

"I see," she said, almost in a whisper. "I should have gone against that and hurt myself. Thank you!"

Elliot raised his cap, and was turning away, when Selwyn Ferrand called out:

"Hi there, Graham! Now you are here you can make yourself useful! You want these things packed, don't you, Mrs. Ryall? Here's one of our men; he can do it."

Sir Joseph was about to speak, but Mrs. Ryall broke in with:

"Oh, how thoughtful of you, Mr. Selwyn! Come this way, young man."

For just a second he hesitated, then he went to the hamper and began to pack the things.

"What a delightful time we have had, Mrs. Ryall!" said Florence.

"So sweet of you to say so! We've had some fun, haven't we? We must really get up another."

"I hope you will, and that next time Miss Ryall will be with us. Is she making a long stay with her friends?"

As she put the question she glanced at the

mindful way, and Nora had grown to like her. One day she was weeding the garden, when Mr. Trunton, the Newbury lawyer, drove up the avenue. She dropped her tools and fled, quaking, to her room; from the window of which she saw him drive away again an hour or so later.

That evening Miss Deborah looked up from her mechanical meal and said:

"You will have to go over to Lonaway tomorrow, Jacob. Mr. Trunton wants some papers taken over."

Jacob grunted, but afterwards, when Nora and he were at supper, he gave vent to his feelings.

"Lonaway, indeed! And me got the rheumatics as bad as can be! If ever there was a God-forsaken place, it's Lonaway. I wish it was sunk in the middle of the sea!"

He went on to describe it in detail, until Nora became fascinated by the picture of it all, and longed to see it.

"Why couldn't I go, Jacob?" she asked, breathlessly.

He set down his knife and fork and stared at her, an expression of relief spreading over his guarded countenance.

"That's a good idea of yours, my lad. And come to think of it, you'd enjoy the voyage; and after all Lonaway ain't such a bad place—especially for a boy. I desay you'd enjoy it terrible. You've been a good behaved boy, and—yes, I'll let you go."

So it came about that Nora went down to Porlish quay at nine the next morning, and found Captain Marks' boat nearly ready to start. The Captain was interested in this handsome boy who was crossing to Lonaway instead of Jacobs, whom he had often taken there; and before the voyage was over his interest had grown into liking. As he waved to her after she left the boat, he remarked to the "Happy Lucy":

"That's the likeliest and spryest youngster of a boy as ever I clapped eyes on!"

Nora climbed up to the top of the cliff, and reached a very small farmhouse.

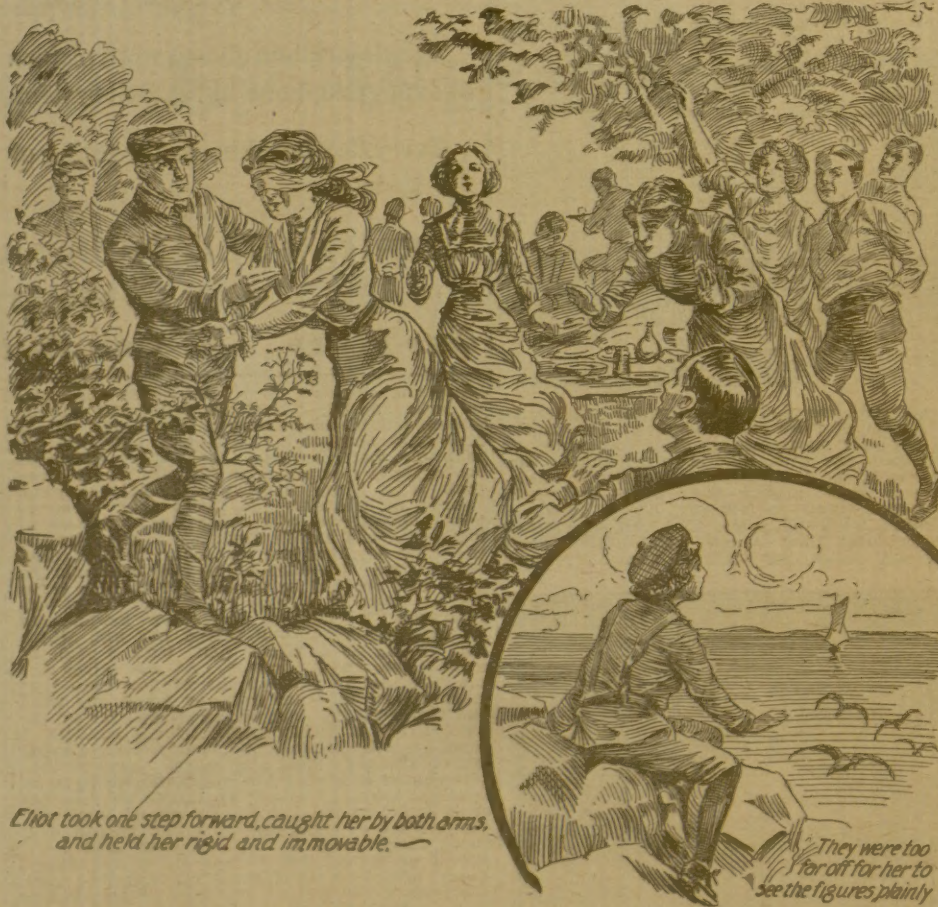
"Is this Mr. Hodges's?" she asked of a rather pretty girl, who came out with a milk-can on her arm.

The girl nodded; she seemed too shy to reply in words.

"Is he at home, can I see him?"

Mr. Hodges made Nora very welcome. As he explained, they had few visitors and were glad to see a new face in that lonely spot. When Nora handed him the notice to quit, he seemed in no way surprised. It was evidently a formality he was quite accustomed to, for he thrust it carelessly into his breeches pocket. Nora was led to understand that she was to stay some time on the island, and that the farmer and his daughter Margery were to do their best to make her happy.

After supper she visited the other tenant, Shuf-



Elliot took one step forward, caught her by both arms, and held her rigid and immovable.

They were too far off for her to see the figures plainly.

young man kneeling by the hamper. She could see that he was listening intently.

"Yes, I think she is."

"I dare say she is enjoying herself. Where has she gone?"

"To London. Oh, I've no doubt she is enjoying herself." She giggled as if there were something significant in the assertion.

"Metal more attractive than here?"

Mrs. Ryall caught at the idea as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"Yes, yes, that's it, though there's nothing settled, and it's quite a secret at present. But we are hoping it will all come right and, of course, we don't want to hurry her home."

"Why, of course not. I quite understand," said Florence, sympathetically.

Elliot closed the basket. His hands trembled, his face was pale and stern.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"That's all," replied Mrs. Ryall. "Ow nicely you've done it, my man. Thank you very much."

In a whisper she added to Florence, "Shall I offer him a shilling?"

"No!" said Florence sharply.

Elliot looked round as if half dazed, then he raised his cap and strode away.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nearly a month had passed since Nora had taken her place in Miss Deborah Railton's strange household, and to Nora the time seemed to stretch into years. The marks of her stepmother's hand across her face had long since faded, and her heart had healed somewhat. It turned, naturally towards her father, and it is more than possible that she would have gone back to take up her burden, had she not chanced to read, in a local paper, an account of the gay doings at the Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Ryall's names were prominent, and Nora read it with indignation and humiliation. It was evident that her father cared of nothing for her, so she relinquished all thoughts of returning to the Grange.

But for her father's neglect and indifference, she would not have been altogether unhappy, for Miss Deborah was kind to her in an absent-

dey, and served him also with a notice to quit. It was received with the same amount of interest. Shuffley rented a granite quarry, and his cottage, or hut, could be seen from a little rise near Hodges's farm.

Nora found the island fascinating. It was far away from everywhere; the silence, the solitude, the atmosphere of freedom, held a charm for her young spirit, and she devoutly hoped that the two tenants would put off the payment of their rents until the last possible moment. She found the quarry specially fascinating, and spent a great deal of her time there. One thing worried Nora at times, and that was the devotion of Margery. Had she belonged to the other sex, she might not have found her attentions so tiresome but, as it was, they annoyed her, and she often snubbed her unmercifully.

Following a suggestion of Jacob's, she set about making a collection of eggs. One day, standing on a narrow projection of her precipitous hunting ground, she saw the "Happy Lucy" scudding before the wind to the cove. She had opened her lips to give Captain Marks a call and astonish him, when she saw that he had a passenger. They were too far off for her to see the figures plainly; but presently the boat luffed and passed out of sight. Suddenly the blood rushed to her face, then left it almost as quickly.

The second figure in the boat had risen from the stern and was standing upright, his face turned toward the island.

With a choking sensation in her throat, Nora sank to the ground and sat there a moment, breathing painfully, and clutching at the grass with nervous fingers. Then she rose and fled, not in the direction of the farm, but away to the remotest part of the island.

CHAPTER XIV.

Elliot walked away from the picnic, scarcely knowing whither his feet were taking him. The sky seemed to have become suddenly black, the warm air chill and threatening. If youth's capacity for joy is keen, much keener is its capacity for suffering. His love for Nora was a very

deep and passionate one, and he felt half-stunned and crushed by the blow.

It never occurred to him to doubt Mrs. Ryall's statement, and he instantly found some corroboration of it in Nora's manner and speech when he had told her of his love in the plantation. She had said, "You must not!" she had put him away from her, had broken away from him as if she regretted having listened to him, having let him kiss her.

Three of his horses were going to London for sale and he decided that he would go with them himself. After he had seen them into the London stables, and was wandering down one of the streets in South Lambeth in search of a hotel, he suddenly woke from a reverie, and, looking round, saw Mr. Stripleigh.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Stripleigh. "Who would have thought it? I am delighted to see you! And what may have brought you up from Devonshire, Mr. Graham?"

"I have come up to sell some horses," said Elliot.

"Now really! How fortunate that I should have run across you. If you are not too proud, Mr. Graham, I should be delighted to offer you hospitality. I live out Wandsworth way. Now, I beg of you! don't refuse!"

"You are very kind," said Elliot; "I shall be very glad."

They mounted a "bus, and proceeded to Mr. Stripleigh's abode. Stripleigh's kindness was overpowering. All the time he kept up a running accompaniment of talk. He praised Sir Joseph in a most extraordinary manner, to which, it is to be feared, Elliot did not listen very attentively. Suddenly he heard the word "Australia," and looked up.

Mr. Stripleigh caught the steady look of the grave eyes, and coughed over his pipe. The door opened, and the grandmother's head appeared, with an inquiry regarding a fresh supply of water. Stripleigh dismissed her a trifle impatiently, and resumed, staring with a pensive smile at an "ornament" in the fireplace which suggested a jack-in-the-green run wild.

"We were speaking of Australia, weren't we?" he said.

"Were we?" said Elliot, apologetically. "I'm afraid I was not listening."

"I take a great interest in Australia. Were you ever connected with a place called Wally Hollow?"

"Yes, it was my father's place. We had a sheep run there. It was there my father lost his fortune. We had a long drought, he got into difficulties."

"Dear, dear! and what was the outcome of it?"

"My father was ruined. Sir Joseph came to our assistance—he could not save us from ruin, but he saved our good name."

"Just like him, just like him!" said Stripleigh, fervently. "And—the estate?"

"I don't know what became of it. I suppose Sir Joseph took it over with the debts and liabilities."

"Do you—er—happen to know what kind of an agreement your father signed? Your story is so so interesting, and so—so interesting, and so characteristic of Sir Joseph's good heart, that I—er—"

"My father signed an agreement that Sir Joseph should hold the Wally Hollow estate until the liabilities were paid."

After he had conducted Elliot to bed, he said to himself, with a ghoulish laugh. "Clever man, Sir Joseph! He's got this Wally Hollow estate in his grip, and it must be worth £100,000 at least, and it belongs to this young man up-stairs! No wonder he likes to keep his Australian letters to himself!"

Next day Elliot left Mr. Stripleigh's house, after a very effusive farewell from him, and returned to the city to transact the business for which he had come.

A few days afterwards, crossing Oxford Street, he saw no less a person than Mrs. Ryall alighting from a hansom, in company with a lady of even gayer appearance than herself. Acting on the desire to hear something of Nora, he hurried over and raised his hat. Mrs. Ryall seemed rather taken aback but exclaimed:

"Lor! What a surprise! Who ever would have thought of seeing you?"

She introduced her friend as "Miss Gertrude Montmorency—'Monty Gert' you know," with a proud nod of significance.

Inspired by a happy thought, Elliot invited the ladies to take tea with him, and Mrs. Ryall led the way to Fuller's. As soon as he found an opportunity to stem the torrent of chatter, he said:

"I suppose you have seen Miss Ryall? I hope she is well."

Mrs. Ryall had been trying to stave off this inquiry, but she rose to the occasion with the readiness of an accomplished Sapphira.

"Oh, yes, I've been staying with her—that is, in the same house. She left yesterday for the Continent with her friends—and her special friend—I am 'appy to say that's all settled—a most satisfactory match—never saw a young girl so 'appy. Ah! Love's young dream, Mr. Graham!"

As they were bidding him farewell Mrs. Ryall lingered for a moment, and, patting him playfully on the arm, said:

"Oh, Mr. Graham, you need not mention 'aving met me, especially to Sir Joseph. Not that there's any harm—but you know what ladies are when they get up to town on the loose!"

Elliot did not know, but he gave the promise readily, and departed with his wounded heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Practical Christianity

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IT has been told of the late William McKinley that in his younger days in the political arena he was followed from place to place during a certain campaign by a reporter for a paper of opposite political faith who seemed especially skillful in misrepresentation. Almost everything that Mr. McKinley said was twisted out of all semblance of truth and made to do him damage. The future president was extremely annoyed, but his annoyance was not unmitigated with compassion for the reporter was poorly clad, was almost ill, and had a distressing cough.

One night Mr. McKinley took a closed carriage for a neighboring town at which he was announced to speak. The weather was raw and cold. He had not gone far when he heard the peculiar cough with which he was so familiar and knew that the reporter was riding with the driver on the exposed seat. Stopping the carriage Mr. McKinley alighted.

"Get down off that seat!" he commanded.

The reporter obeyed, thinking the time for the Major's vengeance had come.

"Here," said the latter, taking off his overcoat, "you put on this coat and get into the carriage."

"But, Major," said the reporter, "I guess you don't understand. I'm a reporter for the Herald and I'm going over tonight to rip you to pieces if I can."

"I know it," said Mr. McKinley, "but you put on this coat and get inside and get warm, so that you can do a good job."

The real test of a man's Christianity is not what he will do for a friend or someone to whom he stands indebted. More truly it is measured in the sight of God by what he will do for those who have shown themselves to be his enemies.

Less than which curse you and pray for them, less than which use you. This was the standard set by Jesus. Mr. McKinley was no theoretical Christian. He put into practice what he believed Christianity taught. If Christianity is a failure, as some have said it is, it is only because it has not been applied. It is always a success when practical use is made of it.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and enclose on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE acquired blessing means far more to the individual than one always possessed.

Is patience acquired? Mrs. Wright asks the secret of cultivating patience, and I believe we could do no better than have some letters on this subject, so important to us all; for who is there that does not require patience when it is the root of everything well done—be it work or pleasure.

Great writers have written on the meaning of patience for centuries, and some of you may be able to give us helpful quotations. Shakespeare says:

"How poor are they who have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees."—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Although I have been a silent reader of dear old COMFORT for several years, and enjoyed the Sisters' Corner so much and every word I read in the papers each month, I have never attempted to write to this corner, as I could write nothing very interesting. I just left space for a more interesting missive than I could write.

I live in old Virginia, a very hilly railroad village of seventy-five or eighty inhabitants, but a very nice place with lots of friends and neighbors.

I have three children, the oldest six, and one four, and one thirteen months old, so you see they are at the right age to keep mother busy, but lots of company. My only trouble is I haven't the patience with them that I should have.

Wish some sisters would tell me the secret of cultivating patience. My husband is a railroad man, and I am cook, bottlewasher and nurse. Now I would be pleased to hear from any sister.

Wishing a prosperous new year to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, I am,
Mrs. N. E. WRIGHT, Gladstone, Nelson Co., Va.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a devoted reader of your interesting and valuable paper for sometime, my mother being a subscriber, and we cannot say too much in praise of it.

I think dear Mrs. Wilkinson you have an excellent idea of what a Christian life should be, in doing the noble work you are doing. My idea of a Christian life, as practiced by millions of good souls, is to follow and practice Christ, from whom the word Christian is derived, and who is the author of all good; or in other words, to keep His Commandments as laid down by Him, and which everyone is familiar with, or should be, to help bear each other's burdens, and to be ever gentle, kind, patient and forbearing, especially toward those weaker and less fortunate than ourselves. I know very well, and I suppose you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters have experienced how very trying it is, to tolerate some natures; what it costs us to come in contact with some characters; how our pride suffers; but it is our duty to do our own pride and humble ourselves when the cause is a good one, and therein lies the reward, for where there is no battle, there is no victory. I think in a sense, we all ought to be missionaries and not leave the uplifting and ennobling of souls to a few. We all ought to endeavor to bring as many souls as possible to the knowledge of God, and we can do much by good example. The opportunity to better the condition of our fellow creatures is often ours if we only do it, and very often it lies very near our own door if we would but put ourselves out a little to look for it. To do to others as we would be done by, and to become as near perfect as possible, and to do our very best, to make others so is our true destiny. We may not always succeed, but we can at least make an endeavor.

To quote a noble man's saying, "We are all fond of singing 'Heaven is our True Home,' but we fail to provide the necessary furniture for it." Some of us may say this is all very well in theory, but with the assistance of the Omnipotent God, all is possible; we all have our free will to do as we please. We know right from wrong and we all know good is independent of us, that He has no need of us whatever, but still longs for our salvation, because He loves us, therefore when we neglect doing good, we alone are at a loss.

There is so much suffering, so much real suffering in this world that at every turn we see and hear of it, and nearly everyone who we converse with have their manifold tales of woe to relate, and what do we do to alleviate it all? I am very much afraid the great majority of us do very little, and it isn't that we do not sympathize or do not care, but we are very often apt to be careless and heedless, at least until it comes home to ourselves, then some of us only begin to realize and make up.

I fear self-interest is the pet sin of the most of us. I myself have often been thoughtful and selfish, thinking only of myself, my own amusements and pleasures, but it was the fault I think of my petted and pampered upbringing. Never to know a want or care and to have every wish and whim indulged, will eventually, I think, make a child more or less selfish.

Heretofore the hearing or reading of a pitiful tale would affect me and have a lasting impression on me, but that was the end of it. To sympathize with the sufferings of others is all very well, but to be up and doing, to act, is countless times better. I have grown wiser, thank God, and have seen the folly of sitting down idly with folded hands, while there was so much to be done. Even if there was no promise of eternal reward from one who can neither deceive nor be deceived it would be an ignoble thing on our part, to be merely an onlooker, while our fellow beings stood in need of our assistance. I have set to work to do all that I possibly can and with God's help hope to persevere to the end.

To think godly, to speak godly and to act godly is my motto. Do not think it a good one my dear? I have in mind at present, a beautiful character, one very near and dear to me, whose mode of life to my mind is an ideal one. The first thing, when she arises in the morning, she thanks God for His protection during the night, and asks His blessing on her and hers for the coming day. Each day she tries to

uproot any tendency to evil there might be in her nature. Never lets a day pass by without doing some little act of kindness, never gossips or encourages gossip, always and ever considers others before herself, and especially her parents. The reverence and devotion she shows on her parents is truly admirable and praiseworthy. The wishes she ever has, never has she wittingly caused her parents a moment's uneasiness. Instead of visiting and attending matinees as a great many girls of her age and station are doing, she remains at home, devoting her time to her parents, or in deeds of charity. I do not think there can be much improvement in her manner of living and I think her deserving the name of Christian.

I am lovingly,
M. T. V. DOLAN, Cedar Lane, Woodhaven, N. Y.

COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but did not get to do it. I must say that I like COMFORT better than any other paper and always turn to the Sisters' Corner first. It seems to me as if I knew you all when I read the letters.

I think every girl should learn how to cook and do housework, for it will always help them if they get married. I did not know how to make a cake or pie or even bread when I got married, but now I get along fine. I have only been married five years come February. I have three little girls from three and one half years to seven months old. I came from England, and conditions are very different in this country. Over there they do little looking, as they can buy things cheaper than we can ever here, and just as good as our own make. So you see, I felt pretty "green" when I first came over here, not knowing very much about anything. I think parents ought to teach their girls to do everything around the house as it will help them sometime or other.

I should be pleased to hear from some of the sisters,
Mrs. ERNEST HAM, Oregon, R. E. 1, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Here comes a Virginia sister to chat a while. How much comfort and help we gain from our paper! We never fail to find something concerning our little ones, and you know all young mothers enjoy that. What a blessing it is to be given the care of God's little angels, for such they are, and oh, how we ought to try to train them in the way they should go. Husband and I are very proud of our two little ones—a little girl and boy named Pauline and Curtis. There is no bag of the golden treasure on earth that could take our darlings from us. No price that could buy the "I am mamma's and papa's little girl," or the "Dad-dad," from the little boy. We are so blind that we cannot see how good God has been to us. To have health and be happy is the richest blessing on earth.

We live in the southwest part of Virginia, on a little blue-grass farm. Husband is in the cattle trade and you see he is away most of the time.

How grand to be ready to give the man or woman a kind look and cheerful word! It makes work lighter and hearts happier.

I will close with loving good wishes to all and to our editor for this column.
Mrs. MAGGIE BUCKLES, Lebanon, Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have often thought I would like to write you a letter from this part of Maine, so will try and tell the sisters something about the Aroostook potatoes. My husband picked twenty-three hundred barrels this fall; his biggest day's work was one hundred and eleven barrels. The largest potatoes weighing from two to three pounds. But of course there are smaller ones. They are dug with a potato digger, drawn by one pair of horses, one man who drives them, and one man taking off potato tops, and from four to five men picking up. They sometimes store them in potato houses until winter, when they are sent by the carload to Boston, New York and other cities. But when the weather is cool in potato digging time, the most of the farmers haul them to the station at Houlton, a distance of about six miles from here, and have a bare and more bother. This has been a fine year for potatoes and most of the farmers have made money. Well, this will do for this time about potatoes, except that I like them very much.

I would not describe myself as it would not be worth while. I have two children, my little girl four and a half years old has always been well and strong, but my baby boy three months old, had cholera this summer and failed until he was very thin. We have tried most every kind of food to bring back his flesh, and though he is better, he is very small yet.

Would he glad to be with the sisters and perhaps someone can tell me what to do for my little boy.

I will say good afternoon with love to Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT sisters.

Mrs. ALBERTA ADDINGTON, Hodgdon, Aroostook Co., Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please admit another reader to your pleasant room?

I have called on you three times since January 1, 1911, but failed to gain admittance. Don't you think that I am courageous?

Now I would like to tell you all about our home in the "bad lands" as it is called. This is where Uncle Sam gives away homesteads. We came from Minnesota, this year in March, and my husband filed on one hundred and sixty acres of prairie land. There are lots of settlers in here and the best part of it is that most of our neighbors are people I was acquainted with in "dear old Minnesota." You see I am not weaned yet from my old home. I lived thirty years (my whole life) in the "Good old North Star State." But we are here to stay for five years at least. We are twenty-two miles from our nearest railroad town and postoffice, and no rural route to carry our mail either. But we live in hopes of having better mail service before we "prove up."

I hope to induce someone to come here to live after they read my letter, even if I can't praise the country in everything. As to climate, it is very beautiful and the land is diversified. Such as the Level, rolling, hilly, sandy prairie and plenty of it. Although most of the claims are taken, yet some remain, but not the best. There is lots of railroad land that may be had for fifteen dollars per acre or sold on crop payments.

Whenever a community can show twelve children, a good schoolhouse, coal shed and closets are erected and a teacher hired.

One can raise a crop of flax here the first year on breaking, and no one has to grub or pick rock off the land first, either. It is easier farming here than in a timber country. For fuel we have plenty of good lignite coal, which is had for blowing and hauling. My husband and brother-in-law have gone to shoot coal this afternoon. Our winter has set in early this year. At present (November 14), we have a foot of snow. Water is the greatest problem here. Unless one has a spring on their place it is necessary to go from seventy-five to four hundred feet for a driven well. Yet it is possible to get water in twenty feet, a great many times there is a great deal of difference in the water. Some is soft, or hard, and some is alkali but all right to use, and some is almost poison, and not fit for anything.

Range cattle and horses are on every hand. The cattle are mostly Herefords or red with white faces. I witnessed the driving of two round ups this fall. There were several hundred in each one. It is a great sight to see so many cattle in one drove of all sizes and hear their bawling and see their heads and tails swing.

Chicken raising is the money crop if one can protect them against hawks, magpies and coyotes. At one time this summer I had forty-three nice young ducks, but lost all. Everything is high priced out here, but wages are high also. Some of the things one doesn't like out here are rattlesnakes, coyotes, weasels, etc., but we all like grouse, jack rabbits, sage hens, geese and ducks.

I wonder if anyone will recognize me as the woman who sent them citron and husk tomato seeds last year. One woman will doubtless think I didn't keep my promise at all as she has no proof of it, but if she will send the rest of her address I'll make good. Her name is Mrs. Wm. Knecht, but she forgot her postoffice and state.

I want to thank the kind sisters for the reading and quilt pieces that they sent me. They helped to give me a good many hours for myself and children. While so far from town, one gets awfully tired waiting for something to read from one mail to the other. For I am a lover of reading. How I wish I could have some of the story papers that I know lots of people burn up and destroy. I seldom sit down and enjoy a story all alone, for I have a husband and three children who like to hear me read. And I'm glad they do and that I am a good reader if I do say so.

As our neighborhood isn't very thickly settled yet,

Big Household Comfort Next Month

Everybody is looking for it, waiting for it and expecting our great Household Number for March to be especially interesting, instructive and useful, because that is what we have been in the habit of giving them in March. Nobody will be disappointed except such as miss it by carelessly letting their subscriptions run out without renewing. If the number above your name on the wrapper this paper comes in is 261 or less, you should send in your renewal today and take no chance of delay.

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Then, if you wish to keep it, make your own terms.

3010 Rano St., Buffalo, N. Y.

We have no school. So I am teaching school at home. My children are as follows: Violet was nine in December, Della eight in December and Howard was five October 3rd. They are all happy, healthy, hearty youngsters and help me lots of times. The one great wish of all of us, especially Howard, is that he had a little brother. Won't someone please help us to and one? We want to get one before spring if possible. One between the ages of two and three years. For myself I prefer one that hasn't learned to talk everything, but as to the color of hair or eyes I'm not so particular. My description of one if I should give it would be as follows: A Caucasian, and in good health, not deformed in any way or badly marked with birthmarks.

Before I close let me urge all mothers to teach their little ones to be "useful as well as ornamental."

I wish all a Happy New Year and especially to the "shut-ins and children. I hope we can all remember the poor with something more than thoughts. Wishing our good publisher a lot of new subscribers, I remain,
Mrs. E. M. MELLIS, Sentinel Butte, N. Dak.

P. S. (Did a woman ever write a letter without a P. S.?)

I want to tell some of those who piece quilts of crazy pieces how I do mine. I cut paper foundations and sew them on the machine. They are sure to be "true" then and don't need so much trimming off on the edges.

To use scraps of flour sacks and any kind of bleached or unbleached cotton, try this way. Sew together "crazy fashion," and work the seams with wash silk or marking cotton and use for a bedspread, or color any dark color and use for a quilt lining.

I am planning for this winter to have my little girls "piece" a quilt by hand, in addition to having their lessons.

Mrs. E. M. MELLIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader a long, long time. I learned to love the good old COMFORT when I was a little girl. Grandfather subscribed for it nineteen or twenty years ago, so I began to read it then. After I married and was moving about I missed it for years. Four years ago we began to read it again.

Oh, how I do sympathize with the shut-ins, although not one myself. But surely I know of the hardships sickness brings on poor folks. I certainly can pity Uncle Charlie.

My poor, dear papa has asthma in connection with bronchitis. Twenty-two years ago last March he began to "smother," and he would shake until he was purple in the face.

There were eight children; I was next to the oldest and just thirteen years old. I did equal work with brother who was older than I. Sisters, I worked in the field, hoed corn and ploughed; just anything that was honest to help mother with the little children. I have tried not to get discouraged, but to be glad I could even work. We were not rich in this world's goods so papa soon spent all, even selling the last milk cow to try and get relief. I must say here that we were blessed with good neighbors and we lived in the country among relatives. Many, many are the nights, papa would sit and "smother" all night. In all those long years of weary suffering I never heard him complain of his hard lot.

About fifteen years ago someone gave papa a recipe of how to make and use medicine by inhaling it into his nose when he began to choke and smother. It's very simple. Gather Jimson leaves and sunflower leaves when green. Cure them in the shade. Take equal parts, pulverize and put in an oven just warm enough to dry them; add just enough saltwater to make it burn. Sample it along as you don't want it to burn too fast. Use a small tinbuckle on a tin lid, placing a funnel over it, your nose over the funnel. It makes the patient cough hard a few moments as soon as it strikes the bronchial tubes. He can spit

out the phlegm and is easy in five minutes. The powder will not blaze; just smokes. Papa is fifty-seven years old and can't work at all. Now girls don't be ashamed to work and help mother while you can. I have been married sixteen years; have four boys, my baby being nine years old. I would give you sisters a pen picture, but I am too old fashioned and homely. Would like to hear from some sister whose life's path has had thorns with their roses, especially those bearing my maiden name, Rosenbaum. I am thirty-five years old.
Mrs. LAURA B. HAYES, Tazewell, R. R. 6, Box 21, Tenn.

Mrs. Hayes. For the benefit of those who may know Jimson by another name I make the following statement: Jimson-weed is a corruption of Jamestown-weed, so called because early observed as a rank weed in Jamestown, Va. Stramonium
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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The Fortune Teller

By Violet Knapp

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CHAPTER I.

"W HATS this?" said Rebecca Ford as she picked up a crimson card which had been tucked under the door.

"Humph, great stuff, that is, Marian Ford, don't you ever let me catch you going to one of them fortune tellers."

"No'm," said Marian, adding mentally, "I guess I wouldn't let you catch me, but I've a mind to go just the same." She continued aloud, "Why are they so dreadful?"

"They put notions and fears into your head. Leave 'em alone. Do you hear me?"

"Yes'm but they do tell things true sometimes, don't they?"

Rebecca bit her thread thoughtfully. "They prophesy things and get folks scared and then that makes 'em happen,—sometimes."

"Oh, like what it says in the Bible, 'The thing I greatly feared came upon me?'"

"Yes, something like."

Marian started for the kitchen saying, "I'm going to fix the fire for supper. Give me the card if you want it burned."

When the kitchen was reached she carefully tore off the edges of the red card and threw them in the coal hod, then thrust the rest of it in her blouse. "I've got that dollar I earned picking strawberries last week and I can take fifty cents of that," she meditated. "Lucky I have it, and that it is all my own."

It may as well be stated that Marian was both young and foolish. Her quiet life in the New England village had not given her much opportunity of meeting varied types of people, nor much education, so at nineteen she was more unsophisticated than many a city lass of twelve or thirteen. Therefore the wily promises of the traveling fortune teller, or "Psychic Expert," as he styled himself in his advertisement, fell on rich soil, Marian's easy credulity.

Since the death of her parents she had lived with Cousin Rebecca, a poor widow who did most of the village dressmaking, and Marian divided her time between the daily routine of housework and helping Cousin Rebecca with the plainer sewing.

After supper it was too dusky to sew and not dark enough for a light so the two women sat on the piazza overlooking a beautiful stretch of the Sound which now gave back the brilliancy of the setting sun. Soon the gate clicked and a small trim figure came up the neat brick walk.

"Oh, you are sitting out here, are you? That's good. I love to be out in the open all I can," said a pleasantly modulated voice.

"Come right up and set down, Miss Evans. Take that rocker. It does seem good to have you back here in Eastport again," said Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, I am about as certain of appearing the last of June as are the cherries. Boston is all right the rest of the year, but in hot weather there is no place for me like Eastport," said the visitor. "And now before I forget it, Mr. Plunkett, proprietor of the Inn wished me to find a place for one of his boarders,—that is, just a room, you know. The Inn is overcrowded and he is putting guests out in the village homes for sleeping; of course they eat at the hotel. He is to have an Englishman, an author, I believe, come tomorrow, and Mr. Plunkett is in a sad frame of mind to know what to do with him. I immediately thought of your dear little house, so cozy and neat, and promised him I would see you about it. You know I have been coming to the Inn so many years I feel like the assistant manager or something of the sort."

Rebecca looked at Marian in doubt but the girl turned a radiant face to her cousin, saying, "Just the thing. I think it is great. A real author! Cousin Rebecca, think of it, here under our own roof. Do say yes. What a lark!"

And the young girl's face was eagerly scanning Rebecca's. Mrs. Ford pictured to herself what it would be like to have an elderly Englishman, very likely with spectacles and a book always under his arm, prowling in and out of her well-ordered house at all times of day and night. Just here Marian was crafty enough to say, "And think of the money, too, Cousin Rebecca. Every little helps, and maybe you wouldn't have to sew so hard all through the hot August days."

"Yes indeed, Mrs. Ford," chimed in Miss Evans, "Mr. Plunkett will pay you four dollars a week for the room if it is a good one."

This last was too much for Rebecca. She had supposed it would not be over a dollar or two at most.

"Four dollars! Why some folks don't get any more than that here for regular boarders in winter."

"Then it is settled, Mrs. Ford?" said Miss Evans.

"Why yes, I guess so. I feel it would be flying in the face of Providence not to take the good that comes along like this."

As Miss Evans a half hour later wended her way back to the Inn she was in a very pleased frame of mind for the English guest who was coming was a very noted modern writer, traveling under an assumed name, so as to get material for his next novel in which he proposed to introduce several typical American characters of the sturdy New England type. This much Mr. Plunkett had told her and that was why she had suggested that he have a room at Mrs. Ford's, rather than give up her own room at the Inn to him as she would willingly have done.

"The very place," ejaculated Mr. Plunkett. "Mrs. Ford and Marian are material for a novel in themselves," an opinion in which Miss Evans heartily agreed. No better place could be found, provided the arrangement suited the renowned author.

The next morning after Marian had put the finishing touches to the spotless "spare chamber" in readiness for the guest, she made an excuse to go to the village square on an errand, taking in her hand bag the fortune teller's crimson card.

"I may stop and see Miss Evans on my way back, Cousin Rebecca, so don't look for me for an hour or so."

"Now don't go to hanging around that hotel, Marian, or Sam Plunkett will be orderin' you off the premises. Miss Evans has just seen you last night. She don't want nothing of you now."

Having done her trifling errand Marian turned down a shabby, side street which she seldom had occasion to go on and was looking shyly around to see if anyone saw her when she ran almost into the arms of a stalwart young man who came suddenly out of a doorway.

"Good gracious, Marian! What are you doing down here?"

"Minding my own business, sir," she answered pertly, but he saw a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"And that is more than I'm doing, you mean. Well, I am awfully glad to see you on this street or any other, Marian, you know that, don't you? Are you going to be home tonight? I will be up about the usual time."

"No—or yes, I'll be at home, but—er we will be busy this evening. We are to have company."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I wouldn't intrude," and there was a hurt look in the young man's eyes. "Any other time will do as well. Good morning Marian."

"Good by, Tim," said Marian once more in a blithe mood. As he passed out of sight around the corner she stepped quickly up to an old shingled house which stood directly on the sidewalk, and which had a modest card in one of the small paned windows, which said, "Rooms to Let." On the door was a small visiting card tacked to the middle panel which proclaimed in

a flourishing hand that Prof. Tyndall, the Psychic Expert, was within and had his office hours from nine A. M. to nine P. M. "Please walk right in," ran the instructions. Marian was thankful for this, as she felt if she had to wait for someone to come in response to her knock some acquaintance might pass and see her. Then the whole village including Rebecca and Tim would know that she had been and had her fortune told. The front door opened on a tiny square hall with a door on each side and a tortuously steep narrow stairway directly in front. A placard with a hand pointing, up said, "Come up and consult the Wizard."

Slowly and with a beating heart she mounted the stairs thinking tremulously, "What would Rebecca say? What would Tim say? What would Miss Evans say?" By this time a hearty voice said:

"Right this way please. I hear some beautiful young girl coming."

In a room at the right of the stairs was seated a middle-aged man at a table in the center of the room. "Come in Miss, and I'll just draw this portiere."

After telling her some common characteristics which he could easily read he went on to say, "You are fitted for a much higher station in life. You should be an ornament to society. You should be so situated that you will have an opportunity to display the many gifts with which nature has endowed you. Your latent possibilities are great. Do not be content to remain in your present obscurity. I see a change coming, a new force is about to enter your life. Grasp it! Do not let it go. Old friends with narrow ideas will endeavor to keep you in the old ruts. Do not listen to them. Assert your individuality and be free. This summer will be most eventful for you, and in September, ah, in September, I see a momentous question for you to decide. Do not be false to your new ideals when the time comes, but know that a great future is yours for the taking. A man, young and fair, will be a potent influence in your future, the near future. I might say the immediate present. A dark man will endeavor to separate you. Do not listen to him. You should be mated to a fair man, a man suited to your temperament in every way, one who can give you the broad culture and travel you deserve."

Marian paid the fifty cents gladly and went down stairs and out of the house with a wildly beating heart. What could it all mean? Who was this man "young and fair" who was to be so much to her? Who was the dark one who could interfere? "Tim, of course," she said half audibly, then continued, "That is as clear as daylight. Tim thinks he has got a mortgage on me, but I'll show him a thing or two. He don't cut as much ice as he imagines. Humph, does he think I'm going to marry him and settle down here in Eastport all my days. Anybody could do that," she continued ambiguously. "Tim thinks he's the whole push. Now I must look out how I encourage him any more."

She feared lest Rebecca would question her as to how she had spent the last hour, but when she reached home she saw a couple of trunks and a crate containing a typewriter on the front porch, and she knew the Englishman had arrived. Rebecca was up-stairs with him, for Marian heard her voice, and felt a great sense of relief, for she knew Rebecca would be too much taken up with the new arrival to think where she had been. As she turned in at the front door which stood unaccustomedly open, she was suddenly confronted by the guest coming down the stairs, and he was a man, "young and fair,"—no spectacles, no book under his arm, and he was smiling at her—displaying brilliant teeth, and holding out his hand in an easy way, and saying:

"Are you Miss Marian? Mrs. Ford has been saying for the last fifteen minutes 'If Marian were only here she'd know what to do about this and that.' You must be a mine of resources and information." His smile and manner were so winning that poor Marian was dazzled, and accepted his proffered hand saying, "What me?"

"I am Marian. Does Cousin Rebecca want me?" then passed up the stairs in a whirl of emotion. The Wizard had told her she had great latent possibilities, and now this wonderful apparition had met her and told her she must be a mine of resource and information. Things were certainly happening "in the near future, I might say, the immediate present."

Not many winks of sleep did Marian get that night. Instead she lay planning a brilliant future for herself and the young Englishman. What else could it mean? It was as clear as daylight, even to Tim's interfering meddlesomeness. She pictured herself being presented at the British Drawing Rooms, with a long court train and three plumes in her hair. Had she not read all about it in the Sunday paper's accounts of American girls' triumphs at the court of St. James? Diamond tiaras glistened on her head, dukes and earls were being presented to her in shoals, and she mentally vowed to hunt up a book she had read long ago, called "Lady Gwendolen's Mad Escapade," and refresh her mind of things British.

The guest was most agreeable, sunny and genial and spent a portion of his time, and sometimes mornings, sometimes evenings on the side porch with the Fords. He was enjoying the study of their quaint ways and speech hugely, and had written down many of their sayings and characteristics. Marian responded like a flower to his efforts to draw her out, and seemed quite another person from the Marian of a moment before. Tim had made one or two unsuccessful attempts to call, but they were either out or Tim saw Mr. Reeves, as he was known, on the piazza, so did not venture in.

It was the longest summer he had ever known, and he was only living for the autumn when "those dratted summer boarders took to their heels." He often became so vexed and discouraged that he would speak out thus to his mother, who would always soothe him by saying, "Let her have her fling. Young girls are all foolish. She'll be wiser if not sadder, come October."

One morning in early August, Rebecca and Marian sat on the side veranda sewing, when Rebecca looked sharply at her cousin and said: "What has become of Timothy Dwight? Have you two quarreled?"

Marian flushed and paused, before replying, to fasten a seam. "Timothy Dwight? Oh, I don't know where he is. Probably about somewhere. I saw him down street the other day."

"Marian Ford, you needn't try to pretend to me that Timothy is just an ordinary acquaintance, and that you don't know anything about him. Why, you and he were as good as engaged months ago, and you can't deny it. What has come over you?"

"Engaged to Timothy Dwight? It's no such a thing Cousin Rebecca. I do deny it. He is too ordinary and commonplace for me," introducing words she thought Prof. Tyndall would have approved. But Rebecca Ford and not Prof. Tyndall was her auditor, and her listener's wrath knew no bounds as she exclaimed:

"Ordinary, commonplace! Well, I never! What are you, pray tell? He's too good for you. I'll tell you that mighty quick, and I'll tell him if I get a chance. What in the name of creation has got into your head. You ain't got any fool notion about this Mr. Reeves, have you, for if that's the case I'll ship him tomorrow. He shan't stay another night."

Marian knew that her cousin meant what she said and would certainly carry out her threat if she suspected that Marian had any particular interest in him, so she feigned intense surprise and looked up with incredulity in her face, and was about to deny all friendship for the English-

man if need be, so long as Rebecca would be thrown off the scent, when the subject of their discussion appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, here you both are. I was looking for you. Mr. Plunkett and Miss Evans have gotten up a little sailing party in a hurry and have sent me over to get you two to go with us. Just put on your bonnets and come along. Mr. Plunkett is the host of this picnic and will furnish all the refreshments," he added as he saw Rebecca's eyes turn to the kitchen. It was the first time either of them had ever been out in the hotel's yacht as it was called, and they felt flattered in spite of themselves. Marian's heart sent forth a pean of praise not only for the interruption to the uncomfortable conversation, but also that she was going with Mr. Reeves and that undoubtedly Tim would see her, for he worked at a boat shop near the hotel dock.

On the way down Mr. Reeves said suddenly, "I have become so interested in a young man here in Eastport who is possessed of unusual talent, and I am going to try to arrange for him to go to some good technical school this fall and take a course in draughting or architecture. Miss Evans recommends the 'Boston Tech,' as she calls it. What do you think of the idea?"

"Me? Why, I think he is a pretty fortunate boy. The Tech is very noted 'round these parts, and I guess pretty expensive too," Rebecca added naively. "Might I ask who it is? Is it Lemuel Lee?"

"Lemuel Lee? No, I do not know him. What does he do?"

"He is a clerk in the dry-goods store," chimed in Marian, "and an awful smart fellow. Good looking, too."

Mr. Reeves smiled in spite of himself and said gently, "Beauty is only skin deep, you know. But the young man I have in mind is of a different type. He is well worth cultivating. Eastport will be proud of him some day." Marian did not feel that this specially interested her existence, being occupied with hotel guests and the sailing of the boat, for he proved to be no mean navigator. "He handles the tiller and ropes almost as well as Tim does," thought Marian and for the first time since their lodger had arrived her heart gave a little sigh for Tim, for she well knew that were he aboard she would not lack for devoted attention.

As the people went ashore after the sail was over Mr. Reeves said to Mrs. Ford, "I am going to stay at the Inn tonight, as a man is here whom I want to see very much and we shall probably sit up half the night talking, and so I'll sleep here. Mr. Plunkett says he can accommodate me tonight." Marian's heart sank. No delightful walk home in the gloaming, no sitting on the porch afterwards, no walking by Tim's house with Mr. Reeves, but talking to her in a house where she must not be discouraged for the fortune teller had said this man, young and fair, was to have a potent influence in her life, and she must not be faint hearted yet. When they reached the house a tall figure arose from the porch rocker and said:

"Good evening Mrs. Ford and Marian. I never find you in these days so I thought I would just sit down and wait for you to come."

"That's right, quite right Tim," said Rebecca heartily. "Just like old times," and she went swiftly into the house to remove her hat and light wrap. Tim took the opportunity to say swiftly to Marian in an undertone:

"Don't you let it seem like old times again, dear! What have I done? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Why of course I am always glad to see old friends, Tim," and her tone was an effort to imitate Mr. Reeves' cultured English accent. If Tim had not felt so badly he would have laughed outright, as it was he seized both her hands and said earnestly:

"Marian stop this foolishness, and tell me what is the matter. I am very unhappy over it. And it has all come about since Mr. Reeves came. Yet he is the kindest, most sensible man I ever saw."

Marian looked at him in amazement. "Do you know Mr. Reeves?"

"Quite well. He spends considerable time in the boat-shop with us men. I expect we will all be in one of his books,—and you, too, who knows? He is here after material, he calls it. I like him very, very much."

"Well, I don't see how he has caused any trouble anywhere."

"I mean have you any foolish notions—"

"Stop!" she exclaimed angrily. "You have said quite enough. What is it to you?" The Professor had said the dark man would try to interfere. She must be firm and assert her freedom.

"Marian!" was all he said, but the tone was pitiful, and rang in her ears for many a week. As she made no answer he turned and strode down the brick walk and disappeared through the dusk.

The days sped on all too swiftly and September was at hand. Mr. Reeves was out more than he had been earlier in his stay and Marian really saw but little of him, for which Rebecca was devoutly thankful, for she felt in a vague way that he was the unconscious cause of the change in affairs. Miss Evans came frequently and often dropped a commendatory word about Tim.

"He is so industrious and ambitious, and so attentive to his mother," she would say, and Rebecca would unwisely add:

"Yes, and he could go with any girl in the township of Eastport."

The Inn was to close on Labor day and Mr.

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Reeves was to go to Boston on the day following, then after a brief sojourn there intended to sail for home.

"And we shall see him no more," Rebecca would say with a sigh whenever she spoke of his departure. Marian tried to keep up her hopes but things were not turning out so rosy as the Professor had predicted. On the Sunday evening before Labor day when they were all sitting on the porch Timothy Dwight came up the walk and said in a determined manner:

"Good evening all. Marian, will you come for a little walk with me? I particularly want to see you a few minutes." The girl felt she could not well refuse before Rebecca and the guest so she reluctantly accompanied Tim to the road, where they paced up and down in the soft night. He startled her by saying abruptly:

"Marian I have one question to ask you. Will you ever marry me? Can you give me any hope at all?"

"Why, Tim. How you talk. I am not ready to marry anybody yet. I must see the world. I must travel and broaden out. I must—"

"How are you going to do it?"

"I don't exactly know. I—er—"

"Do you love me at all Marian? You used to, or say you did?"

"I was mistaken, quite mistaken. I would never be satisfied to settle down in Eastport with no future at all. I—"

"Well, that is what I have decided, too," said Tim straightening up in a manly manner. "I am going to leave Eastport for a time, and I wanted to thoroughly understand our relations before I went. I did not want to act unfairly to you, so I have asked you these questions pointblank to find out what I wanted to know, and I have done so. You have given me no uncertain answer. Well, I'll say good by," holding out his hand.

"God bless you, Marian, and Marian, if you ever want a friend, don't forget Miss Evans. She is pretty well interested in you, and—"

"You going away?" stammered Marian as she recovered a little from her surprise. It seemed like a thunderbolt out of the blue. Tim seemed to her as much a fixture in Eastport as the village square or the postoffice. She tried to imagine swiftly what life would be like without Tim this winter, then she suddenly remembered Mr. Reeves and her high hopes of his caring for her and taking her far away from the quiet village, and merely went on to say, "Well, you have my best wishes, Tim. And I hope you will do real well at your trade wherever you're going."

Tim made no direct reply for a minute, then said: "And you haven't interest enough to ask where I am going or what I am to do. Oh, Marian!" And he was gone down the village road.

Labor day was spent at Mrs. Ford's home in getting Mr. Reeves' things together and helping him pack. He himself was out the most of the afternoon getting his typewriter crated, engaging an expressman for the next day, and bidding farewell to the friends he had made at the hotel. Marian wandered from room to room and from window to window till Mrs. Ford exclaimed sharply:

"Land sakes, Marian, do set down and keep still a minute! You give me the hypo."

Marian knew from experience that when Rebecca had her favorite "hypo" she had better do as she was bidden, so she retired to her own room and from an unaccountable impulse threw herself on the bed in a passion of sobbing. The bright prospects which Prof. Tyndall had predicted for her did not seem to be materializing very rapidly and she felt as if her house of cards were trembling and that a breath more would blow it completely over. Mr. Reeves gave no indication that he expected to take her with him or even write to her. He had even said to Rebecca that morning that he should never forget her kindness to him that summer and that he hoped she would not forget him although in all prob-

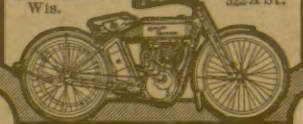
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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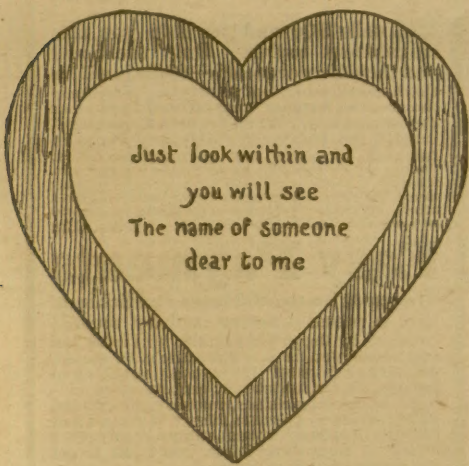
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How to Make Your Own Valentines

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HAVE you ever tried making the valentines you send to your friends? If you have not you have missed half the joy of St. Valentine's day. Bring your scissors, some cardboard, colored paper and a bottle of mucilage, and learn how to make some pretty little gifts and cards that will be a delight both to work upon and for your friends to receive.

Of course we cannot make valentines without hearts so we will first cut a few heart patterns from stiff brown paper. Fold it double and then, beginning at the point, cut a long sweeping curve and then turn the scissors in toward the fold again. Make this curve quite sharp and short for this will be the indentation between the two sides of the heart. The paper is folded double in order that both sides of your pattern may be exactly alike. The largest heart should measure four inches across its widest part. The next size should be two and three quarter inches by three and a half inches, and then we will need a tiny heart pattern measuring half an inch from indentation to point and three quarters of an inch across its widest part.



Now we are ready to make the valentines and we will begin with one of the simplest which is also a very attractive one. Using the largest pattern, cut a heart of gift paper, and then, using the pattern of the next size, make a red paper heart. Lay the red heart on top of the gold one so that an even edge of the gold shows all around it and fasten it in place with two little hinges made of strips of paper half an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide. These are folded across the middle and pasted close to the top of the heart on each side of the indentation, the open part of the hinge, of course, turned down toward the point of the heart. On the red heart this verse is written or printed:

"Just look within and you will see
The name of someone dear to me."

The name of the person for whom the valentine is intended is now written beneath the red heart and it is ready to send.

Soft gray makes a splendid background for a gold and red design, so let us cut an oblong six inches long and four inches wide from gray cardboard or heavy gray paper, and, first cutting a paper pattern, make a wish-bone of gift paper and paste it upon the card near the top. From the arch of the wish-bone hang by thin gift paper strips a red heart cut by your smallest pattern. On a little red oblong beneath this design write:

"My heart's best wishes for your happiness!"

The pattern for the wish-bone is folded paper just as the heart patterns were. Beginning at the fold cut a little knob and then branch off for the arms of the wish-bone which are gently curved and have a knob at the end. Be careful not to cut them too broad for it is usually surprising how much broader things will look when the paper is unfolded and you see the two halves of your pattern spread out.

A four leaf clover design can be formed of four small hearts and a stem and it makes a very pretty valentine placed on a circular card of gray or cream-colored paper. On the back of the card you may write:

"I wish you endless good fortune."

Sometimes we like to send little valentine gifts instead of the cards and an appropriate one is made of red blotting paper cut by your largest heart pattern. Make four of these blotting paper hearts and paste on each one three pages for a small calendar. Next cut two little slits near the top of each heart one on either side of the indentation, and through these slits run a narrow ribbon and fasten the ends together so that they form loops or rings over which the blotters are easily moved when it is necessary to turn them.

A pin-box is another useful and pretty gift. It is made by covering a small box with colored or gift paper and making on top of it a heart of pins. This heart should be drawn on the box and the pins stuck very carefully through the outline so that the edge will be even. Either ordinary little pins may be used or colored ones. A very gay heart is made by using alternate rows of pins of two or three different colors.

A valentine match holder which takes with it also a reasonable sentiment is made on a red

heart foundation and hung by narrow red ribbon. The box may be made of red, too, some will like it better of gilt. This box part is made from a piece of paper four inches long and two and one half inches wide. From the lower corners of this oblong an inch square piece is cut. This will leave you a section of paper two inches long and one and one half inch wide flap at each end and at the bottom. Fold these flaps lengthwise through the middle and fold again where they join the main section of the paper. This you will see forms a little box with an inch wide rim on the inner side which is to be pasted against the red heart. Beneath the box is written:

"I light your pathway with my love."



DAINTY VALENTINE.

There is just one more dainty little valentine which you can make. On a gray-blue card six inches long and four inches wide paste a silver or gold crescent and a number of tiny gold or silver hearts and on an oblong of lighter blue which is pasted in the lower left-hand corner of the card write:

"The hearts that beat with love for you are numerous as the stars."

Valentine Verses for Any Gift

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OFTE when Valentine's day comes around you take the opportunity of sending some sort of gift to a friend as a kind of Valentine. It is all the more appreciated if it is accompanied by a suitable little verse tucked in with it somewhere. The verse may be serious or humorous as you like, or as you think your friend will like. Here are a few rhymes to go with different sorts of valentine gifts:

To go with a book.
Some books are rich in wisdom,
Some books are full of fun,
But dearest thoughts of you, my friend,
Are hidden in this one.

To go with a box of chocolates.
Sweeter than a caramel
Or a chocolate cream,
Sweeter far than candy drops,
Thou dost ever seem!

To go with a box of homemade fudge
Fudge! oh, fudge;
It's mighty sweet,
So I made you some to eat.
It is just a little sign
Of my love, dear valentine!

To go with a dainty card, or to be written on a sheet of note paper alone.
A little verse for a valentine
To my neighbor over the way
Means a thought and a wish and my love to her
Upon this valentine's day.

To go with a basket of oranges.
Please take this offering I send,
As golden as the hours I spend
In company with you, my friend.

To go with any fruit.
Fair as fruit upon the vine,
Art thou, sweetest valentine.

To go with red roses.
When the world is white with snows,
I will send a red, red rose.
It is but a little sign
Of my love, dear valentine!

With pink, yellow or white roses, the same rhyme may be used by changing red to pink, yellow or white, according to the color of the roses.

To go with any flowers.
When the air is sweet with perfume
From the breathing of the flowers,
Think of me while you remember
Many pleasant summer hours.

To go with a song or piece of music.
Sweeter than music,
Sweeter than song,
Sweeter than bird notes,
Through the day long,
Sweeter than all, you are, my dear,
Your voice I do delight to hear.

To go with a picture or a bit of sculpture.
When you take this bit of art,
Also take my loving heart.

To go with a kitten to a child.
Little Kitty says to you,
"Please be good to me, please do,
For the one that sent me here
Is a friend of yours most dear."

The word Kitty may be changed to "doggie," "biddy," "pony," according to the gift.

To go with a bit of jewelry.
This little (pin) can only say
You grow more precious every day.

To go with a heart-shaped blotter.
Tell me you will never blot
Me from out your heart,
For I love you such a lot.
It would hurt to part.

To go with a handkerchief.
For your little nose and eyes,
Here's a valentine surprise,
Think of me whenever you use
Even if you chance to lose it.

To go with a piece of glassware or china.
When you break this little dish,
Love me just the same,
Do not break my heart as well,
That would be a shame.

To go with any gift.
This is a little thing to show
That I think of you. I know,
But my love goes with it, too,
Warm and dear from me to you.

A Valentine by Wireless

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

inda though she was nearly out of range, going south, outside the Gulf Stream."

"Well, what is wrong Mr. Goodwill, demanded a voice of authority from the doorway. It was the Captain of the Dorinda himself.

The situation was again briefly gone over, and the messages re-read. At the words "Merry Hell, broke loose," the captain's anxious frown did not lessen, but a trace of impatient amusement crossed it for an instant. Goodwill, too, had been thinking, but it was of the safety of the ship during his own watch.

"Shall I tell Mr. Harris to bear more eastward sir? It is clearing and he reports the Cape light in sight since I left the bridge, but too far to the north of us, with our present course, unless we are off Deadman's Bight. In that case, sir, as this 'Merry H-' unknown says, had we not best bear east until the new light-ship, or the bell-buoy let us know just where we are? I thought I heard the last on the bridge, but must have been mistaken."

"Mr. Bland," said the Captain, "call your unknown again. I think I begin to understand, though I don't see why he should be so far to eastward of us himself. And you, Mr. Goodwill, tell the bridge to change our course at once. I am glad you sent for me."

While these orders were being attended to the captain went back to his own room, just abaft the high deck whereon the wireless office was located. He returned in a moment with the latest recharted map of that coast, giving the various positions of the buoys, light-ships and other marine safeguards, together with the changes made or being made by the Government Board of Coast Survey.

"I cannot get him now, sir," Bland with the receivers on his ears had been calling the unknown, and also the Ethelinda, though he divined that the last must be, by now, entirely beyond reach. "In fact, I don't seem to get anyone, except once I caught what sounded something like a call for help. After that—nothing distinguishable. Must be this nor'west gale, worse now, if anything, than the nor'easter we had."

Goodwill, who had gone on the bridge to see himself, that the Dorinda's course was changed, now came in, his face red with cold, and his beard bristling with a sudden rime of frost. Captain Welles spread out his new chart.

This reached me on this trip at Havana," he explained. "Came direct from Washington, by rail via Key West. So, it is late. Do you notice the name given to the new light-ship, which we do not seem to find in place?"

"Muriel," read Goodwill, in the margin of explanations on the chart. "Why sir, she only left Cape Henry and Hampton Roads in tow, on the 9th, this note says. She has hardly had time to be properly placed and anchored, has she?"

"Well, neither she nor the new bell-buoy, which she was to bring appear to be very easy for us to find." The Captain smiled. "Looks as if this prior nor'easter had bothered them—and now—Oh!"

The captain, fumbling among some letters in his pocket drew forth a yellow sheet, such as telegraph companies have for dispatches. He gave that to Goodwill. It stated, from their own offices, in New York, that if any of the company's steamers met the light-ship Muriel, in tow, to report the fact by wireless, and give aid, if needed, in case of storm or stress. This was addressed to each captain of the line then on the coast.

"You see, Goodwill, one of our own freighters was to do the towing. What perplexes me yet is, what can have happened? The Ethelinda has gone on. It may be our freighter that lost her tow. The Merry Hell has not arrived."

"I see; I see!" Goodwill chuckled to himself.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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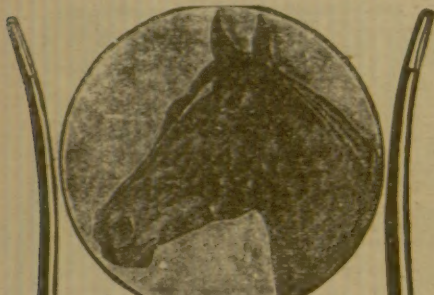
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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

I am proud to live in the best state in the Union, for our state bears the name of "The Mother of States." You all doubtless know that Captain John Smith placed the first English colony at Jamestown, May 13, 1607.

Our state also bears the name of "The Mother of Presidents." She has furnished seven Presidents of the United States. Their names are as follows: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler and Zachary Taylor.

Virginia's area is 42,450 square miles, of which 40,125 is land, the remaining 2,325 being water. Population, 1,854,185—census of 1900.

Virginia has one of the "Seven Wonders" which is the Natural Bridge in Rockbridge county.

I wish some of our millionaires were taking Comfort in order to distribute some of their wealth to the shut-ins.

What are your politics, Uncle?

My birthday was January 20th. I will close, hoping Billy the Goat is out in the pasture. Yours sincerely,

JAS. P. SHORR. (No. 34,524.)

It would need a whole edition of COMFORT, Jim, to answer your letter the way I would like to answer it. You speak of that little boy of ten or eleven smoking cigarettes to beat the band. I suppose that boy belongs to a family of about sixteen children, and has an overworked mother and an indifferent father. Parents ought to know where their children are, and what they are doing. Any parent with half an eye can tell when a child smokes, especially a child of ten or eleven. Just as you can tell a morphine fiend, so you can tell an inveterate cigarette smoker, and the casual child smoker. You can smell smoke on a child, on its breath and clothing. I don't suppose the parents of the child you speak of care whether he smokes or not. That child is not half as much to blame as his parents are. You cannot have good children unless you have good parents. The parents of that child should be arrested, or the child taken from them, and turned over to some society for the protection of children. Children want protecting from themselves as well as from those who prey upon them. The cigarette habit amongst men is bad enough but amongst children its effect is appalling. It converts its practitioners into hopeless degenerates. But enough of this. There is something else in your letter I want to talk about. You speak with great pride of your state, of the great men it has produced. You have a right to wax enthusiastic about Virginia for it is a grand old state, or was, but Virginia has got into my bad books of late.

By my bedside I have a filing cabinet, which has twelve pigeonholes, all within my reach. Several of these pigeonholes are labeled "Shut-ins," and contain appeals for assistance from all over the country, and especially from the South and Southeast. Before me is a beautifully written letter from a refined educated woman, who lives in your state. She has been sick for a considerable time, and has a family of four young children. She appealed to me for aid. She particularly needed clothes for her children as well as medical treatment for herself. I was interested in her case.

By her letter I instantly recognized that she was a gentlewoman, and I knew it must have caused her a bitter pang to have to ask me to appeal publicly for her. I asked her how it was she came to need aid, when she had a husband who was capable of working. The explanation soon came, and it horrified me. The husband was working ten hours a day for the magnificent sum of one dollar. Out of this he had to pay house rent, buy fuel, clothing, food and household necessities, and pay doctor's bills and buy drugs. The dollar was not nearly enough for them. The dollar was so sick that he had to stay home and nurse her, as the eldest child was too young to be of any material assistance. It appears her husband worked at various things at different times, being apparently a handy man. Setting up barrels in a tobacco factory was one of his tasks. The references she sent were exceedingly fine. She said the children could not go to Sunday School, because they had no clothes fit to wear. It seemed incredible to me that in any state in the union, any firm or employer would dare to offer a healthy white man the miserable and contemptible sum of one dollar a day for ten hours' hard work.

My blood boiled at the thought. I wrote and told her so. She replied that there were people in Virginia who received as much as \$1.25, \$1.50, and even as much as times as \$2.00 a day, but they were all old and experienced workmen, capable of doing skilled work. Common day labor, such as her husband was doing was paid only ten cents an hour. This is not the only case, other women have written me in the same strain. I always try to protect you from fraud, and when a woman writes me she has a husband, even if she is sick and has a large family, I try to find out how much that husband earns and why he does not support his family. Back comes the reply: "My husband gets a dollar a day or a dollar ten a day, and the work is not regular." I have heard of the despised Dago being forced to work for a dollar and a quarter a day, and I have heard that he can save money on it, as he lives on food on which the average American simply could not and would not eat, and herds with others of his kind in tenements where six or eight inhabit one room. I did not however know that any employer dared to offer, or that any white man would be in such desperate need, that he would be forced to toil ten hours a day for a miserable, paltry, contemptible dollar. That is the price he receives, paying unskilled labor in Europe twenty-five years ago. A dollar a day is the price paid to girls of sixteen and seventeen in the stores in New York—a sum which forces thousands of them into the white slave traffic as they cannot exist upon it. If a single girl cannot live on a dollar a day, how can a man with a man's appetite and the necessity of keeping up his strength by nourishing food, support himself and clothe and feed his family, buy furniture and fuel and keep the roof over their heads on that sum? The past glories of a state are nothing to me, when women who have healthy husbands are forced to beg for public charity, because their husbands cannot earn enough to support them. In Australia, the minimum, or lowest rate of wage an employer is allowed to pay, or an employee permitted to receive, is regulated by law. A dollar and a half a day should be the minimum wage rate for any white man, and that is only starvation wages. Think of the frightful injustice that is wrought on the children of those parents who have to toil for a dollar or a dollar and a half a day. No wonder such children, especially if there are many of them, fall ready victims of disease, or take to crime as readily as a duck takes to water. It takes good, wholesome food and plenty of it to make children strong and healthy so they can bring healthy children into the world. When underfed parents produce offspring that they cannot properly feed (mere food for the undertaker and the penitentiary) it drags down the race, halts human progress, and makes our civilization a farce and a byword. Washington and the great men of Virginia lived in vain if that is the best that these and other great commonwealths can do for their citizens. If George Washington could read the letters that come to me from his native state he would turn in his grave. You ask me, James, what are my politics. I will answer you. The politics that make impossible a dollar a day wage slavery, and keep millions of our citizens on the verge of want and hunger; politics that would abolish poverty and the ignorance that creates poverty; politics that would put the fear of God into the hearts of those who are despoiling this great land, and converting it into a machine for grinding out billionaires. A dollar a day for a white man with four young children, and a sick wife!!! God pity us, and above all, pity the man who toils and the family that

has to suffer, and pity a nation so morally dense that permits such frightful injustice.

1832 Hudson Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have written to you three times and you would not grant me the slight favor of publishing and making ridiculous remarks about my letter. I'm vexed with you.

I told you before that I lived in Chicago. Well, I am there yet. I am seventeen years old now. I am a very little girl, not more than five feet tall, and have dark hair and eyes and a fair complexion.

I presume you have heard of the aviation meet we had here, in a little park just beside Lake Michigan. There were aeroplanes and monoplane that raced for prizes. One day two aviators were killed. I was up to see them, but that was not exciting enough. I would like to be flying in one myself. Would you like to be flying in one? If you have I hope you will remember that I have invited myself to a ride with you. Before a very long time the world will be joyriding in airships and automobiles will be a thing of the past.

I am a lover of music, flowers and books, and I am a postal card fiend. I go to night school in the winter and am learning shorthand and typewriting. I am going to go every year until I become a very smart woman. I work in the daytime in an office down town.

With love and kisses, I am,

Your affectionate niece, LAURA STROMBERG.

Thank you, Laura, for your exquisitely written letter. You are a bright, clever girl all right. Judging from the way you push a pen, and the breezy way in which you write, I am sorry you had to knock three times before I allowed you to enter my chicken coop. I am rather wary and timid about inviting any of you Chicago girls into my chicken coop. The last young lady who came here from Pig Town, Hogopolis, Porkville, Baconville, whatever you please to call your meatropolis, made things unpleasant for all of us. We got her head and body through, without taking could not get her feet inside the door, and she did not want to send her feet to a planing mill, her visit was unfortunately cut short. As your tootsies, Laura, are of normal proportions, I can admit you without any damage to the architectural beauty of my chicken mansion and roostery hall. You can come up and take an easy chair on my lap. I was very much interested in that aviation meet you had in Chicago. Chicago ought to be strong for aviation. Chicago feet will find it so much more comfortable and convenient to manœuvre in the air than on the street. No necessity to set the fuses a couple of hundred yards back, so the feet can get up the street, Laura. You say you are five feet tall. If you had lived anywhere else except in Chicago, I could have got a pretty correct idea of your height, but from the fact that you live in the meatropolis of Cook county, five feet does not mean anything at all. You must first tell me, dear, whether you are five Chicago feet tall or five ordinary feet. If you are five Chicago feet tall, you may be a mile high, instead of a dear, sweet, petite little girl of the baby variety. Now, sweet, petite little girl of the baby variety, as regards that aviation meet, I was horrified at the way the Chicago people acted, when those two poor aviators were dashed to death. In all decency the program should have finished right there, and the people have gone home, out of respect for the brave men who gave their lives in a noble cause—the conquest of the air—and who had done their bravest best, even to the sacrifice of their lives, to make a holiday for a heartless mob. In Kansas the other day, an aviator who had been giving exhibitions for several days, found his motor was out of order, and would not work properly. The mob of bloodthirsty hoodlums, howled, jeered and scoffed at him, and drove him into the air, though the poor fellow knew he was going to his death. In a few minutes he was lying on the ground, a crushed, mangled, bleeding corpse. Then the bloodthirsty, white-faced Apaches, many of them doubtless highly respected citizens, and members of various local churches, went home with their blood lust satisfied. The poor aviator had the courage to go to his death, but he did not, alas, have the courage to tell this mob of frenzied brutes to go and chase themselves. That is what I would have told them good and plenty. After awhile the bloodthirsty public will not go to an aviation meet, unless positively assured of the fact that at least one or two of the aviators will be killed for their amusement. Once you begin to cater to the baser instincts of humanity or inhumanity, there is no telling where you will stop. Life is cheap in America, so cheap in fact, that one cannot contemplate the future of our race without fear and misgiving. The air must and will be conquered, and brave men will give up their lives to conquer it, but brave air men should not be driven to their death, to satisfy the blood lust of a mob. Laura, I read your letter to Billy the Goat, and when I got to the aviation meet, Billy stopped me. He thought you were referring to the meat that you eat. You see, Billy always associates Chicago with meat, and he thought that aviation meat was a new product of your beef trust or meat trust. He is disgusted to know that it is only air meat, and not something more substantial. He says he has had enough air meat in his time and has no use for sirloin air steaks, or rashes of atmosphere. Laura, I am glad you are learning shorthand, as I may want you to help Maria later when she has more stenography than she can attend to. Short hand, however does not seem as necessary for Chicago girls as short feet. Laura you might start a school for the latter. You would do a roaring business in Cook Co. I would advise you, however, to conduct your school in the open then your scholars would not have any trouble getting in the building and of course when you go into any enterprise, you don't want to lose any business. Don't mind my joking, Laura. It's a poor heart that never rejoices, and it is better to laugh than to cry, for laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone, or as Billy says: Snore and you sleep alone.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sorry that I caused you and Billy the goat so much grief in figuring out my last letter and song. Will try again and hope you'll be better satisfied. And would like to have you print all this song I'm sending. As I have got many letters and cards, asking for the song.

My grandpa's name is Mr. I. N. Morland. He was a mariner in Co. A. He was on the steamer Baltic. If any of his comrades see this, he would like to hear from them. His address is 1417 Milton Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

Good by, Uncle Charlie.

RUTH BURHAM.

Dying Fifer

To the Air of the Dying California

When the battle was hot and raging,
And the shot and shells did fly,
Smoke around our regions curling,
When I hear the pearly cry.

Close beside me lay our fifer,
From his bosom spouted blood,
There he lay pierced by a bullet,
Dying in a crimson flood.

Shipmate says he tells my father
Tell him that I died like a man,
Died in battle for my country,
While blood for him in tyrant hand.

Tell my mother gently tell her
Less the news should break her heart,
Her Charlie more will ever greet her,
Ever more the ocean cross.

Tell my sister gently tell her
That her brother is no more
Hand to hand we'll never ramble,
On Potomac's pleasant shore.

Ruth, it is very seldom that I give a cousin an opportunity to appear in print more than

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once, as so many thousands are waiting for that honor. Your last contribution, however, was so unique (I guess the cousins recall the "Texas Ranger") that I am going to give publicity to your "Dying Fifer." Our readers of course understand that you did not write either of these song poems, but have heard them recited, and have written them down for our benefit in your own unique and original way. "The Dying Fifer" apparently has to be sung to the air of "The Dying California." I never heard of a song of that name, nor a melody with that title. I thought California was very much alive, I had no idea it was dying. What with the "Dying Fifer" and "Dying California" Ruth, you have got on a veritable jag of death. Possibly you mean the air of "The Dying Californian." I don't know the melody, but I have no doubt it is all to the good. Your first verse introduces us to a real hot fight. Evidently the North and the South are trying to slap one another on the wrists in good, gory style. I don't quite understand the third line "Smoke up our regions curling." Maybe the captain was smoking a corn cob pipe, and some of the tobacco smoke got up in the rigging, that is the masts and sails overhead, though of course it may have been the smoke from the guns. I am inclined to believe, Ruth, that it is rigging instead of regions. The last line, however, is a knock out. You say: "When I heard the pearly cry." I have been studying over this for a long time, and am still very much in the dark. What you meant to convey, possibly was: "When I heard the pearly cry." Billy the Goat however thinks you meant: "When I heard the parson cry." He says he thinks you may have had a minister on board, and one of those shells may have pierced his appetite. The next remarkable incident occurs in the third spasm, fourth line, where you gaily remark: "While blood for him in tyrant hand." The only Rand I ever heard of is out in South Africa. It is a gold mining district around Johannesburg. With the help of a bunch of college professors and Billy the Goat's aunt, I have figured out that the line as written originally by the author was: "While blood from him in tyrant's ran." Evidently the fier was not anemic, but had a good supply of red corpuscles, but still I don't think he had enough to reach South Africa, and we are quite convinced that the blood ran from him, and not for him. We can imagine a bunch of red corpuscles informing Mr. Fifer they were going to give him a delectable entertainment by swirling in front of him in a crimson stream until further orders. In the fourth spasm you say: "Less the news should break her heart." It is a good deal better to break a person's heart than to break it. You can just get a railroad brakeman to apply the brakes and no harm would come to the old lady's heart or anybody else's, in fact if the heart was going too fast it would do it lots of good. You ought to get a patent on that heart brake, Ruth. It would save many lives. I would buy one right away for my poor old heart gets sorely rent at times. I greatly admire the way you have rhymed your second and fourth line. Anyone who can make heart rhyme with cross—well they can cross their heart, and say they have done something clever. Charlie's mother had not much to mourn about anyway, for you say: "Her Charlie more will ever greet her." Though Charlie was going to die he was still going to continue greeting his mother, though if he was continually crossing the ocean, I don't see how he would have much time between seasickness and meals to spend greeting his mother. In the fifth spasm, Ruth you say, "Hand to hand we'll never ramble, on Potomac's pleasant shore." I think I would have them ramble hand in hand, not hand to hand if I were you Ruth. Why didn't you have them rambling by the shore of an American river while you were about it. When you talk of Potomacs, and put the accent on the last syllable, I naturally conclude you are referring to an Irish river. It is more than probable, however, that you mean "Potomac's pleasant shore." I have not space for the last two verses, Ruth, and I am rather glad as they are too gruesome. If I had written that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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RUBY'S REWARD

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ralph Carpenter reveals to Walter Richardson, the son of Sadie Walcott, the story of his young life, his love for Walter's dead mother, their betrothal, separation, her marriage, his finding her in poverty, the promise to care for Walter, and his anxiety for him to complete his education, provision for which he makes. In the midst of his talk Mr. Carpenter becomes suddenly ill and dies. Edmund finds his father's private papers and one, bearing the words "Last Will," he slips through a crack in a quaint desk. Walter is anxious to complete his education and Edmund offers him the position of bookkeeper at nine dollars a week with board for one year. Walter goes to the city and applies to Albert Conant, Architect and Builder, who advises a practical knowledge of the construction of buildings only acquired by learning the carpenter's trade. Mr. Conant allows Walter to share with him in the preparation of plans for an elegant residence and requests Walter to deliver them to a certain street and number. As he leaves he encounters Edmund Carpenter, who is to accompany Ruby Gordon to a party.

Mr. Robert Gordon and his wife give a reception to a noted poet, Mr. Whitfield. Owen Ruggles, an unbidden guest, comes three hundred miles to see the man that walked into his heart. Ruby Gordon hears Edmund Carpenter expostulating with Owen Ruggles and his presence there, and learns that Walter Richardson was a protégé of Edmund's father and of Edmund's refusal to help him to an education.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon plan a grand housewarming and send for Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles. Walter is invited. Ruby promises the first quadrille to him. Christmas comes and Ruby's gift, an enlarged likeness of Annie Ruggles, touches the father and mother and Owen Ruggles promises Ruby if she ever needs a friend he is the man to stand by her. Robert Gordon loses, not only his own, but Ruby's money. Ruby secures a position as a teacher. The house is sold and the purchaser's name withheld. Ruby refuses him.

Robert Gordon is taken suddenly ill and dies in a few days. Mrs. Gordon is left a comparatively rich woman. Mr. Gordon in his prosperity takes out insurance policies for fifty thousand dollars. She is resolved that Ruby shall marry Edmund Carpenter, and he renews his offer of marriage.

Mrs. Gordon secures board for herself and Ruby in an attractive home four miles out of the city, and Ruby, unsuspecting the deep intrigue goes with her. Walter calls to see Ruby, and Mrs. Gordon informs him she is not at home. He seeks the housekeeper, for it is at his old home Ruby is boarding, and finds Ruby. Walter tells of Edmund Carpenter and his deception. Walter, leaving, Ruby goes upstairs, and confronts her sister-in-law with her duplicity and Mrs. Gordon realizes she is outwitted. Edmund Carpenter calls the next morning. He determines to ruin Walter's and Ruby's happiness forever. Walter calls. A heavy shower comes up and Ruby sends Walter to see a doctor. Edmund overrules Mrs. Coxon for a room. Edmund overrules Mrs. Coxon and realizes her willingness to help Walter. They are unconscious that Edmund Carpenter hears all this. The next morning Walter rises early to take the train for Chester. As he arrives there he sees a fine-looking woman getting off the Southern Express and appears to be looking for someone. The woman meets with a serious accident, and Walter gets a carriage, assisting the man with the baggage, noting the trunks were marked Mrs. M. E. Howland. He goes with the driver, and helps her to the house, and she requests to know to whom she is indebted. When she hears the name her face becomes ghastly white and she exactly as she is known, has been twice married, and years ago loses an idolized son. Walter calls every morning and at the end of a week he is invited to enter,—madam desires to see him. He reminds her of someone she used to know. A servant enters. She gives a frightened look at Walter. An officer is there to arrest him. He demands the charge and Mrs. Howland begs an explanation. Mrs. Robert Gordon, living in Edmund Carpenter's house in Philadelphia, lost money and valuable jewels one week ago. This young man passed the night there, leaving early in the morning. If he proves his innocence he will be released. Walter admits being there, having gone to see Ruby Gordon to whom he is betrothed. Mrs. Howland becomes responsible for his bail. Mr. Conant arrives and believes the young man innocent. Mrs. Gordon requests Ruby to read the evening paper. The she learns of Walter's innocence. She writes Mr. Ruggles and he comes to Ruby's rescue and she takes him into her confidence. Mr. Ruggles confronts Edmund Carpenter and accuses him of being in the scheme to ruin Walter Richardson. At last Mr. Ruggles goes home. Ruby goes to a hat around a large oak. Mrs. Gordon and Edmund Carpenter take seats on the opposite side and Ruby learns enough from his own lips to convict him—his placing the diamonds in Walter's coat. He fails to conceal the money and he gives it back to Mrs. Gordon, which she rejects,—she having given the money to a detective. He suggests she send it to him and he will send a check. The next morning Ruby goes to the city, calls at Mr. Conant's office and learns that he has gone to Chester to consult with Mr. Richardson.

The evening closes gloomily. Mrs. Coxon builds a fire in the library. Mrs. Gordon and Ruby go there. The bell rings and Edmund Carpenter enters. He would enjoy game of chess with Mrs. Gordon, and they retire to the parlor, leaving Ruby alone. She sees a mouse; it seeks refuge behind an old-fashioned desk. Removing it from the wall, she cracks a panel, dislodging a paper; it is the Last Will and Testament of Ralph Carpenter. Ruby secretes it between the panel and back of a canvas picture. Going to the parlor she tells Edmund she has broken his desk and he asks indifferently how it happens. When he learns she breaks a panel he looks into the hole and inquires if she found anything. Ruby is confident he knows something. Edmund spends the entire night in the library, and is satisfied that Ruby Gordon has it in her possession. Estelle receives a telegram, her sister is sick, perhaps dying. Mrs. Gordon hastens to Harrisburg, and Ruby decides to go to Redville. Mr. Ruggles calls, they are to start on the four train. He will send a carriage. Edmund Carpenter demands a few minutes' conversation and asks for the missing will. Only under certain conditions will she give it to him. He will not permit her to remove the trunks. She will allow them to be packed in the presence of himself and a servant. Edmund Carpenter leaves the house. The rain falls in torrents. A carriage dashes up the driveway. The coachman, his face entirely concealed by his havelock, says he is to come for her and the gentleman on his way back. Stopping at a plain house in a quiet street, she learns the gentleman has been taken suddenly ill. Will she step up for a moment and she follows the girl up three flights. Going into a pretty parlor the door is quickly closed, the lock sprung and Ruby Gordon knows she is a prisoner. The next instant the key turns and Edmund Carpenter walks into the room. Ruby demands an explanation. She will be a compulsory guest until she gives the document requested.

Madame Howland desires to know Walter's former history and he tells of his father's early life, his marriage to the wife he loved, the refusal of the family to accept his mother, his father's accident, and the bitter struggle his mother makes to support him and keep Walter in school. His father's death, his leaving school and begging for money to keep his mother from starving, his asking Mr. Carpenter for money, and going to the wretched home and his mother was the woman from whom he was separated and still loves. Madame Howland asks if his heart ever yearns for his own kindred. He can never thrust himself upon those who ignored and despised his mother because she was poor. Walter is startled by the effect of his words and the woman implores him not to be too hard and finally confesses she is his father's mother, and she tells the sad story to Walter and begs his love, and he is known as the child of a son by a former marriage from whom Madame Howland was separated by the war. Ruby's disappearance is discovered and she is rescued, divulging Edmund Carpenter's duplicity, and removing all suspicion of guilt from Walter Richardson.

CHAPTER XLVI.

RUBY'S RELEASE EXPLAINED.

Edmund Carpenter's face had grown absolutely ghastly while the officer was speaking. He saw that he was hedged about on every side—everything was known, and it would need but a word from Mr. Conant to throw him into prison to await a trial upon charges that were

liable to result in a sentence of penal servitude for perhaps twenty years. Death would be preferable to that; his haughty spirit could never brook confinement; and, turning his white face to the architect, he demanded, sullenly: "What are your terms?" "That bank-note first," was the relentless reply.

Without another word, the young man drew from an inner pocket a small Russia-leather covered diary, and taking from it a bank-bill, passed it to Mr. Conant.

He unfolded it, and after a moment's examination, he said: "Then Mr. Conant took from the table near which he was standing a small package of crisp new bills, and passed them to Mr. Carpenter, adding:

"We have no intention of robbing you, sir; you will find the equivalent of this bill here." He nodded to the officer as he spoke, and the man withdrew, much to Edmund Carpenter's relief.

But at the same moment a door on the opposite side of the room opened, and he saw his father's old lawyer, Mr. Fairbanks, enter, followed by Mrs. Coxon.

He knew well enough what this arrival portended, and overcome by the evidence that was accumulating against him, he sank with a groan into a chair, his spirit of defiance all crushed out of him.

Mr. Fairbanks sat down by the table, and produced a document, which he unfolded, saying: "Mr. Carpenter, I received this instrument this morning; it is your—It is Mr. Ralph Carpenter's will, which, at the time of his death, I was sure existed. As the parties most interested in it are present, I have been requested to read it here and now."

He proceeded to do so, and it was found that Ralph Carpenter had divided his property equally between Edmund Carpenter and Walter Richardson.

"I shall contest that unjust will—my father must have been demented when he did such an outrageous thing," cried Edmund, starting up crimson with anger, when that clause was read.

"Ahem! I do not think that would be a wise proceeding for a number of reasons," dryly responded the lawyer, glancing significantly at him over the top of his spectacles. "But wait; perhaps you may be induced to change your mind after you hear Mr. Carpenter's explanation and reasons for bequeathing his property in this way. Listen."

"This division I make because both are dear to me as my own sons. Such a statement may sound strangely, at first and especially so to Edmund, who, doubtless, will feel that I owe him most on account of kinship. But when he knows—as he must learn from other papers which I inclose with this will—that he is an adopted son."

"Adopted!" cried the startled man aghast, but the lawyer read on as if he had not been interrupted.

"He will understand at once why I feel justified in bequeathing the half of my possessions to the son of one who was very dear to me in early life, and who would doubtless have been my wife, but for my own willfulness and unreasonable passion."

Then there followed a clear statement of his affairs with two or three small bequests to servants.

In the envelope, with the will, there was found a certificate of the adoption of "Edmund Wales" by Ralph Carpenter and his wife, together with an account of the whole transaction.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter had traveled a good deal during their early married life, and once, while in the far Southwest, they had come across a little child who had been born in a mining district. The mother had died soon after the birth of her boy, and he had been left to the doubtful care which could be secured in that wild region. Mrs. Carpenter had become immediately interested in the child, and proposed to adopt it if the father's consent could be gained. This was not a very difficult matter, and the baby was taken to San Francisco, where it was supposed to have been born, and no one else had ever known until now that he had been an adopted son.

Walter was as much surprised as anyone by this unexpected disclosure, and, under any other circumstances, he would have wondered at Mr. Carpenter for having made it; but looking back, he could now realize how disappointed the noble-hearted man must have been with the cold return which the boy had given him for all the care and affection he had lavished upon him; and how he must have contrasted his own (Walter's) loving gratitude and tender attentions with the indifference and almost neglect of his supposed son.

Edmund Carpenter was rendered speechless by what he had heard. It was a thunderbolt that served to crush him effectually, and he had not a word further to offer in objection to the conditions of the will.

"These papers, regarding your adoption, I will resign into your hands at once," Mr. Fairbanks resumed, "and now this will must be immediately probated and there must be a fair division of all that you possess. We have ascertained among our other discoveries, that you have been turning all your property into money with the intention of shortly quitting the country. Now this money, since your late father has appointed me executor, must all be relinquished into my hand, and I will see that justice is done. If—now mark you, Mr. Carpenter, this is a very important condition and a very magnanimous one in my estimation—if you agree to this and give no trouble in this settlement, no proceedings will be taken against you, as Mr. Richardson shrinks from adopting aggressive measures against one who has so long sustained the relationship of son to his beloved benefactor. Miss Gordon, also, is averse to the notoriety of a trial for the wrong that you have done her. How is it, sir—do you agree to our terms?"

There was a dead silence for the space of a minute, then Edmund Carpenter said, in a subdued tone:

"Yes, I agree."

"Will you swear that you will not attempt to leave the city until full restitution has been made to Mr. Richardson?"

"Yes, I swear it."

"Of course I do not need to tell you that every precaution will be taken to prevent your doing so," Mr. Fairbanks said, with emphatic significance, "and now, I believe, we have no further need of your presence here today."

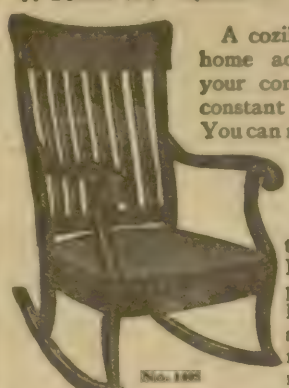
Edmund Carpenter arose at this abrupt dismissal, looking as if years had passed over him since he sat down. He shot one glance of hatred and malice at Walter, who was regarding him with real pity and sorrow; then his eyes rested for an instant with a sort of despairing tenderness upon Ruby's averted face, after which he turned and walked quietly from the room, too thoroughly vanquished even to care to keep up the appearance of defiance.

It may as well be stated here, that he was closely "shadowed" until he delivered half his fortune into Mr. Fairbanks' hands for Walter; which, since it had to be done, he was eager to do immediately, and after that he suddenly disappeared from the city and was never seen there again.

Years afterward, when Walter and Ruby were traveling abroad, they heard of him as living a dissipated life at a noted gambling resort, and fast wasting the noble bequest which he had received from his adopted father.

Now we must go back a little to the previous afternoon, when Mr. Ruggles and Annie Partridge learned the secret of Ruby's disappearance.

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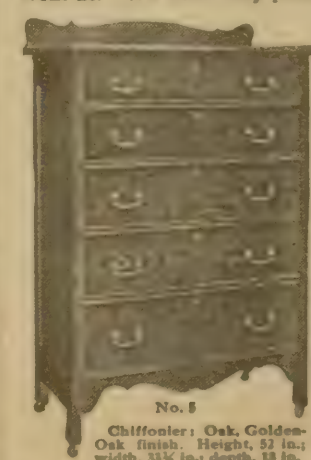
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Mr. Ruggles proceeded directly to Mr. Conant's office, where he was fortunate enough to find that gentleman, he having been obliged to return there on a matter of business before starting out upon his own search for the missing girl.

With great excitement, Mr. Ruggles related to him his discovery, and then together they hunted up Walter, who nearly lost his self-command upon learning that his darling was found.

All three gentlemen at once started forth, secured the services of two trusty officers and a couple of carriages, and immediately repaired to the house of Edmund Carpenter's "particular friend" the physician.

All this transpired in less than two hours after Ruby had thrown the message to her friend Annie.

When the carriage stopped before the door, a man was seen standing at one of the lower windows; but upon one of the officers alighting from the first vehicle, he suddenly disappeared, and the policeman's ring was answered by a meek-looking servant girl.

The man entered the moment the door was opened, and, producing a search-warrant, commanded the girl to tell him if Miss Ruby Gordon was forcibly detained in the house.

To his surprise, she at once answered in the affirmative.

But she explained it afterward by confessing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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I went to high school last term but I am tired of it, and am not going any more. I think a common school education is enough for country girls. You may not agree with me, but I think they should learn housework. I can do all kinds of housework and also cook and bake. I can cook anything but water and I always burn that. Uncle Charlie, please give me your recipe for cod-fish balls. I have three brothers younger than myself, and I think they are the most troublesome boys in the United States. They are always into mischief. Two of them cannot see very well, and attend the state school for the blind, at Columbus. The other one is going to start to high school in September. He is thirteen years old. Now Uncle Charlie don't let Billy the Goat get this and chew it up, for he might get indigestion. I remain your niece, EVA M. PANS.

You may well be proud of being a farmer's daughter, Eva. I would be awfully proud if I were a farmer's daughter too, but being only a lobster I cannot be a farmer's daughter. You ask me to give you a recipe for cod fish balls. Cod fish balls, Eva, are nearly all alike. They differ only as to detail, so I will give you a recipe for a cod fish ball with a great deal of pleasure. First you hire a hall. If there is no hall in the town that you can hire, it is advisable to build one. Just how large the hall is to be would all depend on the number of cod fish you are going to invite to the ball. After the hall is hired, you will of course issue invitations. These can be printed or written. It is no use mailing the invitations in the usual fashion. If you drop them in the letter box, the cod fish will not get them. Take your invitations down to the seashore. Walk out into the water a few miles from shore, and scatter your invitations on the bosom of the ocean. An hour before the time appointed for the ball, have a number of hacks arranged along the seacoast, and as the cod fish swim in with the invitations in their left hands, you will invite them to step into the carriages, and then drive them to the hall. See the floor is well waxed and have the orchestra on hand, and issue dance programs for your cod fish guests, who will proceed to enjoy themselves in the usual fashion. Get a cod fish to play some nice fishy music with lots of scales. Get a cod fish to be-of-fish-ness as master of ceremonies, and instruct him in his of-fish-ness capacity not to get too of-fish-ness. Keep the ball going until they have had suf-fish-ent fun. Don't cod the cod fish too much, or you will have a fish brawl, as well as a cod fish ball. After the ball is over bid your guests good night, place them in hacks, return them to the seashore, and bid them a fond adieu, as they disappear beneath old ocean's breast. This is an excellent recipe for a cod fish ball. If you find my instructions de-fish-ent, I am sorry, but it is positively the best I can do. A cod fish ball constructed along the lines of my recipe ought to please the most fastidious taste. A country school education with a knowledge of domestic science and housework is of far more value than a high school education, and no knowledge of domestic science and housework. It is not what you know in this world, but it is the use that knowledge is put to that counts.

UNCLE CHARLIE: DEAR SIR: Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine I have joyed and subscribed for the COMFORT and membership of the Club and hold no. 34,788 and Mr. Pinkie fare Post address Hradie, M. C. informed me if any seares or fatal axedent shuld hapen to me I could re-claim and Get help from the cousins and I have had a burn out and would like to hav help if it be so as I am informed that us cousins Pledg to do so and hep each othe I would sirtely and hiley appreciate tear help. So I will close. Your friend and fellow cosons, A. B. BROWN, Trion, Ga.

Cousin Brown, I don't know whether your name is Alf or Arthur, but I will call you Alf. I have printed your letter exactly as you wrote it, for I feel sure you would strenuously object to my butting in on your masterly composition. Then too, if I had made any alterations or corrections, it would have robbed your good communication of much of its charm and literary elegance. In your letter you say that "Mr. Pinkie fare Post address Hradie, M. C. informed me if any seares or fatal axedent shuld hapen to me I could re-claim and Get help from the cousins. I have had a burn out and I would like to hav help." Alf, after standing on my head for several days, weeks and months, and I might almost add years, I got it through my thick tank what you were driving at. I could not understand for a long while what seares meant, but with the help of several college graduates and writing experts (and I had to have several writing experts before I could un-gangle some of your writing) I have come to the conclusion that seares was intended to mean serious. In short, Mr. pinkie fare, has been jollifying you into believing that if you had a serious or fatal accident you could claim and get h.p. from the cousins. Mr. pinkie fare, Alf, either misunderstood the purpose and intent of COMFORT's League of Cousins, or else he has in the slang of the day, been stringing you to the queen's taste, and I judge by your letter that he has got you nicely roped. I would like to write to Mr. Pinkie Fare, but for the life of me I don't know where Hradie, M. C. is. There is no such place in Uncle Sam's postoffice guide, and there is no such state as M. C. in the Union. Billy the Goat thinks that M. C. does not mean a state at all, but is an abbreviation for either musty cabbage or mixed nuts. Personally I think you mean Hardy N. C. Let us hope so, as I would like to locate Mr. pinkie and pore him right on a subject on which he is woefully wrong. You mention that Hradie is his post address. Why do you want us to post a dress to Mr. pinkie? Gentlemen don't wear dresses, they wear suits. Make it address next time Alf, then we shan't be forwarding a ladies' wardrobe to your friend and adviser, instead of mail matter, in other words we shall send mail matter and not female matter. You inform us that you have had a burn out. Shake—I have had a tooth out. I wonder which hurt most. How did they get the burn out, Alf? Did they cut it out, or pull it out? I hope you feel better anyway, now that it is out. I am sure it must have been painful or you would not have had it out. Billy the Goat says he thinks you had a fire, a conflagration. I hardly believe that because you plainly state that you had a burn out, and a burn out never hurt anybody. It is the burn in that does the damage. Your idea that if you met with a serious or fatal accident you could get help from the League is erroneous. If you should meet with a fatal accident you can drop me a line and I will try and get you a dollar a week after you are dead. That is quite an original idea, Alf, putting in a claim after you are dead. Of course if you are married your widow or friends could do that, but it is far more original and interesting for you to do it yourself. There is some class to a man who can push his own claims after he is a gone coon and a cemetery fertilizer. Alf, our League was not founded to assist people who had had a burn out. This is a social organization and not a fire insurance agency. If you wanted to insure against fire, you should take out a fire insurance policy with a reliable company. Evidently you had no fire insurance, and the man who carries no fire insurance on his home and property deserves no sympathy from anyone, but he does deserve all that is coming to him in the way of trouble and loss. Scores of people who get burned out or meet with various calamities, rush to subscribe and join this League, and directly they get their card and button, which costs them an extra five cents, they command me to make an appeal for them, for various sums ranging from five hundred to ten thousand dollars, to rebuild their homes or some other crazy, prepos-

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You don't need money or experience. No matter what you are doing, selling books, cutlery, groceries, soap, tailoring for others, or just working, be sure to get our offer, it's so much better than anything else. We want good agents everywhere. Your spare time only will do. Write at once and receive fine outfit and samples free. Everything explained. The greatest offer ever heard of. You will succeed sure, make big money and wear fine clothes. Write now or show this to a friend, who may be glad of this great chance. Address: Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 403, Chicago.

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terous thing. Usually they say: "If all your readers will send me ten cents they will not miss it, and I could get along nicely." When they ask for ten cents from all our readers, they forget they are asking for the trifling sum of six hundred thousand dollars. People who join this League simply with the idea of getting financial assistance, had better keep out of it. The only people we try to help are the incurable, helpless, bedridden sick. We would help them anyway, whether they were League members or not. I am sorry, Alf, that you have been so badly informed, and I hope you did not join our League simply with the idea that if you got a burn out or a burn in, or a tooth out or a tooth in, that our League members would foot the bill. These ideas might do to try on Trion, Ga., but they would not do to try on Maine. If ever you get to be a bedridden, helpless invalid, Alf, we will do the best in our power to help you, but we don't pay for burn outs, nor do we give a man a dollar a week after he is dead. If you want these advantages you had better apply to a fire or life insurance company. You will get better results than from applying to the C. L. O. C. Alf if you say you'll "hiley appreciate tear help." If you want tear help you shall have it. We will all weep for you. And, by the way, since you demand contribution from the cousins to make good your fire loss, which you ought to have insured against, and as you base your claim on your understanding that the League is a sort of mutual relief association, it would be interesting to know how much and how often you have contributed to help the worthy, destitute sufferers for whom this department asks aid each month. Judging from the unworthy motive which you say induced you to join this League, you will not mention any contribution on your part. I must conclude that you have done nothing in that line. The League exists for the mental, moral, social and spiritual uplift of its members and for the spreading of Christian charity by deed and word; it holds out no mercenary inducements, and those who would join it for purely selfish reasons had better keep out. Again I repeat, the League's charitable aid goes to those that need and are worthy of it regardless of whether they are members or not.

WEBSTER CITY, IA.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I know you are very busy, but I will try and not (CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

SUNSHINE FREE LAMP

to try in your home 15 days, incandescent 2500 Candle Power, (uses less light than gas, electricity, acetone or ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. Unequaled for reading or writing. Burns common kerosene. A absolutely free. COSTS CENT PER NIGHT. Guaranteed 5 years. No Wick. No chimney. No mantle trouble. No dirt. No smoke. No odor. A perfect light for every purpose. Take advantage of our 15 day free trial. Write today. FACTORY PRICE.

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November Cut-Up Puzzle Prize Winners

The following are the winners of the fifteen cash prizes offered in connection with our cut-up picture puzzle printed in November COMFORT.

- | | | |
|--------------|--------|----------------------------|
| FIRST PRIZE | \$3.00 | Mrs. Jacob Hare, Wis. |
| SECOND PRIZE | \$2.00 | Mrs. A. Wagner, Wis. |
| THIRD PRIZE | \$1.00 | Jacquette L. Norman, Miss. |
| FOURTH PRIZE | \$1.00 | Mrs. Jacob H. Sipe, Ohio. |
| FIFTH PRIZE | \$1.00 | Allice Slevin, Mo. |

To each of the following ten persons 50 cents each: J. M. Williams, Ohio; Mrs. E. DeBaker, Ore.; Mrs. C. E. Katterjohn, Ky.; Adelle Pierce, Ind.; Anna Victoria Hultberg, Minn.; A. T. Honeyman, Ala.; Earl E. Tenny, Minn.; Miss Irene Douth, Cal.; Mrs. Glen Milligan, Ill.; Mrs. Harry Brown, Ind.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

poem, I would have had that dying after recover, come home to his old mother, and then in the last verse would have had a beautiful picture of him sitting in the old home on "Potomack's" shore, telling all about the sea fight, while the old lady pushed coffee, cake and pie into his face, and the last four lines would have run thus:

A cannon ball they thought it struck me, death like at once I seemed to fall. But on investigation, mother, they found it was a cod fish ball.

Half the cod fish ball dear mother, I swallowed when the fight was through. The other half I saved dear mother, and now present it dear to you.

How much better it would have been, Ruth, if the author constructed and you had rendered his poem along these lines. Let us get all the fun we can into this life. There is enough misery and death, without you young folks making it a theme of every song you write or ask to have printed. You say your grandpa was a "maurine" Ruth. He will be astonished when he sees that in print, as Uncle Sam does not employ any maurines on his battleships. I guess you mean marine. As long as you don't mean horse marines you are all right. You say your Grand dad was on the steamer Baltic. Billy the Goat says do you think if you sat in the Adriatic that you could hear the bal-tic(k).

ADAMS RUN, S. C.

My DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a girl about sixteen of age; am five feet and eight inches tall. Don't you think I am really a "gawky"? I have six sisters, and two brothers, one sister goes to school, and I have to keep store for my father. Here in this little town we have a beautiful home owing to the beautiful mulberry trees which surround it. My father is a truck farmer, our plantation is five miles from here and it is a beautiful place. It has a grove of oaks leading up to the house. We have a tree which measures thirty-six feet around the trunk. He also has a cotton gin. The station is three miles from Adams Run village. We get our mail twice a day.

We have a turpentine distillery, a barrel factory and also an oyster factory down here. We have a graded school. I am in the eighth grade. I have four little rabbits. Can you tell me what is good to feed them on?

I do so much like to read your letters, they would make a sick dog laugh. I am a varmint sure enough, so don't get frightened at me. Hoping to hear from the cousins.

Your niece, NELLIE FOX.

Nellie, you ask me if I don't think you are a "gawky"? I don't know what a gawky is my dear. Possibly you mean a gawk, and if so I will have to suspend judgment until I see you. Personally, I think you are just too sweet for anything. You say: "We have a beautiful home, owing to the beautiful mulberry trees which surround it." Do you think if I planted trees around my chicken coop, I would have a beautiful home? I always had an idea that it took more than trees to make a beautiful home. Billy the Goat wants to know if a truck farmer raises trucks, and if so, will your papa kindly send him one that he can carry his superfluous appetite around in. There is one thing in your letter, Nellie, that has interested me immensely. You say that your father runs an oyster factory. I have often wondered where most of the oysters I have interviewed originated from, and now I know. Nellie, won't you please let me know what kind of oysters you make in that factory of yours, whether they are wooden oysters or rubber ones? A great deal of my ill-starred life was spent in boarding houses, not from choice, but

necessity, and I could write volumes about the boarding house oyster. One boarding house I remember particularly, where the same oyster had done business for a number of years. That oyster was quite a family pet, and had the universal respect not only of everyone in the hash house, but also everyone in the neighborhood. On Friday, when they had oyster stew, they used to serve up hot milk and water, the oyster was taken off his chain and brought out of his kennel, and tenderly passed around the table. You had to hold it behind the ears and insert its nose in the stew. This operation gave the stew an oyster flavor, and when finished you passed the oyster on to the other fellow. When this process had been gone through by all the boarders, the oyster was handed back to the waitress, who put a pink ribbon around its neck, and chained it up in the kitchen, until it was needed for business the following week. In another boarding house I lived in, we had a rubber oyster, and after we had dipped him in the soup for a little while, we used to pinch his tail, and he would jump into the next fellow's plate, and so on all around the table. One day one of the boarders swallowed the rubber oyster and got the bounce, and it was very easy to bounce him with all that rubber inside him. After that, as rubber oysters are very expensive whenever we had oyster stew, the landlady used to get me to crawl under the table and make a noise like an oyster. She used to make a reduction on my board of ten cents a week for doing that, and I think it was well-earned money. People who have lived in New York boarding houses will verify nearly, if not quite all I have said in the oyster line. If you could send me a barrel of wooden oysters for Billy the Goat's next Thanksgiving dinner, Nellie, I would be awfully obliged. You ask me what is good to feed rabbits on. You can feed them on your hand, on the table or on the floor. It does not matter much about the location, as long as the food you give them is all right. If you had asked me what food to give them, instead of what to feed them on, I could have answered you better. If it was a matter of diet you were inquiring about I would suggest that porterhouse steak, fried chicken, kidney stew, liver and bacon, would be nourishing and appetizing. One article of diet however, I seriously beg you will not give them, that is rubber or wooden oysters. That is a diet that is only fit for Billy the Goat. But seriously, your surroundings seem to be delightful and your family circumstances very prosperous, and you draw a cheery picture of the bustling community in the business life of which you take an active part; so doubtless you are much happier in your useful employment than the society dolls and the foolish girls that try to ape them.

BEELLY, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: We have been taking COMFORT for over a year and like it better than any of the other monthly papers we get.

I am a farmer's girl and am very proud of the fact. I will tell you how I look. I am sixteen years old, five feet and three inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty-six pounds, have dark brown hair and eyes, and a very rosy face.

Now Uncle Charlie, you can imagine by my weight that the country agrees with me, can't you? Well it does.

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World's Champion 140-Egg Belle City \$7.55 Incubator

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Care of Pigeons

IF your pigeons are laying and hatching well (as they should be at this season of the year) you must be careful to supply the old birds with plenty of the right kind of food, or they can't feed their nestlings; and thin, scrawny squabs don't pay for the trouble of marketing.

Food and Drink Must be Clean

Drinking-fountains and feeding-boxes into which the birds can only get their beaks are imperative for pigeons, for they are most particular, and will not take defiled food or drink unless positively starved into it. Yet if they have open feed and water boxes, they will scatter the contents all over the floor. There is a galvanized iron feeding-box costing one dollar, on the market, which has seven openings, so that many birds can feed at the same time. Water-fountains of the same material are virtually indestructible, and cost only fifty cents.

The yard and fly must of course be entirely closed for pigeons, and should be four feet higher than the front of the house, so that the birds can use the roof for a sun-parlor. We use four-by-four joists, cut into twelve-foot lengths, for the front of the house, as they can be nailed to the house and need not be sunk into the ground, as those at the side and far end must be. The joists for the sides and end are cut into thirteen and one half foot lengths, which allows a foot and a half to go into the ground. These measurements allow the use of four foot netting without any waste. For a house twelve feet long, I think the yard should be at least fifty feet. Erect several perches at the far end of the yard, a platform about two feet wide and four feet long on legs three feet high in the center of the yard for the bath-tubs to stand on. Pigeons must have a bath, for cleanliness is a necessity; a pan about two feet square and four inches deep is the best size, and they can be bought in galvanized iron for one dollar each.

Red wheat, Kafir corn, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet and hemp-seed are all appropriate for pigeons. They should be alternated, or one or two mixed together. Of course, sometimes one grain is cheaper than another, or easier to get in certain districts, but don't use any one grain exclusively. Pigeons must have variety.

We follow the rations recommended by W. E. Rice, a very experienced pigeon-raiser. Morning: Equal parts of cracked corn, Kafir corn and wheat. Evening: Cracked corn and Canadian peas. These regular meals are put into feed-bins in quantity sufficient to insure the birds having a constant supply. Treats which we feed at odd times, such as millet, hemp and rice, are thrown on the ground; for, as they are only fed in comparatively small quantities, they are eaten up at once, and so there is no danger of their being soiled. Remember always to buy red, not white, wheat, for the latter is very apt to cause diarrhea.

Once a week we give them a meal of stale bread which has been steeped in skim-milk and squeezed almost dry again, for we have lots of skim-milk and the bread we get from a baker in the town for twenty-five cents a barrel. Freight costs another twenty-five cents, but even at fifty cents a barrel we find it an economical feed when there are a lot of squabs to be fattened for the market.

The Parents Take Care of the Young

The parent birds take all the trouble and responsibility of feeding and raising the young right up to the time when they are ready for market. The hen-bird lays two eggs, with one

two nests they are very liable to pick up whole grain and feed to the young birds before they are able to digest it. Until we discovered this carelessness, we often had a dead squab in the nest. The feed-boxes can be kept filled up, as pigeons never overeat, and must have access to food at all times when they have young ones to feed.

Correspondence

A. J. K.—I saw in *COMFORT* directions for making an oat sprouter. I have made one as close as I could. My sprouter is as follows: It is twenty inches front and seventeen inches side, and is three feet and six inches high. It is made of white pine, with tongue and groove, with one inch dead air space. One-inch pieces are put on sides and back, and then the zinc that you see forms a dead air space. I have a glass door in front as large as possible. In the bottom I have a small lamp to heat the water. This part is as large as above scale is given, and is eight inches high; lined with asbestos, with holes for gas of lamp to escape. No gas goes to outside. In the bottom of the glass door I have two holes—one half inch by one inch, and one hole in the top two inches by two inches. Then four drawers are made two and one half inches high; width and length to suit sprouter as above given, and the bottoms are covered with galvanized wire cloth. I soak oats at night, and put them in the next night. I water same twice a day. I keep water in pan, steaming—just a little—all the time. Oats grow all around the edge very thin, and then a little stronger, but don't grow in center. I put it in some one inch deep and two inches deep. In another the center in all of them gets mouldy wherever the oats don't grow. It also doesn't grow very quick after I cut it. When it starts in the first place to grow, it grows one here and one there. I keep it in a room in the house that I don't use. I have tried everything to make it grow, but have failed. I would be very thankful to you if you could make this a success for me, and perhaps for others.

E. I have oat sprouts standing at northwest window also. Would like answer at once if possible.

A.—Oats don't need light, and in fact ought to be kept dark. Stir the contents of the trough for the first two or three days. I think perhaps you are using too much moisture. If the water-pan is steaming all the time there can be no occasion to sprinkle the troughs twice a day. Try removing the water pan, and perhaps using a lamp a little larger than the one you have. Alternate the troughs so that each one in turn is directly before the lamp.

E. V.—I wish to describe a disease affecting my chickens. I have Brown Leghorns. Early last spring I had four hens get sick. They began by swelling around the eye and getting very pale for about a quarter of an inch all the way around the eye, and a watery discharge would come from the eyes and nose; then in about a week there would appear just between the corner of the eye and the bill, a small lump under the skin, and as the lump grew larger the swelling would go down from around the eye. The lump continued to grow larger until about the size and shape of the end of a person's little finger, and more than half an inch long. It would stand straight out from the head. The lump looked all the time as if full of pus and ready to open, but when lanced seemed to be hard and dry; nothing but a little blood. All the time there was a watery discharge from the eyes, nose and mouth, and it had a terrible odor. The hens would eat and drink heartily, and their combs were red until the lump got so large it spread the bill open, so they could neither eat nor drink; then they got so poor they would have died had I not killed them. After I killed them, a light tap on this lump and the skin burst, and a hard yellow lump fell out, leaving a hole you could put your finger in, and this lump being cut in pieces resembled the yellow of a hard-boiled egg—as hard and dry, and on the end fastened to the head a small root about one quarter of an inch long. Those were the worst cases. Have had some since, but they did not get so bad they could not eat, and one or two finally got well, but it still broke out once in a while. We have used every remedy we know of, and thinking it might be roup, have used roup remedies, but they do no good. It seems to affect only one side, and no other part of the head except the eye. We will last for weeks before getting well or dying. We keep houses clean as possible, warm and dry, and chickens have free range of the farm. I would like you to tell me through your paper what you think the trouble is, and what can be done to cure, and prevent it spreading? Have been a subscriber of *COMFORT* for years, besides other regular poultry papers, and have never heard or read of anything like this, so have written to you for advice.

A.—The birds are suffering from an attack of roup. I think the lump is caused by the air passage being clogged by the discharge. As soon as you noticed a bird showing any signs of cold, such as sneezing, watery eyes, or swelling around the eyes, remove it at once to a separate coop. You see, a common cold is the foundation from which many ailments develop, and from canker or mere swelling of the face, roup may materialize, and as you doubtless know, roup is a contagious disease, likely to spread through an entire flock unless the affected birds are removed, and the houses, drinking fountains, etc., well disinfected. Dissolve one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water, and then dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with two tablespoonfuls of water. Fill a small syringe or medicine dropper, open the bird's



OUTDOOR BROODERS.

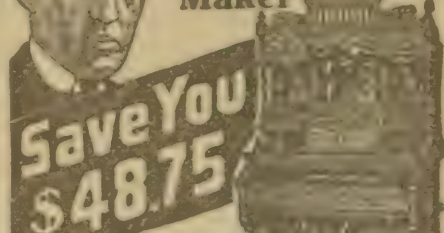
bill, and put three to four drops in the cleft of the bird's mouth; about twice that quantity down the bird's throat, and after allowing it a minute or two for breath, inject a few drops into each nostril and into each eye. At night, give the bird a teaspoonful of Castor oil. Keep on a light, nourishing diet; repeat the syringe twice a day for four or five days, and if the case has been taken in time, the bird will be cured.

M. H.—I am a subscriber to *COMFORT*, and would like to know where I can obtain a setting of Indian Runner duck eggs. I live in northwestern Pennsylvania, and would like to get them as near my home as possible. I shall be very grateful if you can, through the columns of *COMFORT*, enlighten me.

A.—Look through the advertising columns of *COMFORT* and your local newspapers. I cannot give breeders' addresses.

D. W. W.—Will you kindly tell me through your paper what is the matter with a Rouen duck which I have. I bought it last spring when it was quite young, and it did very well until a month or so ago, when it lost its voice or whatever you would call it; at least it cannot speak at all now. Will stand at times, and its head will shake and tremble like a person with the palsy; and it is very poor at getting around. When called at feeding time, it tries to hurry, but seems to get out of breath and falls down. Would like very much to save the bird if I can, as it is a male and a very fine one. Have only three ducks, and since they got their feathers have

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NAME

ADDRESS

been feeding them with the chickens, on wheat, oats and corn, with a mash once in a while. They have free range, with plenty of running water, so I hope that you can advise me what to do.

A.—I fear I can't help you much. Coop the drake by himself for a time in a dry, sheltered place, and keep a deep bed of dry litter under him. Examine the nostrils (two small holes at the base of the bill) and make sure that they are clear. Feed only soft mash composed of cooked green vegetables; one part ground corn, and two parts wheat bran.

S. K.—I want to know what ails my chickens. The first I noticed, they began to shake their heads and sneeze, but all have a good appetite. I have a good henhouse, and the chickens have free run every day. Upon examining them I can see a yellow substance in their throat and windpipe. Three have died. We have been trying to doctor them for roup. I have had no experience with the roup. We gave them kerosene in their water, and burned sulphur in the henhouse before we turned them out. We were told to do that by a neighbor. Now, if you can tell me what ails them, and the best way to treat them, you will greatly oblige.

A.—Read answer to E. V. I think it is rather dangerous to burn sulphur in the house whilst the birds are in it.

H. P. C.—I have a E. I. K. pullet that began to lay on November 9th, and on the 15th she laid, and about one hour after she got on the roost that night, she dropped two more eggs. One was a full grown, and the other about two thirds grown. They both had a skin on them, so I carried them into the house. Can you tell me what is the cause of it, as I would like to know. I am an old subscriber. Can you tell me what was the cause of a cockerel acting as if he were choking? He was about 4 p. m., and when I went out after 6 p. m., I found him breathing as if he were choked, but I could find nothing in his throat to cause it. I feed a mash in the morning, and cracked corn and wheat and oats noon and night in litter. I killed the bird but could not find anything.

A.—There must be some weakness in the egg-duct. How it has been brought about, it is difficult to say. Maybe inherent weakness, in which case the hatchery is the only remedy. However, as she is a pullet who has only just commenced to lay, I should advise you to watch carefully for a few weeks, as nature will possibly correct the trouble. A sudden access of very stimulating food, or the use of condiments would be likely to affect a bird in such a way. However, in a young bird, worms are the most likely cause. Confine the bird in a small coop, the bottom of which should be made of slats placed one inch apart. Fix legs at each corner to lift the coop by a few inches from the ground, so that the droppings can fall through the slats, out of the bird's reach. Feed the bird very lightly at supper-time, and the next morning give one teaspoonful of Castor oil, with six drops of oil of male fern added. Two hours later, feed a little mash to which one teaspoonful of Castor oil has been added. Examine the droppings quite frequently, as worms die soon after being ejected. The common round worm is small and round; the tapeworm is flat, and usually only small parts of it are found at one time. If only traces of a round worm are found, give Castor oil every third day for a week. If any trace of tapeworm is found, repeat the oil and male fern doses three times, with an interval of three days between the doses.

B. E. W.—Will you please give me a true description of the Brown Leghorn chicken? Both sexes, if you please. And do you think them to be as good layers as the White Leghorn? With thanks and best wishes.

A.—There are both single and Rose comb Leghorns. You don't say which variety you desire a description of. The single comb on the male should be of medium size; perfectly straight, upright, and have five points. On the female the single comb should be upright to and including the first point; after which it should fall over to one side. Rose comb is the same in male and female; commences square in front and tapers evenly to a spike at the back, and is corrugated over the entire surface up to the spike, which should be smooth.

Description of Male Bird

Head, short and deep; neck, long well arched; back, medium; saddle, rising in a sweep to tail; wings, large, evenly folded to body; thighs, medium but rather slender; shanks, rather long; tail, large and full, carried in an upright sweep.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

is a drug prepared from the seeds and leaves of this plant and much used for asthma. This drug is best known in the United States as Jimsonweed.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a young housekeeper into your charming circle? I am fifteen years of age, five feet one inch tall, and weigh one hundred and three pounds. I like to do housework, especially cooking. My one wish is to get a good education, but I find it impossible as my father is a farmer, has a large family to support, and finds it very difficult to provide for all. I have been trying to support myself for about three years, by working for our neighbors. That is, doing general housework, cooking, washing and ironing. I had I am not strong enough for this work, and have been thinking for sometime, that I would like a position as companion to an old lady, or as a kind of nurse or attendant to small children. Mrs. Wilkinson, do you think that with no more education than I have, that I could fill either of these places? I would be very glad to hear just what you think I had better do. I love music, flowers and poetry. I would be glad if any of the sisters would write to me.

MURIEL DEBOLT, Bald Hill, Pa.

Muriel, I like your letter and wish we could have a few hours' chat in place of what I am going to say to you in print.

First, few girls have enduring strength at the age of fifteen years; that is, strength for washing and ironing. And too, girls at this age know little about economizing their strength. I certainly would give up this class of work until you are better developed physically.

If you can find a position as companion and maid to an old lady who is motherly and kind, I would accept it. Here, after the novelty of the situation is worn off, your real work may consist of great patience, lack of freedom and the wear of always being at your post. You would do well to encourage reading aloud and thus keep up your reading while doing the pleasure of your employer. Be systematic, neat and cheerful. You are courageous, willing and ambitious, and I believe lack of education will not bar you from this work, for you will acquire an education through discipline of mind, enabling you to grasp opportunities.

I believe the care of small children will be less fruitful for you, unless you fall into particularly good hands. The responsibility is great, the work is hard even though it appears easy.—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years, and have derived much benefit from the sisters' letters; also from Uncle Charlie's page. I do indeed have a great deal to learn from the recipes and remedies have been so much help to me.

Now I ask some of the dear sisters to fully describe the Bourbon Red Turkey. Are they more domestic than the bronze, their true color, average weight, and do they sell as well in the market as any other kind? I would be greatly pleased to know these facts, and are they as hardy as the other breeds? You think make the best winter layers. I am thinking of trying to raise some poultry, and would like some information from those having experience and who know.

With love to all sisters I am anxiously waiting a reply.

Mrs. A. H. Lums, Hancock, Md.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you admit a Southern sister to your corner? I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and wish to join all the good sisters. I try from day to day to live a Christian life and always love to do something for my Savior. Some people think they are without talent, which is because they may not possess the same that is admired in another, so let us not bury that which God has given unto us. All professing Christians have received something from God. We are all God's servants. We all have talents entrusted to our charge. Anything whereby we may glorify God is a talent. Our gifts, influence, knowledge, health, strength, time, reason, intellect, memory, affections, are all talents. Many make a bad use of the privilege that they receive from God. To bury our talent is to neglect opportunities of glorifying God when we have them.

I wish some of the readers would tell their plan of giving, especially to the poor, for God has chosen the poor in this world. For the past year I have given one tenth of my income.

Your sister in Christ,

TESSIE ALMEYER MOTHERSHEAD, Lancaster, E. R. 8, S. C.

Mrs. Mothershead. The following definition of Talent is from the pen of Burke: "As to great and commanding talents, they are the gift of Providence in some way unknown to us. They rise where they are least expected. They fall when everything seems disposed to produce them, or at least to call them forth."—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

Since my letter appeared in the December number of COMFORT I have received a large number of replies, too many to reply to each one personally, owing to the serious condition of my sight. Will you please accept my grateful thanks for all of the kind sympathy expressed with the good will and advice of all.

There are a number of COMFORT readers who have given very practical advice in treating my little daughter, some of which will be gratefully followed.

Our climate here is so extreme, and the winters so long and hard, that it is difficult to rear strong children. I hope, however, that ere this appears in print we will be settled in a better climate.

If it were possible I would like to write a personal letter to every sister who has written me, and will assure each one it is not for lack of appreciation. Thanking you one and all, your COMFORT friend,

Mrs. E. CAMPBELL, Williston, N. Dak.

DEAR SISTERS:

I was reading my December paper when I said to myself, "This is my time to write a few lines."

I have read dear old COMFORT for a long time and the more I read it the more I like it. I have received lots of help from its pages.

I agree with Mrs. Mollie Munford and Mrs. Susan Sinclair. You are right, guard your tongue, for it is an unruly member of deadly poison.

I would like to adopt a girl or boy from one to three years old, can give one the best advantages. We are farmers.

Should like to hear from sisters,

JANE BARKER, Anchor, W. Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a subscriber to COMFORT and thought I would give a hint on gardening. Perhaps it may help someone to get early vegetables as my husband has had considerable experience.

Take the refuse tin cans, place them in the fire and melt the bottoms and tops so the can will come apart. Tie a string around it and fill with rich earth, and place them on a plank in the house. Plant whatever you like: watermelons, beans, cucumbers, or any garden vegetable. By putting them on plank, you can easily move them from place to place to get the sun. When transplanting, prepare your ground in rows, and set cans in place. In removing tin, simply cut the string, take tin away and plant around with earth. This will not disturb the plants and they will keep right on growing. This idea is helpful in cold climates. Hoping to hear from the sisters, I am sincerely yours,

Mrs. OSCAR JOHNSON, Greenville, E. R. 9, Box 108, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have been a silent reader of COMFORT a long time, I thought I would join your happy band.

I am twenty-nine years old, have been married thirteen years and have no children. I would like to have a little baby girl and can give it a good home. If any of the sisters know of any would be glad if they would write me. My husband is a farmer, and a good husband.

With love to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson,

Mrs. MATTIE COX, Prairie, R. R. 1, Box 48, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a couple of years and have now decided to write.

I am twenty-three years old, and married to one of the best husbands in the world. He is a railroad worker. I think there is no state like old Pennsylvania. We live in town in the western part, and are paying for our home. I am a member of the Lutheran church.

Will some of the sisters please send in some pretty names for girls, also for boys, odd names. I hope you

all had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I remain most sincerely,

Mrs. CHRISTINE SLONACER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Slonacer. Quite frequently I am asked to suggest a number of names to select from, so your request gives me the idea that there are many little stragglers whose parents cannot find a name quite good enough for them, and so from time to time I would be glad to publish a list of names for both boys and girls, under separate headings. Many names have a meaning, which if given would add to their interest. Let us have the old as well as the new fashioned ones, and please write them over so clearly, for there must be no mistake about baby's name.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I received my December number of COMFORT and must say never more I enjoyed the COMFORT Sisters' Corner so much, because the main thing in life was taken for a subject in part or principally through the columns, through the suggestion of dear Mrs. Wilkinson. We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren and every good attitude and walk of life.

Dear editor, I want to show you how much more than I can tell in this writing that I am interested in the good work of COMFORT. When I read those precious letters I felt that it was as little as I could do to send twenty-five cents for as many COMFORT papers, December number, as you would send me, that I might use them as Christmas presents to those whom I know need them. I have never known what good is so many seeds will sink into one's heart and develop years after.

I would like to shake hands with all you Christian mothers and people. I say mothers first, because it means much to me. I also had a good Christian father, but both have gone before to that dear place of rest. I am forty-six years of age, blue eyes, dark hair, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have made of myself what I am, my mother's prayers being the foundation. I started on a pilgrim's life when I was ten years old; there were twelve in family at one time, some stepchildren, but cutting out the step, I have had many trials in my life, but my dear mother's prayers resting on my head and the true knowledge and light of Jesus to guide my steps right I have gained victory, so I ask the prayers of you Christian workers that I may carry it to the end; that my Savior will say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." Will not that be a glorious day?

Will some of you sisters who use paint tell me through letter the name and where to get it, lasting and durable. I have used the brush and have almost lost out on the latest.

I will exchange some music with some sister who has the music to "When my hair has turned to Silver Gray." It is none the less sweeter by being old.

May the blessings of God rest on all of you.

Mrs. ROSA M. CHURCH, Henderson City, E. R. 5, Box 61, Henderson Co., Ky.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I wonder if around the big COMFORT fireside there is room for the little Missouri sister to come in and chat a little with the old COMFORT friends. This, most all will be planning for a garden, either floral or vegetable, and whether of one or both, plant with a liberal hand, for nothing adds more to the pleasure and comfort of the home, especially where there are children. And too, house cleaning time will be at hand, and much papering to be done, and if a handful of sulphur is added to the paste when removing from the fire, mice and rats, or crickets, will never gnaw the paper.

As my health is very poor I would greatly appreciate a shower the latter part of March, and would like especially to hear from those raising the India Runner ducks. Please tell me of your state, climate and home, also of your flowers and gardens at that time.

Mrs. LILLIAN L. MOORE, Puritan, Howell Co., Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It is Sunday morning and between cooking dinner and reading the sisters' letters I have found a pause in the day's occupation to write to you. I have a dinner of wild goose on cooking, cooked one day before yesterday and served it today. I wore a dress for tomorrow. My husband killed them all. I do not know of any other way to keep them from coming back. No unusual sight to see them flying right over your house in flocks of twenty or thirty at a time. But usually they are too high to kill, so you have to go out at night and wait for them to alight before you can shoot them. I like the flesh of goose a good deal, but I do not like the skin. Chickens, I do not sell high, as you can get the best there is for fifty cents and they usually weigh about twelve pounds.

My husband has been working in the lumber woods but at present is getting barrels of holly and mistletoe to ship for Christmas. There is a good demand for the greens this year, and it is very easy to get as we own twenty-two acres of land which has holly and mistletoe on it. There is mistletoe on the trees right in front of my house.

I have two bright little girls of my own, and one little orphan girl who stays with me. Nannie May aged five, and Bertha O'Neal, the little orphan, have gone out in the woods to gather acorns and tattle berries, both of which are edible and sweet to the taste, although I had never seen an edible acorn (live oak acorn) before I came down here seven years ago. I was born at Richmond, Virginia.

My little baby Thelma, aged one and one half years, has been pushing the chairs around for horses, but has stopped long enough to beg for a "tater." She dearly loves sweet potatoes and we have some that fairly float in syrup after they are cooked, and they are so sweet. We had our dinner on Thanksgiving this year of turkey of my own raising for the first time, and it was certainly fine. Wish I could have shared it with you all. I have one of the good "Williams" and he is the superintendent of our Sunday school, his father started the first Sunday school in this place.

I am sometimes very lonely, and would like to have a mile from a neighbor on either side, and would so much appreciate letters.

Well, I must close, asking dear Mrs. Wilkinson to blindfold the waste basket so it will not get my letter.

From a COMFORT sister with love to each and every one of you,

Mrs. W. W. MIDDLET, Kitty Hawk, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in and have just a few words with you all. This is my first letter and really I do not know what to write about except to tell the sisters how I

and not a few subscribers for a dear girl friend of mine who is nineteen years old, she is shut-in, and would like to have a wheel chair, so asked some of her friends to help her. Well I never go out of my yard but once a year for I cannot find time to do so, having six little children, not one able to help me much.

I live on a farm twelve miles from town, and no near neighbors to speak of, and do all my house and barn work myself, feed the horse, milk the cows, feed the pigs and tend to thirty chickens, my husband being a butcher is away from home for weeks at a time, especially at this time of the year, but I have a stepson and he comes home for the hunting season.

He is very kind and said: "Take the horse and have a mile drive to town, did my shopping for me, and I went twelve miles to town, did my shopping for me, and then went calling on my friends, and before I went home I had five o'clock in the evening, I had fifteen subscribers. Don't you think I did well? I went home just as happy as I could be, singing all the way, and got there at nine o'clock. Oh, it was cold and dark and twelve miles drive is a long way, but I did enjoy it fine, and had helped a poor girl get a few more subscribers. Why COMFORT sells itself! I just explained what for, read a few letters of the cousins and Uncle Charlie's witty answers, told them of the Sisters' Corner, of the fine stories it always has, and told them to read it all when they got it, in order to find out what the paper really was, for you know there are lots of people who get so many papers and just read the stories and that is all. Tell them to read it all from cover to cover. Oh, I wish I had time for I think I would find some more subscribers for her, but I can not, but dear sisters could you not write to this little girl? She is so lonesome. A card or a letter would help her pass her time, and make her feel that she is not friendless. Her address is Olive Weber, Phillips, R. R. 1, Wisconsin.

I like COMFORT and have read it for seven years and shall never be without it as long as it is in print. Wishing Mr. Gannett, Uncle Charlie and dear Mrs. Wilkinson good health to carry on the good work for the poor shut-ins, I am one of the COMFORT sisters and would like a few letters myself.

Mrs. M. ZACHARIAS, Phillips, Wis.

Mrs. Zacharias. I certainly do think you did well and acted very generously in giving a portion of your holiday to help your young friend secure her wheel chair. Following your example, other sisters will be only too glad to send in a few subscriptions toward Miss Weber's chair. I wish you would write again and tell the sisters how Miss Weber succeeds.—Ed.

Have You Confidence in the Publisher of "COMFORT"?



Watch the Woman!

Do you think she is really working? Not a bit of it! Yet she is doing a big week's washing. The real work is done by the 1900 Gravity Washer, which makes most of its own motion. The thing that helps to make it go is under the tub.

If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and doctors' bills. Takes away all the dread and drudgery of wash day. It saves soap, saves wear and tear on the clothes. Never breaks buttons or injures the most delicate fabric. It certainly does beautiful work.

Send No Money!

The Washer Pays for Itself

We ask no cash in advance—no deposit—no notes. The trial is absolutely free. If you keep it, simply pay us a little each week, or each month, out of what it saves for you.

If, after a full month's free trial, you decide not to keep it, simply notify us to send for it. We will take it back without a word of complaint. The trial will not cost you a penny and will not place you under the slightest obligation.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

How I would like to join your happy circle, to tell you how I enjoy your letters. I have received so much help and comfort from them.

This may be of some help or warning for you some time; it is about cats. Did you know cats were very dangerous? I know there are pretty and cunning ones, but mothers, do not let your babies play with them. I have known them to carry diseases, such as smallpox, diphtheria and even scarlet fever, to families.

I have heard it said, "my cat does not prowl or bother, he is a nice, clean cat." Now how many people know what their cats do especially at night? If you have rats and mice get traps, they will catch more and are not so filthy.

Why not make your children some toy animals to play with. Cut a pattern the size you want it (of a cat or dog or any other animal) out of pasteboard. Lay this on cloth, I think gray outing is nice. Cut out animal, sew up except back, then stuff with cotton, then sew up the rest, sew beads on for eyes, then baby will have a clean, nice animal to play with and will please it just the same as if it had life.

With love to all, I remain,

Mrs. ALVATINE TRUITT, Sullivan, R. R. 1, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Isn't COMFORT just the grandest paper! I have been a subscriber for a good many years, but never ventured to write before. I certainly love to read the letters from the sisters as they are both interesting and instructive.

I live near the city of Lafayette, which has a population of more than twenty thousand. Here also is located Purdue University, a great institution of learning. It has about seventeen hundred students enrolled with almost every state in the Union represented; also many foreign countries. And only a few miles from my home is located the Tippecanoe battlefield, where was fought the battle of Tippecanoe between the Indians and General William Henry Harrison on November 7th, 1811.

I suppose many of you read of, also perhaps saw the moving pictures of the great centennial celebration which was held on the battlefield November 7th, 1911. There were addresses made by many prominent men of the United States, and a dress parade by eight hundred Purdue cadets, also a sham battle between the Red Men and Purdue cadets which was, I am told, very realistic. A beautiful monument was erected three years ago in memory of the fallen heroes which were many. The monument was unveiled November 7th, 1908, and cost twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars. It is a white granite shaft with a statue of General Harrison on one side.

I was unable to attend the celebration as I had the care of my dear mother, who was suffering with cancer, but who has since passed away. It is very lonely since she went, but her suffering was so intense, and it was her only wish that she might go home to her Maker and find rest.

Now sisters perhaps you don't all know that a lump in a woman's breast will develop into a cancer. When it begins to get painful with shooting pains at intervals is the time to have something done to get rid of it, as it soon gets well rooted and then it is hard to get all the little roots out and they will start another cancer if they are not all got out. Here is a preventive of odor for anyone who has a cancer that is open and runs; it is the decaying tissue that causes the odor. Get a small bottle of oil of cinnamon, say ten or twenty cents' worth, and put about fifteen drops into a pint of water with which to wash the sore.

Now sisters I want you to give me a shower on my birthday, which occurs Feb. 12, and is also our martyred President's birthday. I want to hear especially from those whose birthday occurs on the same day as mine. If you don't see my letter until after the above date, don't hesitate to write.

Now, I must close with love to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters and success to COMFORT.

Mrs. HANNAH DAVIS, LaFayette, R. R. 1, Box 17, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wrote a letter to the Sisters' Corner before and I guess Uncle Charlie's goat surely got loose, because I only saw a part of it in print. A piece Billy dropped maybe, so I am coming again.

I enjoy COMFORT so very much and wait, I dare say, impatiently for it to come. I turn first to the Sisters' Corner as it seems like a letter from home. It has been an inspiration to do better, it seems as though it points to better things. I have had so many helpful things I feel it's my duty to return the help in some way if I can. December COMFORT was just fine. I will inclose some "Best Ways" and hope Billy the Goat will stay at home.

I only wish I could help with the good work COMFORT's staff of workers are doing. May God add His blessing to the work and give each and everyone the strength to carry it on. May COMFORT's sisters grow in grace, is the wish of a sister,

Mrs. MILDRED HART, Hale, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

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Mrs. MILDRED HART, Hale, Mo.

Stir him up! Scold if necessary!

Make him change the color of his gray mustache.

Of "COMFORT"?

Of course you have. For W. H. Gannett, Publisher of COMFORT, not only holds the key to over a million and a quarter of homes, but to the hearts of his readers as well.

The fact that you have such a high regard for the publisher of your favorite paper is all the more reason why you will be doubly interested in a letter we have recently received from his wife. Mr. Gannett himself says that the helpfulness and good cheer that radiate from the pages of COMFORT have much of their inspiration from her.

Here is her letter, word for word, just as we received it:

Mrs. W. H. Gannett, Wife of the Publisher of COMFORT,

Writes that She Would Not Take \$1,000 for Her 1900 Washer

AUGUSTA, MAINE, NOV. 19, 1908.

The 1900 Washer Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN—I tell my friends I would not part with the 1900 Washer for a thousand dollars. It works to perfection; washing my clothes as white and as clean as possible and doing my washing very easily and quickly. It happened the machine came one of the hottest days of the year, and as my wash woman was late that day I thought it was a nice time for me to give it a good trial. I was certainly very happily surprised to find how quickly and easily a large washing could be done without my getting so very tired. Thus I was able to do my washing, hang out my clothes and visit my friends out of the city all in the forenoon. At another time I arrived home at ten o'clock Monday morning and as the woman I had engaged to help me was ill at home, the 1900 Washer again came to my rescue and I was able to get the washing all done before noon. The more my servants use it the better they like it, and we could not keep house without the 1900 Washer. It has saved the price of the machine many times and there is no wear and tear on the clothes washed in this way.

I am voluntarily writing you this letter hoping it will be the means of helping other housekeepers to overcome some of the difficulties and drudgery of wash day, for if they will only TRY the 1900 Washer I know they will always use it, as I find it works just as well washing small linens as it does for heavy wool blankets or bed spreads and table cloths. Hoping you will be able to place a 1900 Washer in every home in the land, I am,

Yours very truly, (Signed) Mrs. W. H. GANNETT.

How to Wash Without Work

Write for Free Book about the Wonderful Washer that Almost Runs Itself

This Washer has a whirling motion and moves up and down as it whirls. No paddles or machinery inside. Yet it takes the dirt out so quickly that a tubful is washed in six minutes! Washes anything, from rugs to daintiest lace. It better than is done by hand or with any other washer. And actually pays for itself.

Women who have used the Washboard all their lives just rub their eyes in amazement the first time they see a 1900 Washer at work. They exclaim—"Can it be true that it washes clothes clean in six minutes!" They take out the clothes when the six minutes are up, and sure enough—they're white and clean, exactly as Mrs. Gannett says. You just ought to write and get one on Free Trial, so you can see for yourself.

Four Weeks' Washings Done FREE! Washers Shipped Everywhere on Trial

We pay the freight. We give you a genuine Free Trial. We don't ask for cash or notes. You get the Gravity Washer just by asking for it. An entire month's use of it (four weekly washings) FREE. This free trial will tell you more than we could in a page of this paper. How it saves backache and armache and perspiring over a steaming tub, rubbing the skin off your fingers. Thousands of women are now using the 1900 Gravity Washer. They tried it first—at our risk. We simply sent the Washer and let it sell itself. Send for the beautiful free book, "Washing a Tubful in 6 Minutes." This story of the 1900 Washer is so fascinating that you will enjoy a shower February 27th. I am a faithful sister of COMFORT.

Mrs. EUGENE POSTER, Weston, R. R. 1, Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT a long time and enjoy it always.

I have been married nine years and as we have no children I would like to adopt a little girl not over three years old. Will give her a good home and schooling, just the same as if she were my own. I have a good husband and we both love children. I have a dear sister, I would enjoy a shower February 27th. I am a faithful sister of COMFORT.

Mrs. EUGENE POSTER, Weston, R. R. 1, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND EDITOR:

May I enter your happy circle for the first time? I am a reader and subscriber of dear old COMFORT, looking for its arrival eagerly every month. I love to read the Sisters' Corner first, then COMFORT's League of Cousins and Uncle Charlie's answers, sisters' remedies and recipes and in short the entire paper.

I am a housekeeper of thirty years, have six children, four boys and two girls, three married and three at home, and a good husband. We live on our farm of one hundred and eight-six acres, have lots of horses, two cows, one hundred head of hogs, turkeys and chickens. We are not rich, but we can live very well on what God has provided for us, and also feel thankful to Him for His great blessings.

I am very much interested in poultry raising. I have an incubator of two hundred and forty capacity. Last spring was my first hatch and my success was one hundred and ninety chicks the first setting. Would have hatched over two hundred had it not been for some mistake of my own which I do not understand. After my one hundred and ninety chicks hatched, I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

\$25 to \$40 Week

Easy money—quick seller. W. L. O'Daniel, W. L. O'Daniel, 101 Main St., Chicago, Ill. Profit \$40.00. Instant hit in every home. Sells on sight. All Metal Bread and Pastry Board and Rolling Pin. Highly polished sheet metal. Can't rust, absorb dirt and disease

Washington's Birthday Party

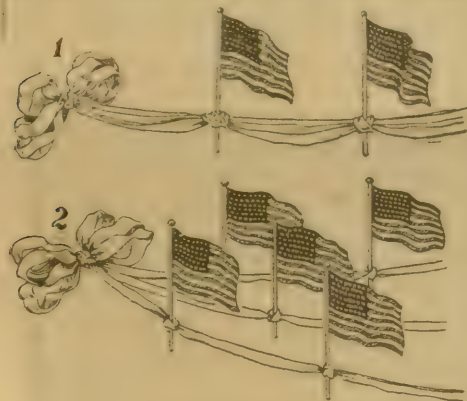
By Eleanor Cameron

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ANY of COMFORT's readers, who has the good fortune to have a birthday on or near that of George Washington, will find enjoyment, as well as occupation for many dark, long winter days, in making the gifts used for prizes at the birthday party. With a little care, it is quite easy to arrange some very pretty new schemes for the table decorations. A few of these are given below:

1. Festoon of Flags

Measure the number of feet of the festoon that you desire. Allow about a fourth (of the whole number of feet) extra, for tying the flags will be found to "take up" an additional amount of the ribbon. Buy red, white and blue ribbon of the needed length. This ribbon should be half or three quarters of an inch wide. Tie the smallest size of flags, one every six inches, through

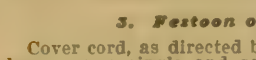


OLD GLORY.

the whole length of the ribbon, taking care to fasten them so firmly that they will stand upright as if waving in the air. This festoon may be prepared in any one of several different ways. The three strands can be fastened together, as one, by catching them closely each place where the flags are put in. The flags may be put in throughout the separate strands, which can then be draped side by side in the doorway or extending across the length of the room. Again, the three strands can be caught together, at the end where they are fastened, and then draped in three different directions across the room. (See Figures 1 and 2.)

2. Festoon of Bells

Use ribbon as before, or make use of heavy fish-cord, which can be wound with tissue paper of the three colors. Get a picture of the Liberty bell and cut some good free-hand copies of it, making as many as the whole length of your festoon will require. Tint these bells a dull brown, using either crayon or the crayolas or, better still, paint them with water colors. When thoroughly dry, press them out very carefully and fasten to the ribbon or cord. This is done by making a knot in the cord passing the end of it through the handle of the bell and making another knot to hold it in place.



COVER cord, as directed before. Cut large-sized leaves, some single and some on little branches, and color with paint, crayon or crayolas. Cut large clusters of cherries and color. These are very pretty if they are put close together along the whole length of the festoon. Save a few of the leaves and cherry-clusters to lay on the tablecloth. For this purpose, they must always be painted and well dried.

4. Flag Ball

Take a small and perfectly round potato or a very hard apple and pass a thread through the center from the stem to the blossom end. Get a number of small flags and stick them into the apple as close to each other as possible. Hang up by tying a match to the lower end of the thread and fastening the upper end to a twist of red, white and blue ribbon. This makes a pretty and unique center decoration for the table but they may be used as general decoration by hanging them from gas-jets or at distances through the rooms.

5. Star Festoon

Fold stars, according to the directions given below: Paste cover with red, white and blue, and suspend from cord or ribbon.

1. Measure and cut a square of two and one half inches in size. Fold a diagonal by bringing two opposite corners together. (See Figure A.)

2. Fold the outer edge C-D in to meet the diagonal A-D. (See Figure B.)

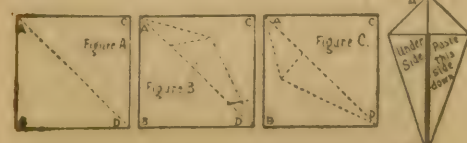


DIAGRAM FOR FOLDING AN EIGHT POINT STAR.

3. Fold the other outside edge A-B in to meet A-D. (See Figure C.)

4. Fold eight of these points and paste, with the under folds down on a seven-inch circle. (Figure D.)

5. When this is thoroughly dry, trim out the edges to meet the points of the completed square. The folded square is best covered by pasting a star (cut by using the folded star as a pattern) over it.

6. Drum for Favor

Cut a piece of heavy cardboard nine inches long and about three inches wide. Paste together by joining the ends to make a circle. When this is well dry, cut a circle the exact size of the bottom, and put in place by slipping it down through the top of the circular round made by pasting the three inch edges. When it is about one quarter inch from the bottom, fasten it in place with a few firm stitches. Cover the outside with a dark brown tissue paper and paste slender strips of red paper, slantwise along the middle of the imitation drum, to form the drum-cord. These strips should extend to a half inch from the top and should be crossed at the two ends. If desired, this cord can be put on in red silk floss, with real stitching. At exactly one half inch from the top and bottom of the "drum" paste a one quarter inch band. Fill the little drums with red, white and blue candles and make a circular cover for the top. This should be cut a

little larger than the top, covered smoothly with brown tissue paper and decorated with two small drum sticks. These are to be cut from a heavy paper of a lighter hue, crossed and pasted to the top of the cover. Tie on red, white or blue ribbon for the shoulder-straps.

7. Flag Blotter

Cut out a square of drawing paper, six by three inches. With a pencil, carefully and lightly line in the thirteen stripes and the field of blue. Finish out the flag by painting with water colors. Very small white stars, all gummed and ready to paste on the blue field, may be bought at any book or stationery store. When this is finished, cut three oblongs, of the same size from red, white and blue blotting paper and place in order beneath the cover. Fasten together by tying at the top with a twist of the three colors of ribbon.

8. Cherry Pincushions

From bright red silk or other bits of material, cut circles about two inches in diameter. Gather these all around with very small stitches that run about a quarter of an inch from the top. Draw the gathering thread tight enough to leave but a small opening. Fill the little bag, that you have made, with hair or cotton, packing it in very solidly until the cherry is hard and perfect round. Sew the top firmly and fasten on stems about six inches long. Use a rich green ribbon one quarter of an inch wide for these. When three or four cherries are finished tie them all together, leaving a pretty bow at the top.

9. Cherry Emery Bag for Needles

Make the cherries as before, being careful to use a very heavy and much finer quality of silk or velvet. Fill with emery instead of the cotton. Tie one of these with two of the pincushion cherries and leave a pretty bow of the green ribbon at the top.

10. Liberty Bell Cushion

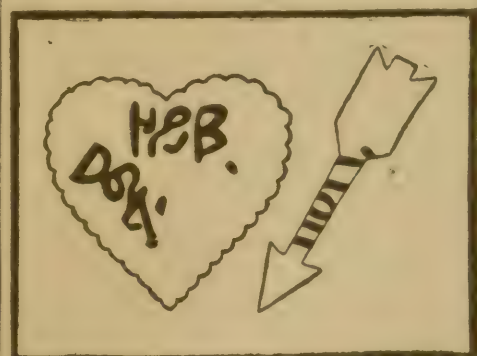
Cut two large bells (see pattern) of stiff cardboard. Cover both sides of one of them with a firm brown silk. Pad one side of the second bell with hair or cotton, taking care to make a very thin layer of the padding. Then cover this second bell with silk as the first one was covered. Tie together with the padded side at the inside and bottom. When fastening it, use a tan ribbon and fasten it through the handles. Tie again at the bottom, using the same color of ribbon. This closes the little double cushion and makes it very valuable for a traveling pin-cushion since there is no way for the pins to fall out and become lost. For a child's room, the two bells should be left free at the bottom. In this case, use the outer one, which may also be slightly padded, for stickpins and the inner one for the common black and white ones.

11. Hatchet Match Scratcher

Cut from heavy cardboard, a hatchet about six or seven inches long. If the cardboard is of a pretty brown color, the handle may be left uncovered but, if desired, it may be covered with tin foil or tinted with water color. Cut a good quality of sand-paper in the exact shape of the hatchet-head. Paste this over the head of the cardboard hatchet. Tie a pretty bow of ribbon at the center of the handle, taking care to leave one long loop for hanging it up.

A Valentine Puzzle

Little Miss Rosie, on Valentine's day, She cut out a red paper heart, just for play; She snipped it with scissors and pasted with glue. A great big gold arrow that pierced it right through! To whom did she give it?—I guess I won't tell



For the answer is plain. You can read it quite well if you cut out this arrow and place it you know. Upon this big heart where it really should go.

SOLUTION.—Place the arrow over the upper figures on the heart in such position that they will read "Her"; then place the arrow over the lower figures so that they will read "Doll." The answer is "Her Doll."

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

FEMALE.—Same general characteristics. Color, for brown variety, male bird; head, reddish bay; neck, back and saddle, rich red, with distinct black stripes down center of each feather, ending in a point near the extremity. Breast, body and buff, glossy black. Wings, bows, bright red; front edge, black; light feathers, black, edged with brown; coverts, greenish black, tail, black; sickle, greenish black; back, brown color. Eyes, face, wattles, bright red. Ear-lobes, white. Shanks and toes, yellow. Female: head, brown, edged with lighter shade. Neck, orange, black stripe through feather. Back, light brown, pencilled with dark brown, shading to slate color at the fluffy bows of the feather. Breast, rich salmon color, shading lighter under body. Wings, slate-brown. Tail, black, except the two main feathers, which should be pencilled with light brown. Face, wattles and ear-lobes and shanks same as male bird. I think the brown Leghorns are quite as good layers as the white variety.

Anxious Inquirer.—Have been a subscriber to COMFORT a number of years, and think it invaluable in the home. Have always been a poultry fancier, and want to go into the business on a large basis. Will you please tell me in your next issue just what are the best egg-producing fowls, and where and how to feed them for winter laying. And where can I obtain a sprout-cabinet? What is the best remedy for scaly feet and legs among chickens? Have used kerosene oil with good results before, but these cases seem stubborn.

A.—By the time this issue reaches you, it will be too late to start feeding for winter eggs, but if you are reading COMFORT regularly you will have found answers to your questions in the last few numbers. Look through the advertising columns for firms making out-sprouters. For scaly legs, hold the bird's shanks in warm soap and water for a few minutes, then scrape with a soft brush, dry with a soft cloth, and immediately rub in carbolio vasoline, or a salve made of lard and flour of sulphur. Repeat the treatment three times at intervals of three days.

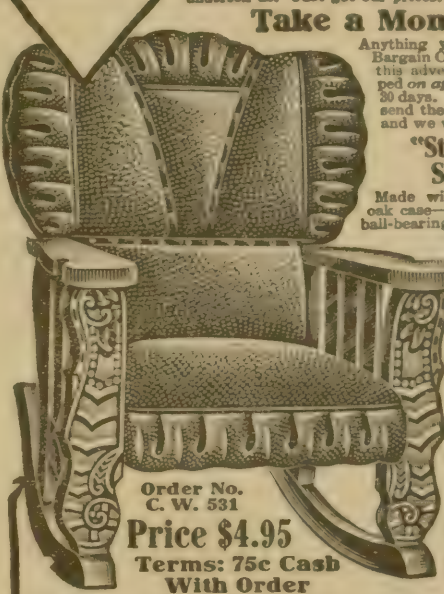
M. C. E.—Will you please answer these questions through your valuable paper: 1.—I have a half-grown hen which is picked just near the tail. It seems the chickens have picked her oilbag off. Could you tell me what to do for her? 2.—I have two young chicks who are either picked or have lost their feathers from their backs and wings, and the skin is very red and they will drink as long as they can get water. They are very lively and eat well. 3.—What is good for a cold in the eyes? I have a fine rooster, but the only thing he can do is eat. He picks some of the hens, but has



A Personal Word

The rich and prosperous class can always command the luxuries of life, but the average homelover needs the Spear System of Credit to the Nation. I want 1,000,000 families to say of me:—"He helped us to furnish and beautify our homes." I ask for no higher tribute to my life's work. Write for my Free Catalog.

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Your credit is good with us. Why not use it? It is extended to honest people, everywhere, regardless of their income. Under our liberal open account, easy payment plan you can have every possible advantage in buying possessed by the most favored shopper in the city stores.

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You need not deny yourself on account of a lack of ready cash. Select what you want from our Catalog, pay a little cash down and a little each month.

Our Prices Are the Lowest

While our credit terms are the most liberal in the country, yet our prices are the lowest. This is because we buy goods in such vast quantities that we secure rock bottom prices and with our immense volume of sales we can afford to accept just one small added profit from each sale. We allow no one to undersell us. Just get our prices!

Take a Month To Decide

Anything you select from our Bargain Catalog or direct from this advertisement, will be shipped on approval. Keep the goods 30 days. If not entirely satisfied, pay nothing, and send the goods back at our expense and we will refund your money.

"Steinway Special" Sewing Machine

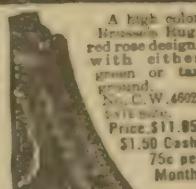
Made with beautifully finished solid oak case—dust proof, heavy ball-bearing iron stand, and fitted with high arm, automatic lift head. Full set of attachments and accessories. Up-to-date in every way.

Colonial Library Table

Large, heavy, 28x42 in., made of American quartered oak, fitted with drawer. Splendid Colonial design, highly glossed finish—guaranteed to give satisfaction. C. W. 3774—Price \$8.95.

Rocker Bargain

Large, comfortable, solid oak Rocker, high wide back, fully tufted and buttoned. Roomy Seat, upholstered with high-grade black Sylvan leather over full steel springs, beautifully ruffled edge to match back. Solid golden oak high gloss finish. Wide arm, front posts of handsome design.



A high color, red rose design, with either green or tan ground. No. C. W. 4892, Price \$11.95, 75c per Month.

Spear's Semi-Colapsible Semi-Cart

No. C. W. 118, 75c Cash, 50c per Month.

Fullsize frame, best steel nicely finished. Leatherette covering, dark green. 10 in. wheels, heavy rubber tires. When folded \$4.75 runs on two wheels.

Guaranteed 10 Years. Price \$18.45

No. C. W. 3219, Terms \$3.00 Cash, \$1.25 per Month

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Price \$8.95

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A Spark in the Ashes of Love

By A. W. Peach

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"I TUM to whist you?" Richard Marston shot his well clad six feet of brawn and bone from the depths of his big, easy chair to a sitting posture, to stare with startled gray eyes at the figure in the center of the room. The sweet, high piping voice that had aroused him from his nap belonged to a little bundle of white clothes, a round, chubby face, and a mass of golden fluffy curls that trickled over the eyebrows and the shoulders in shimmering waves. How under the sun did she-he-it get into his bachelor apartments he asked himself. Ah! naturally enough, for the door was open.

"Why don't you say, how do do, tum in?" the voice piped a little reproachfully. "Why, come in, pardon me; I'm very glad to see you," Marston said in his best manner, bending down to offer his hand to his little visitor who accepted it gravely and decorously. The big innocent eyes looked up into his admiringly.

"You're a big man, isn't you?" Marston found himself blushing; he stooped and caught the youngster, carrying him with a long swoop to his shoulder.

"Ooooh! dad's dud! do it aden!" He swung him round in front of him.

"Say, what's your name?" "Wobut," the round lips puckered gleefully.

"Henry, that's a good name." "Tain't Henry, it's Wobut!" "Robert—oh! Robert what?"

"Wobut Duncan," the lips formed and the little fingers reached for his mustache, then paused as he eyed Marston's face, a little fright, interest, and sympathy mingling in the childish voice as he exclaimed:

"Why! you sick?" Marston sat down and put the youngster on the table. The fun and joviality had fled from his face.

"Say, kid, who's your mother?" "Kid," disgust flitting the piping voice, "mommer says dat's naughty, I'm shamed o' you!"

"Pardner me Robert?" "Mommer makes me say, 'Scooze me.'" "Well, excuse me, Robert—you live here?"

"Yup, way up, top, top, where the shooter goes." "Your mamma must be very nice."

"Yup she is, an' she's dot hair like mine, I heard um say so."

"Who?" "The doker an' the monkey man."

"The doctor and the Irish janitor," Marston laughed.

Then it occurred to him that someone might be looking for his new found friend; he ran his fingers through the gleaming curls.

"Haden't you better go and find papa?" "Pahper? I isn't got no pahper. The monk y man's got a pahper with funny pictus in it."

"Well, you are a corker," there was a strange new light in Marston's face, "your mother?"

"Why! un!—der she is." The youngster pointed with joyful finger at the door.

Marston's face changed as he looked; he put the child down and a long breath escaped him. He stepped forward impulsively with outstretched hand.

"Alice," Mrs. Duncan, the youngster strayed into my room, and I was very glad of the visitation," his voice was controlled and easy.

"This new apartment of mine needed a little sunshine." He chuckled his wee visitor's dimpled chin, and a sharp twinge shot across his face as he noted how the even features, the perfect, high bred lines of the mother's face were copied in the child's.

"I am very glad he did not trouble you," she answered, smiling at the round face pressed against hers, the mother light shining in her eyes.

Marston said to himself that she never looked as beautiful as then even in the other days, when she was queen of the city circle; then garbed in the height of fashion with all that money and love could furnish; now, very neatly but inexpensively clad. Radiant and superb she was then, now more so with a gentler, deeper beauty. She turned to go, a little shy color rising in her face under his gaze. Men had said Marston had no soul.

"Mrs. Duncan would you object—" he paused as he noted the troubled expression on her face, "I will not ask it. Good day."

He smiled at the youngster and shook hands with him gravely. He watched her go through the hall, walking with the easy matchless grace that once in the brilliant ballrooms of the great city had made her the center of eyes, and had hushed the mellow hum of conversation to a single word of admiration.

"Tum an' see—" the words reached him, they ceased as he softly muffled by a repressing hand. He smiled bitterly, and listened until the childish chatter and the soft footfalls on the rubber carpet had died to silence down the great hall; then he shut the door, sank wearily down in the big chair and the strong face resting in the palm of his hand grew vacant and expressionless as a death mask.

"What a fool I was to let my feelings run away with me," he whispered,—"call her Alice. Heaven! The last time I spoke that word I swore never to speak it again!—in the arbor at the Governor's mansion. I went down and out that night. She was unreasonable to believe such a thing, and I was too proud to explain. Fool! Fool!"

"So Bob Duncan is dead. Bob, I forgave you, and tried to forget you years ago for the way you won that girl from me. Yet, all's fair in love and war. I lost. You won. But it took the sunshine out of all these years."

The shadows of twilight stole into his fine apartments and hung drapings of murky gray over the furniture of the room; the last rays of the setting sun fell through the window on his face bringing into strong relief the firm lines of brow and jaw, and touching the silver threads in his hair; lights flickered and flared into life over the darkening city, but Marston did not move. The other inmates of the great block came to their apartments; a merry, jolly laugh, full of life's rich fellowship and good cheer pregnant with joy and prophetic of fun echoed down the great hall but Richard Marston's face did not change.

The slow rumbling drawl of an ocean steamer far at sea borne to land by the evening breeze returning from its pilgrimage over the ocean wastes was pitched in low enough key to reach his consciousness.

He started to his feet in a dazed way, and snapped on the lights. The mellow glow accentuated the coziness and comfort of his bachelor rooms.

He ran his fingers slowly through his thick hair, grown gray too early for a man of his years; he peered in the glass, and walking to the window, he looked out over the city sea, dotted with his myriads of lights.

"Well, I can't do it over again; that was all settled years ago. Now what remains? A lifetime gone and what is there to show for it? Hullo!" He stepped to the corner of the room where his eye caught a bright golden glimmer.

He picked up a little locket. It snapped open under his finger; from it Bob Duncan's face looked with all its masterful, unscrupulous, unbending power. Marston's strong face answered the look of the pictured one as it had done many a time on the ballroom floor, or in some beautiful reception room when the strife had been long and hard to win Governor Verdon's beautiful and queenly daughter.

"Now, what shall I do with this," he asked himself. "Take it up?" To think was to act with Marston.

He went up and touched the bell; he heard the sound of footsteps which he knew and he gripped the locket. The door opened and a quaint little exclamation reached him. He was master of himself.

"Mrs. Duncan, pardon me for disturbing you," he said, smiling and looking deep into the fine clear eyes that had not lost their old frank beauty, though years had passed full of change for her, but dull and uneventful for him; something in them startled him too, a glimpse of a depth he could not fathom. "I picked this up in my room; I imagine it flew off while I was whirling the youngster around."

He put it in her palm, their fingers touched, something wrenched loose within him, he held them. She drew away, shrinking back, pale under the soft light, and trembling, but he did not release her.

"Alice, for the old day's sake, listen to me, just a word, then I'll get out of this place and your sight for good, I give you my word of honor." He paused a moment and his voice became quiet and wondrously gentle, filled with an indescribable longing; he half turned to go.

"Alice, God knows I have tried to forget, I cannot. I still love you." He looked at her, his soul in his eyes, every line of his face expressive of his meaning; and he was gone.

He went down to his room without looking round, nor did he notice that the door did not shut as he went; he walked lightly, but with a weighed down heart.

"Ashes, nothing but ashes," he muttered, running his hand across his face. He slowly dressed for the reception at the club.

"What's the use of it all? Not a thing to look forward to, no home of my own, not a kid to laugh, or a soul really glad to see me, not a soul that really cares, that really cares. I'm weary of it all. My money, God! money, money, bah!"

He put on his coat and looked round the room before he snapped out the lights.

"Back here tonight, then, out—somewhere—somewhere. Dinner, drunk, and done for." He laughed mirthlessly and a little wildly at the alliteration.

He stood on the steps to light his cigar. The janitor came hobbling up, always eager to show his friendliness for this tall, distinguished looking tenant with the strong, kind face; and for another reason also, which only Marston and he knew, a reason backed by a little fellow whose back was straight and strong now, but who once found his world a narrow bedroom and an open window until this tall stranger came to see him once, and brought a man that smelled of medicine.

After a word of preliminary greeting the Irishman said:

"Ye look like a sta-a-tue on a col' night. Ma-aaster look, ye want-a ter chipper thrup."

"Chipper?" Marston's face was cold and weary. "Billy, when you go home what do you find?"

"Wha-a-at do I foind? Why, I foind the ol' woman, God bless her; moles an' all; an' I got tin o' the best childe ther iver kape ye awke nights, or scraped wid each other over the grub—ther's what I foind, an' I wouldn't swap wid no man, evin' Teddy."

"Well, Billy," Marston said, slipping something that crackled into Billy's rough hand, "stick by them to the finish—God knows I envy you!" He was gone.

Billy stood gapping after him, his hat in his hand.

"God bless him!" he gasped. "Him evnyin' me, wid all his mon; them rooms, an' nothin' ter do all his da-a-a-ays. Envus me. Holy! me!" It was beyond Billy's philosophy.

Hardly had Marston left the steps and turned the corner of the next street when the Irishman hurried down; and in a brief space of time a doctor's automobile chugged to silence at the curb. There was a flurry of lights in an upper apartment. Then in a short time another great dark machine rolled up, figures hurried up and down the steps, and gently, with great care bore something into its dark bulk.

Marston was coming to his rooms early from the club, swinging along with firm, steady strides, but sick and weary at heart; he did not ride as was usually his custom, for he knew the silence and ease of the cab would render more sharp the hurt of the old wound torn open anew by his meeting with her.

It had been Ladies' Night at the club; he had met the belles of the city, and the realization that he well nigh have his choice among them smote him with disgusting emphasis; it was his position, his influence, his money. How strangely fate works, he thought, the only woman he loved or had ever loved, evidently in straits or nearing them, that his money would ease, deliberately refusing all that would be laid at her feet if she but spoke the word. He asked himself as he went up the steps, what was to be the end, the raising and the falling of the curtain on the last act of the drama, the close of the endless round, monotonous and unchangeable? He watched the answer take form in his mind with a smile; he knew, it was a good way and no one should know.

"Hullo! there's someone in my bunk." He opened the door and a tall, gray-haired man of about his own age rose to greet him.

"Well, doc, how are you?" Marston's voice was full of welcome and pleasure. "Haven't seen you—why! here's the kid." He looked into the corner where Robert was busy building wonderful architectural structures with his books. He gathered him up in his arms; the golden hair dropped over his shoulder and into his face. A shadow as of pain passed over the doctor's face. Marston put the youngster back among his playthings.

"Mrs. Duncan asked that the youngster be entrusted to you tonight," the doctor began, "others offered to take care of him, but he seems to have taken a fancy to you, and the others were strangers to him, so I took the liberty of bringing him down here."

"Why, what?" "Mrs. Duncan has been rushed to the hospital for a very serious operation."

Marston's erect figure swayed. The doctor seemed to notice it.

"What?" Marston's voice was hoarse. "The brain," he answered simply.

"Hope?" The doctor held up one hand and turned away. "One alone knows whether the dawn finds her here or there," he answered brokenly, his face hard with some great inner tension. The lines on the cold, professional face worn deep by long, hard, unremitting service of others deepened; his head sank to his hands.

Marston stepped back, wonder at the story he read on the doctor's face filling his voice:

"Doc, do you—" "With all the love that God has given me," he answered hoarsely, "who on earth wouldn't?" He demanded almost fiercely; "and I've stood by her when everyone failed her all these years."

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when you washed your hands of her—enough of this!" His face set and he picked up his case. Marston put his hand on his shoulder.

"Doc, I think I know," was all he said. "One moment, Doc, who is the best surgeon here?"

"Macpherson, the best anywhere." "Got him?"

"No; I haven't the money, nor has she." He bit the ends of his mustache and his fingers grew white on the handle of the case.

"Money? money?" Marston laughed. "Money! Good God! get him."

The doctor stepped into the hall, and in a moment came back.

"Doc, tell me her history the last few years." The doctor spoke briefly and swiftly, as one who knows.

"Bob Duncan died of tremens. I attended him; and have been his friend since then. She stayed by him to the finish. She is living here on her own money, arranging to give music lessons—you remember she used to sing beautifully—she does more so now. She dropped from sight after his death and disgrace; I have kept sight of her, however, myself; but—" he smiled—"Bob never died here;" he motioned to his heart—"good night."

Marston came back.

"Once I thought—before that deal of Bob's; but here Doc's manhood clear through to the bone, giving his life for others, growing gray in the service like none other on earth, yet he could not win her; and here I am, a boozier, a loafer, a swell dub of a city clubman with nothing but my dollars and my duds. But I'm getting weary of it all, very weary, weary," his mutter softened to a whisper. "Someday—say, little one, pretty near asleep; you look like a regular cherub in those pajamas."

"Tain't pap-pa—it's a nightie. Ooooh! I's sleepy, isn't you?" The eyes blinked into his waveringly.

"Yes, very, very tired, little one," he answered, smiling. "Let's go to bed, tum on."

He took the little fellow's hand and they went into the big, cozy bedroom. He flicked on the dim, glowing lights.

"My! dis dud!" He scrambled on to the white, soft bed and rolled around, kicking his legs and crowing prophetic of the cheers of boyhood days to come. Marston sat down without removing his dress suit to watch him. Suddenly the little figure sat up, his face one big question mark.

"Say, where's mommer? I sh doh'n't be dawne all night, all night long?"

"Perhaps," Marston's voice quivered in answer. "Why?" wonder at the unusualness of it all filled the little voice. "She ain't kissed me."

"She won't—tonight, sonny," Marston bent over to study the carpet.

"Why! where's she dawne?" "Oh! where—where it's all quiet no noise, peace—she's choked."

"Is it be-yow-fift here?" the wondering little voice and wide, serious eyes questioned.

"Yes; it's beautiful there."

"She won't be gone long?" the sweet voice quavered trustfully.

"No—" Marston's voice broke.

"Well then, I'm doh'n't to be dud. I'm orful sleepy, isn't you?"

"You bet, jump in, sonny," he swung open the white sheets.

"Why! I ain't said my prayers; Mommer awus makes me," he said, surprised.

"Oh!"

"Yup, you say um wid me, tum." He slid to his knees beside the bed, and motioned Marston to join him.

"Isn't you doh'n't to? I'll wait intill you's undressed."

Marston looked at his dress suit.

"Tum-in?" The wonder and the pain in the childish voice went to his heart.

He sank onto his knees beside the little white figure, and following the little one's example folded his hands before his face.

"Now doh on; Mommer awus says somen frst." Marston's heart sank.

"Sonny, I don't know what to say," his voice faltered.

"You don't? Well, say what I do—weady?" Marston nodded.

The clear little voice fell through the silence of the room, stirring up dreams and memories, long forgotten. In the inner recesses of his heart. The sweet voice seemed like another's calling to him from the shadowy shores of his youth.

fancy he thought of the great gong as rung by ghostly fingers far up in the gloomy tower of the great city block. The tones died away to a mere rapid drumming. The air seemed electric with a strange, intangible force. He heard the distant chug! chug! of a distant automobile, it drew near and ceased at the steps. Someone knocked; he felt sick with promontion, and his face grew white and haggard under the light.

A young fellow stepped in and touched his hat. "A note for you sir."

Marston read:

"Dear sir: I think it would be wise to have the child present as soon as possible."

Yours respectfully, "WILLIAM R. MACPHERSON."

Marston steadied himself beside the table and his jaw set.

"All right, we'll be down, immediately."

As he stepped into the automobile with the little one gathered in his arms he said to the driver:

"Your best time!"

"Yes, sir!" came the quick answer, and Marston whispered "money."

He saw the two heads on the front seat come together, and he heard the whisper.

"Shove it, Jim; it's worth it fer him; an' I've got a kid o' my own."

He saw the man's arm shoot forward; and the wheels spun.

"Thinks it's my kid," he muttered. He stared with unseeing eyes out of the window at the fleeting line of shadowy buildings; and a long pause followed; then he went on:

"Bob, God knows you used me dirt that night; and you wrecked the best years of my life; but perhaps you're weary, you know; you understand where you are, tonight, perhaps, with Him. And we'll let the old score go unavenged, the dead past bury its dead. Old man, I forgive you for all these empty years, and I swear this little one of yours shall never lack a friend while I'm on earth or beneath it—so help me God."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS

Seasonable Styles with Aids in Development

By Geneva Gladding

How to Make a Romper

I HAVE chosen this particular garment as a subject in practical dressmaking because it will give assistance to so many mothers, and because its labor-saving qualities have increased its popularity from a morning slip-on garment to one that is suitable for afternoon wear as well.

Not long ago I visited in a home where two children, a girl and a boy, aged three and five years respectively, appeared at breakfast wearing blue checked gingham rompers, which after lunch were changed to white ones, worn with white stockings and black shoes. Nothing could be more charming than these simply and healthfully clad youngsters, whose mother though amply able to dress her children more expensively, chose for everyday wear the romper that is not easily muddled, nor does it take from the freedom of the child what starched dresses and petticoats do.

Among the several styles perhaps No. 4842 is the most satisfactory, and it takes but a glance to show how easily it can be made.

The front of waist and front and back of drawers are cut in one piece with a seam down the center and the drawers close across the back, fastened to the waist by the buttoned belt. Almost any wash fabric can be used, such as gingham, print, repp or linen, and plaid, striped or plain, as preferred.

To cut the collar and belt the material must

Now make the opening at each side of drawers, slashing at the perforations, and then baste each leg seam with the single notches matching. Baste the center seam, matching the triple notches in waist fronts and the double notches in back of drawers, and close shoulder and under-arm seams.

You will notice that the under-arm edge of the waist back is long enough to reach the entire length of the slash so baste it all the way down and you will see that it forms a convenient underlap for the drawers opening. Stitch a very narrow hem at the lower edge of each waist back and then turn under the back edge one and one half inch for a hem and baste.

Now try the rompers on the child and fit them, but of course, make some allowance for shrinking. Even if you have already shrunk the material, which is always wise, you cannot be sure that each laundering will not make a slight difference. To alter through the body, take up at the center seam or under the arm and change the hems if necessary. To be a correct fit, a romper should be very loose in every part. The shoulders may be taken up if the body is too long, but this may also bring the neck and under part of armhole too high and require cutting them out a little. If the drawers are too long cut them off, but remember that an inch must be turned up for a casing and two or three inches allowed for blousing.

When the fitting is done and the changes basted, the seams can be stitched. Underface the

affect the circulation. Make the elastic, when sewed together just the size of leg (not stretching it) and the fullness of cloth will make it just tight enough to hold up.

Close the sleeve and gather the lower edge between the double perforations. Try on to see if the length is correct and if satisfactory, sew the wristband to the edge with the notches matching. You may line the wristband just as you did the belt, and stitch it all around. To sew the sleeve in the armhole place the single and double notches together and then baste, easing the fullness in the sleeve evenly between the notches. The large perforation belongs at the shoulder seam. Try the sleeve on and use your own judgment about its being in straight, there is no rule, but if it looks well that is all that is necessary. Stitch and then bind or overcast seam.

Sew the collar to the neck edge with a plain seam and then line it. All of these lining pieces you understand are cut just like the outside pieces so you should have no trouble with them. To make the pocket turn the upper edge under one inch and stitch a hem, then turn under the sides and lower edge three eighths of an inch. Place the pocket on the front so that the upper corners will be at the large perforations you have already marked there. Pin it to hold it in correct position and then baste the side and lower edges to the front. After you have stitched as basted place a piece of the material at the back of the upper corners to reinforce pocket, and tack through and through by hand.

Now for the buttons and buttonholes. Make four buttonholes through the hem on right back, placing the lowest one so it will come under the middle of the belt. Sew the buttons to the left hem and make a buttonhole in belt at the middle of the back to fasten over the lowest waist button after the waist is fastened. Another buttonhole each side just back of the opening and one

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now considered quite smart to make the turn-over collar of same. A small velvet bow makes a pretty finish at neck. Cut in nine sizes, 32 to 48 inches bust measure; 36 bust requiring three and one quarter yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5118—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with body and upper part of sleeves in one, and the underpart extending from cuff to waist line, assuring ample room to raise arm to head. This model is becoming worn by all figures and adaptable to many materials. When desirous of making it more dressy, omit the pocket, use blind fastening and attach frill to left edge. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; 36 bust requiring two and one eighth yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5217—Ladies' House Dress or Nurse's Costume such as shown in this model is a comfortable, well-fitting waist with short sleeves, finished with turn-down collar and pocket on left side, and attached to a seven-gored skirt. For making, such material as gingham, calico, percale and chambray will give good results. Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requiring six yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5435—Ladies' Dress. The panel front is a pleasing feature, and the closing at the left side may be blind as shown in cut, or buttoned through the entire length. The tuck over shoulders is carried to waist line in back; the sleeves may be short with Dutch cuff, or long with band cuff. The belt is carried around waist, ending at each side of panel. For a more dressy effect, make of soft wool material with collar and cuffs of satin in a contrasting color or black. Braiding or a band of satin down each side of panel, belt, collar and cuffs would be effective. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; 36 bust requiring six and three eighths yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3519—Ladies' Dressing Sack. This model is particularly useful inasmuch that it is pretty enough to wear of an afternoon if neces-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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be folded lengthwise and these two pattern pieces placed with the end having the triple perforation on the fold. The other pieces must be arranged with the line of three small perforations in each running exactly lengthwise of the material. They must all be pinned carefully and cut at the edge and the notches clipped out. Some of the perforations will be needed for the sewing and must be marked in some way on the material. Chalk is good for this purpose or a few basting stitches. The line of small perforations at the side of drawers showing where to slash for the opening, should be marked as well as the large perforations on waist front for the pocket, and the large perforations in top and bottom of sleeve.

back edge of the drawers opening with a piece of the material about one and one half inches wide. Sew it to the edge first and then treat it like a hem, stitching the other edge flat to the drawers. Also stitch the hems of waist back.

Use a plain seam to join the belt to the upper edge of the drawers in back, placing the center of the belt at center-back. Line the belt either with the material or some white lawn and after basting the lining in place stitch all around the edge on the outside which not only holds the lining but makes a nice finish. The casings for the leg edges of drawers may be made like a hem and then the side seam ripped a little and elastic inserted in each. On this point care must be taken not to have elastic too tight, as it will

in the right end finish the belt, with side buttons on the waist and left end of belt to correspond. Make a buttonhole at the pointed end of the wristband and if you like the collar may be buttoned also.

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The Old Lady in the Dolman

By Belle Gray

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It was ten minutes to two, and in the men's dressing-room all was hurry and confusion. Acrobats, equestrians, clowns and jugglers were casting off the pepper-and-salt suitings of every-day life and donning garments brilliant or fantastic.

Upon this scene of rapid metamorphoses, he burst, in the full glory of his irreproachable frock-coat, high, shiny hat and blazing diamond stud. And this sartorial splendor, no less than his lordly carriage and expansive smile, proclaimed the great Manning, manager and part owner of the Manning Mammoth Show.

The usual brisk round of witticisms greeted his arrival, but the manager did not stop to parry them. Instead, he made his way, with a sure instinct, to the side of the only idle person in the tent. This was a young fellow in his shirt-sleeves who sat on an upturned goods-box, his elbows on his knees, his face buried in his hands, and his shoulders hunched up in a despairing attitude. Manning gave the boyish shoulders a resounding slap.

"Cheer up," he quoted tritely, "the worst is yet to come."

The young fellow—he did not look to be over twenty—lifted his face from out the shelter of his hands and glared at the manager in a decidedly hostile way, but the urbane Manning only laughed.

"What's the matter, Bill? Been crossed in love? Been fooling with girls on the sly? Or is it just a plain case of crotch?"

The boy kicked up a piece of sod with the toe of his shoe. "This place isn't more than thirty miles from my old home," he stated briefly.

Manning whistled. Like all kind-hearted people, he took a vivid interest in the affairs of others; and the boy who went by the name of Billy Williams had been very uncommunicative since he had thrown in his lot with the Mammoth Show. Therefore the manager eyed him curiously, as he asked:

"Don't want the old folks to show up, hey?"

The boy scornfully kicked at another tuft of dried grass. "They won't be here. They're not that sort."

"Well, then, what're you whining about?"

"The old lady in the dolman lives in our town, too."

"The old lady in the dolman?" repeated the manager. "Oh, I see! Well, it would be a pretty com-foff if she moseyed up, hey, Billy?"

"No danger of that. She never went to a circus in her life, I'll bet."

"What in the — is the matter with you then, Billy?" persisted Manning. "If anybody that knows that old party is here, it'll make it all the funnier. Why, you could turn it into a regular roaring farce!"

"I'm tired of roaring farces," snarled the boy. "I'm tired of this funny business. I'm tired of it all. I'd like to chuck the whole thing."

"That's — nonsense." The manager laid a polite hand on the youngster's shoulder. As he was allowed to rest there, he went on with more confidence: "Why, your business made the biggest hit we had, in Nashville and Atlanta, too. The way you ambled across the tent holding to the arm of some green country Jake, and playing the innocent, guileless old lady to the life, was the best thing ever I saw. The people up in the seats soon got onto your little game, and I tell you, Billy, they just howled. No, sir, we can't do without your little act, and don't you forget it. You better hustle into your dolman. There's Reubens a plenty piling in, just waiting to be fooled."

A reminiscent grin widened Billy's mouth. The boy was a true mimic, and, like all of his caliber, found a keen delight in his own pranks. Manning, who knew his weak point, soon flattered and cajoled him into a semblance of willingness, and had the satisfaction of seeing the youth lift his costume out of the trunk before he left the tent.

From thence the manager went to another canvas apartment where the horses and ponies, and the trained dogs and cats were put up in improvised stalls. Pats for the horses, pleasant words for the dogs, and joking observations to the grooms in charge, smoothed his way to the main tent. Once there he paused as he looked around him appreciatively.

Although he lacked a good half hour of being time for the performance to start, the tent was not reserved showed a moving sea of black faces, while the other side already possessed a thick sprinkling of white ones. It promised to be a record breaking day, reflected Manning; and he pushed his hat farther back on his head and strode majestically forward until he reached the animal tent.

Here his eyes were greeted by a sight that warmed the innermost recesses of his heart. A swarming throng of people were elbowing and pushing and treading on each other's corns, as they endeavored to catch a glimpse of the beasts in the cages. Some white ones held fast to the rope railings, letting their hands slide along like buttons on a string as they allowed themselves to be borne onward by the crowd. Babies squalling in their mothers' arms, and little tots walling because they could not get to see the 'an'mules', together with the occasional roar of a lion or snort of an elephant, made a symphony of sounds that charmed Manning's ear, while the—to some—offensive odor that emanated from the cages seemed to be more agreeable to him than the perfume of roses.

But suddenly he paused in the course of his blissful march and stood, evidently perplexed, as he muttered to himself: "What in the — is that young rascal doing in here? Yet, strange to say, as he uttered these words, his eyes were fixed on an old lady in a dolman, and the full sweep of that antiquated wrap, with its fringe of bugle trimming, was unmistakable. So was the ball of fluffy hair beneath the ancient bonnet. Yet, when the manager had elbowed his way until he was within earshot, and had heard the old lady speak, he found that her voice was unfamiliar to him.

"Is them hippopotamuses, Annie?" she was saying in rich, hearty tones. "Well, is they, shore enough? I never seen one o' them critters afore, an' me sixty odd! Ain't they big an' ugly! But hits the elephants that I like, Annie. The crowd seems ter be a-thinning. Let's see if we kin git a glimpse o' them now."

With these words the old lady turned around, and the inquisitive Manning saw a ruddy, albeit wrinkled face, with a pair of bright blue eyes behind thick spectacles. This wrinkled face was guileless of makeup, as the manager's experienced eyes took in at a glance; and when she again opened her mouth to speak to her companion, he saw that the old lady had not a tooth in her head.

Just then the humor of the situation struck him, and he grinned broadly; but seeing that the timid little person in gray, who accompanied the old lady, was embarrassed, and evidently frightened by his stare, he turned aside.

As he went off, however, he murmured softly: "Well, I'm — d." Then he slapped his knee as he added, half aloud, "I'd give an even hundred to see them two together!"

Yet a few seconds later when he faced around to look, he found that the noisy crowd had completely swallowed up the old lady in the dolman. Not until it was nearly time for the performance to begin, and he had made his way into the main tent, did he again catch sight of her. This time she came straight toward him, and, to his surprise, accosted him. The color had left her face; she looked worn and a little scared.

"Mister," she began tremulously, "I s'pose I hadn't ought to speak to you, an' you a stranger;

but you look good and kind, an' I reckon you'll help a old woman. I guess I know a real gentleman when I see him," she added, as she eyed the magnificent Manning with wistful admiration.

He was not proof against the naive flattery contained in her words, and threw his broad shoulders back with quite an air, as he drew her out of the way of the crowd: "Now tell me all about it, grandma," he invited.

"Well, hits jest this-a-way," she explained: "Annie Bishop, she heerd me say as how I'd never saw a circus, an' she says, 'I'll be plumb happy, Miz Mims, if you'll let me take you along on the train, an' we got here ter the grounds all right. Annie, she told me not to bring any money because I might lose it. She paid fer the tickets an' ever'thing. After we'd saw the an'mules, I've come in here, an' Annie said as how she'd git reserved seats, but jest as she started to get the tickets, up come a clown ter me, an' I 'clare to gracious, mister, he gimme a slap at the shoulder, an' he says, 'Hello, Bill! You could 'a' knocked me over with a feather.'"

"An' whilst I stood there a-lookin at him, an' a-thinkin' of what I could say, I seen Annie take hold o' the arm of a old woman what were dressed jest like me, an' start off quick's a flash. I cries, 'Annie! Annie Bishop!' She never heerd me, but jest went on with that strange woman. Mister, you may not believe, but that old woman had on a dolman fer all the world like mine. I've had this here wrap high on twenty year, an' I never seen one like it afore. It makes me feel plumb creepy." And the old lady looked down at the bugle trimming with a bewildered expression in her eyes.

Manning, who had been biting his lips to keep from smiling, now pulled his face into sympathetic lines. "Couldn't you find your friend anywhere?" he commiserated.

"No, mister, I couldn't," stated the old lady desperately. "I've been hunting for her every-where. I axed a nice-looking country boy ter help me find her, but he looks at me real fierce-like, an' he says, 'I'm onto you, I am. You can't play any o' your monkey-shines off on me.' I never were talked to so afore. I reckon it's a judgment on me fer coming to a circus at my age."

Manning looked up at the crowded rows of seats. It would be next to impossible, he concluded, to discover the little lady in gray, or to ascertain the whereabouts of dolman number two. "Tell you what, grandma," he spoke encouragingly, "I'll find you a nice seat here, near the front. You don't need to bother about your reserved seat ticket, I'll fix that all right. Now forget your troubles, for you're going to see the greatest show on earth. Just keep your eyes peeled, and look at the three rings, and enjoy yourself. After it's all over, your friend's sure to find you, and you'll both laugh over her mistake."

With these words he beckoned an usher and arranged with him to give the old lady a seat in the front row. Then, conscious of his magnanimity, he sauntered on to the back of the tent. Meantime the old lady in the dolman settled herself comfortably and, obedient to the manager's advice, fixed her perturbed eyes on the nearest ring. Just then a big clown, made up into a startling caricature of an Irish policeman, came up, and leaning forward with an appearance of great familiarity, addressed her:

"Why, Billy," he began.

But the old lady jumped from her place as her face flamed a bright Turkey red. "Looky here, mister," she exclaimed, with the expression of one to whose burden the last straw has been added. "I don't know who you air, or whur you're from, but if you call a respectable woman, what's been married over forty year, 'Billy' agin, I'll knock that there hat plumb offen your head. I will as shore 's my name's Maloney Mims!" And she accompanied these words with a threatening gesture, directed toward the abbreviated helmet that surmounted the clown's stubby hair.

Amid the laughter of the onlookers, who regarded this little flurry as having been gotten up for their especial benefit, the policeman-clown, open mouthed with astonishment, backed off. But his amazement was genuine.

"Pinch me, will you?" he begged as soon as he reached the neighborhood of a punchinello, who was firing stale jokes at his suffering auditors; and, as that worthy complied with an unwelcome vehemence, he edged off and explained: "There's an old party over there that's as much like Bill, not to be Bill," but here the other clown interrupted him by planting a kick in his stomach; and he made a plaint with his club, as the orchestra started up, and the band of equestrians on their high-stepping horses, began to caracole around the outer ring.

The wonderful performance had started, and the old lady in the dolman was safe from insult, for the time, at least.

The manager's prophecy was amply fulfilled; for Mrs. Mims took a simple, childlike pleasure in the circus that was delightful to witness. Manning was stationed near the performer's entrance, where he swelled his chest proudly as his resonant voice announced the different features of the show. He was too far away to watch the varying expression of the old lady's face, yet he did not fail to smile approvingly as he saw her wring her hands in an agony of suspense when the acrobats or wire-dancers had reached a critical juncture, and clap them for joy when they had safely accomplished their feats. All during the performance he kept his eye on the unaffected old creature, while he amused himself by trying to imagine what must be the sensations of one who was looking for the first time upon the "greatest show on earth." But all things, even great ones, must have an ending, and at last the Mammoth Show came to a close.

As a laughing, hurrying mass of people began to descend from the upper tiers, the old lady in the dolman rose to her feet and looked this way and that, with quick, nervous glances. Manning, whose sharp eyes took account of all her movements, nodded carelessly to the famous artist who had charge of the after-show, and strolled over to join his protegee.

"Looking for your friend, grandma?" he questioned. "Turn round and I'll show you where she is. I spotted her some time ago. She's up there in the fourth row with the other old lady close beside her. Guess they're going to stay to the vaudeville."

"It beats me," confessed Mrs. Mims. "O' course, Annie Bishop's terrible near-sighted, an' his' only natural for her to make mistakes. But it does look, mister, 's if the old lady, herself would 'a' told Annie 'bout them being strangers to one another."

Manning could not repress a chuckle. "Yes, it does look that way, grandma; but maybe the old lady's fond of her joke and is fairly spreading herself enjoying the blunder."

"She'd ought to be too old fer sech foolishness," sniffed Mrs. Mims. "But there," she added laughingly, "I ain't got no call to be talking that-a-way, an' me as pleased as Punch with going to a circus! I'll have to say good by now, though, mister. I can't stay to this here after-show, so I'll jest go into the other tent an' wait fer Annie there."

"But you're going to stay," insisted Manning. "You're going to stay as my guest. Sit right down here. I'll take this other seat and keep you company."

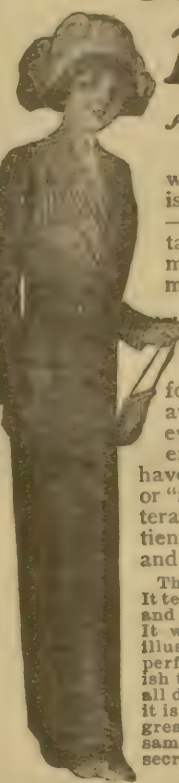
The old lady favored her host with a beaming smile. "Well, I *will* stay, then, mister, an' thank ye kindly. I reckon you must have a old mother o' your own—seeing as you're so kind to old folks."

"Died when I was a little chap," said Manning softly. "If she'd lived, well—there wouldn't have been anything too good for her."

Mrs. Mims shook her head. "Hit's plumb strange how things gets mixed," she puzzled.

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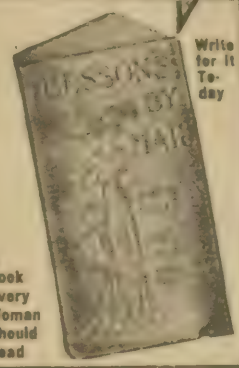
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one Jehu bought me in Atlanta hard on to twenty year ago! An' your bunnit, too, Mrs. Williams, favors mine a plumb sight. You got it on kinder crooked, though," continued the artful old lady. "Let me give it a straightening;" and before Mrs. Williams could protest, a plump hand shot out and grasped the rusty ribbons with determined fingers.

Mrs. Williams made a frantic effort to retrieve her property, but it was too late; the ill-starred bonnet, with its accompanying wig, was already brandished in Mrs. Mims' chubby fist, while the heavy spectacles, one of the bows of which had caught in the hair, were dangling gaily below the snowy curls.

"You young rascal!" laughed Mrs. Mims. "I suspicioned who it were as soon's I heerd you speak. Annie! Annie Bishop! Is them brown curls clipped so clost that ye can't recognize them?"

But she need not have spoken. Even near-sighted eyes can be made keen by the instinct of love, and the little gray lady knew no doubts when she hid her face in the folds of that formidable dolman and sobbed out her thankfulness and joy.

The boy's mouth twitched convulsively as he looked down at the trembling figure on his breast, and two large tears escaped from the corners of his eyes, working havoc with the made-up

(CONTINUED TO PAGE 29.)

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Why Did You Leave the Dear Old Home?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
RALPH STERLING.

Moderato.

1. There's a dear old rus-tic cot-tage 'Way back a-mid the hills, Where
2. I'll re-turn to that old home-stead Be-side the run-ning brook And

Espressionc.

child-hood's hap-py days were spent in joy; . . . There I passed my days a play-ing, With moth-er al-ways near, Years back when I was but a lit-tle
leave be-hind all trou-bles and be free; . . . On-ly there will I be hap-py With friends so kind and true To live and be con-tent-ed as can

boy. . . . In dreams I wan-der back a-gain to that old home, sweet home, But as I dream a post-man pass-es
be. . . . I take the old fa-mil-iar path that leads down thro' the dell And see my moth-er at the cot-tage

by With a let-ter from my moth-er who is far a-cross the sea, And as I read a tear-drop fills my eye. . . .
door; . . . There I kiss her and ca-ress her as I did in days of yore And tell her she need nev-er weep no more. . . .

CHORUS *Tenderly*

Why did you leave . . . the dear old, dear old home? . . . Why did you leave . . . a moth-er all a-lone? . . .

Some-bod-y waits . . . for your re-turn some day. . . . Why did you leave the old folks far a-way? . . .

rall en tan-do.

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Current Events

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

TWO INTERESTING DWARFS.—Mr. and Mrs. Bregant are the smallest salespeople in the world, he being 47 inches high and weighing 67 pounds, and she being 42 inches high and weighing 42 pounds. During the morning hours Mr. Bregant serves as "drummer" for his firm, calling on retailers. In the afternoon he assists his wife be-

hind their candy counter. Mr. Bregant is a native of Austria, having been in America only six years. He met Mrs. Bregant while in vaudeville. Upon their return to America, the stage was given up and the two went in the candy business. When asked their age, Mr. Bregant looked at his wife and seeing in her blue eyes a roguish twinkle, yet note of warning, answered pleasantly: "That is our one secret. Everybody asks that question, but for my wife's sake, we left our age in Europe."

ARTIFICIAL BIRDS.—"Necessity is the mother of invention," it is truly said, and we now see it heroically exemplified in the case of those who make their living by supplying the needs of the millinery establishments. The encroachment of the law upon the bird-killers has almost driven them out of their work, and they have had to cast around for some other means of supplying the women's hat establishments, for it seems that, come what may, women will have feathered creatures on their headgear. As the real birds

must not be killed, the manufacture of artificial birds has grown to a great extent and is proving to be a profitable industry. Ordinary feathers are taken from the barnyards, are cut and dyed to suit the figure they are to adorn, a celluloid beak is applied, and black buttons serve in the place of eyes. The result is a very respectable bird's head, and the good part of it is that no bird's life has been sacrificed and no sin against the steadily growing popular feeling against the slaughter of birds has been committed.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

New Exercise for Distended Abdomen and Large Hips

ARE you that unhappy being, the girl with a large waist? If so, you have my utmost sympathy as I know how hard it is to present a stylish appearance when one measures twenty-eight inches around the waist instead of twenty-four. "But it can't be helped," did I hear someone say? How mistaken you are! Unnaturally large hips or waists can be gotten rid of, if you are so inclined and I shall tell you how in this article.

You see I knew there were a great many women in this broad United States of ours, who were the unhappy possessors of unwieldy waists and hips, and I also knew these victims to fat would be delighted to death to know of some way out of this beauty trouble.

If your waist is too large, little maid with the rose-bud cheeks, swathe it in a rubber strip of thin rubber sheeting, then lie down on the floor on one side, supporting the body by one arm. It is important that the line from head to foot should be stiff and straight and that your body should rest only on one hand and the side of one foot. Maintain this position as long as you possibly can without becoming tired, then relax and slowly let the body rest on the floor up to the waist. Take five or six deep breaths, then stiffen body muscles again and repeat exercise.

How long should you practice this exercise each day? Well, if you wish to get quick results, and I imagine you do, it will be necessary to devote half an hour to this exercise.

When you have raised and lowered your body for the required thirty minutes, call a halt and remove the rubber bandages. As I don't want you to fall a victim to a cold, let me impress upon you the importance of rubbing body off with alcohol when bandages have been removed. Neglect this precaution and you will wake up next morning with a red nose and swollen eyelids. My word in time should prevent any such beauty catastrophe.

Now let me tell you of an exercise which is just the thing when one is desirous of reducing a pair of unwieldy hips. It is not difficult, and for this reason should become a favorite with the physical culture amateur.

Reducing Hip Exercise

Stand erect with hands on hip, chest thrown out and body slightly inclined to the back. Holding this position, walk once or twice around room, taking full, deep breaths as you move along. When you have circled the room twice, stand stock still and bring the knee up until it touches the chest, remaining as erect as is possible under the circumstances. When you have maintained this position for a moment, lower foot to the ground and elevate the other knee. Continue in this way for a short time, then place your hands on your thighs—with shoulders well back and chest held up and out—raise leg and flex knee, keeping your balance meanwhile. Now give a high, quick, side kick then bring foot back again to the floor. Practice this movement with first one leg and then the other.

Do not think for one single moment that light, moderate exercise for a few days will reduce hips to any extent, as you will be doomed to disappointment. If you have, for one reason or another, become too heavy through the hips, it will require very persistent attention on your part before you will become as slim as you wish to be. Vigorous, prolonged exercise is needed if the fatty tissues are to be broken down. Don't forget that fact.

It may never have occurred to you that a distended abdomen is caused by the abdominal muscles becoming flabby and weak, but so it is. The consequence of this disastrous state of affairs is that the walls of the abdomen sag and this gives one a bloated appearance below the waist, which is far from becoming. Why not try to overcome this beauty defect? It can be remedied quite easily if you will practice the exercise given below for several minutes twice a day.

Exercise for Strengthening Walls of Abdomen

Set astride of a kitchen chair with the face to the back. Now contract the muscles of the thigh so as to grip the chair securely, then fold arms back of the body and slowly bend backward. Do not go very far and take care to return to original position with the utmost slowness, else you may strain your back.

This exercise has been responsible for many a bruise, as it is rather difficult, when leaning backward, not to tumble over—chair and all—on to the floor. As I don't want you to have a bad fall like Humpty Dumpty, I say again, grip the chair firmly and don't go too far back!

I shall now give you an internal massage exercise for a fat abdomen. When the abdomen is too fat externally, there is good reason for thinking it is too fat internally, and that this surplus flesh is burdening the organs of digestion and interfering with their action. This won't do at all, as the fashions call for flat abdomens and when an abdomen is fat both inside and out, it certainly cannot lie flat. The only thing to be done is to try my internal massage treatment. As I have no doubt you are mystified, I will hasten to explain. Get down upon your bended knees and after crossing your dimpled hands at your back, incline trunk until head is almost on a level with your knees. Now take a deep breath and force the abdomen out, then contract it, at the same time expelling breath. Continue in this way for an indefinite length of time.

This is a splendid way of getting rid of a fat abdomen and you will agree with me when you have given this exercise a trial.

Good luck to you all!

Questions and Answers

Irene G.—I do not answer letters personally. Following is the formula for which you asked:

Hair Restorer

Citrate of iron, two drams; nut vomica, two drams; coconut oil, one and one half ounces; bay rum, two ounces.

Geraldine M., A Country Girl, Elderly Woman and others.—As your hands are cracked and rough, I would suggest that you rub into them a soothing ointment. Formula for such runs as follows:

Chapped Hand Ointment

Cocoa-butter, one ounce; oil of sweet almonds, one ounce; oxide of zinc, one dram; borax, one dram; oil of bergamot, six drops.

Heat the cocoa-butter and oil of almonds in a double boiler and when thoroughly blended add the zinc and borax; stir as it cools and add the oil of bergamot last. I do not think the formula mentioned would prove injurious.

Mrs. A. O. L. and Agnes.—If you want to whiten your neck, use the following bleach:

Cleopatra Neck Bleach

One ounce strained honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs, enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste.

Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth, three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach the neck to a satin whiteness. Remember this is not a face bleach and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left within the reach of children.

To reduce your large stomach, I would suggest wrapping around it a broad band of thin rubber. Fasten ends securely and then for one hour, alternately drink hot water and practice the following exercise:

Stand with arms outstretched above your head, then bend from the waist until your finger-tips touch the ground. Do not bend the knees.

Ellen J., Esther and M. J.—Holding your hands in warm, sweet almond oil for twenty minutes daily will keep them soft and white. Rubber gloves do not whiten the hands. If you will practice turning the head first to the left and then to the right, for ten minutes twice a day, you will soon have a plump neck. While practicing this exercise, the muscles of the neck must be held tense and the chin should be stretched up and out.

Miss Grace, Sioux City, Bertha, Janet and others.—I am giving an astringent below. Dampen your face with this lotion several times a day and it will eventually contract the open pores.

Astringent for Open Pores

Tincture of Benzoin, fifteen drops; hamamelis water, fifteen drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

If you keep your face very clean and touch spots with the following lotion, your blackheads will soon go away:

Blackhead Remedy

Carbonate of magnesia, one dram; zinc oxide, one dram; rose-water, four ounces.

Shake and mop on spots. Later on, dampen face with hot water, then press out the tiny plugs.

Blue Eyes, Mildred, Mrs. T., Susan and others.—Red eyelids are most unlovely so I don't wonder you feel like complaining. I would suggest bathing eyes with very hot water for twenty minutes daily. This will reduce inflammation. Also coat lower lid with a skin food before going to bed. In addition to this you should rest your eyes occasionally during the day. Close them for two or three minutes at a time while sweeping, brushing your hair, etc. Your eyes are evidently strained and need a rest. A splendid way to strengthen the eyes (and also make them bright as diamonds) is to bathe them once daily in a three per cent. solution of boric acid.

Perplexed, Maggie, Edna and others.—To remove dandruff saturate the head and hair with sweet almond oil the night before a shampoo. It is best to tie your head up in a towel before slipping into bed as otherwise the bedclothes will become soiled. Next morning wash your hair thoroughly in warm water, using the shampoo given below:

Soap Jelly Shampoo

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

When the hair has been rinsed free of lather and dried in the sun, the dandruff will have disappeared.

E. A. W., S. Dak., Farmer's Wife, S. E. and Margaret.—A simple way to restore gray hair to its original color is to moisten scalp with yolk of egg and take internally equal doses of sulphur and iron. Your druggist would have to give you the size of doses. Why don't you try massaging bust with warm cocoa butter for twenty minutes every day? This will gradually increase your bust measurement. Drinking plenty of milk is even a better bust developer.

An Old Maid.—Coat your hands at night with the following paste, draw on a loose pair of old kid gloves and go to bed. In a week the creases in your knuckles will disappear and your hands will become white and soft:

Hand Paste

Myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose-water, one ounce.

Following is a remedy for removing moth patches: Salicylic acid, one half dram; bay rum, two ounces.

Mop on spots night and morning, making applications carefully.

Juliet, The Girl from the Golden West, Brown Eyes and others.—I am giving below formula for which you asked:

Black Eyebrow Dye

Gum arabic, four drams; India ink, seven drams; rose-water, one pint.

Powder ink and gum and add gradually drops of rose-water, until a uniform black liquid results, absorbent.



ONE WAY OF BANISHING A FAT ABDOMEN.

lately free from granules. Now put the liquid in a bottle and add the rest of the rose-water.

If you will massage eyebrows with yellow vaseline it will cause them to grow and also slightly darken the hair. See my reply to An Old Maid in these columns in regard to a hand paste.

Wild Rose, Mrs. Nellie, Mrs. J. G. and Ethel.—As you cannot buy toilet vinegar in your town I will print formula for one.

Rose Toilet Vinegar

One ounce dried rose leaves. Pour over them half a pint of white wine vinegar and let stand for two weeks. Then strain carefully, throw the rose leaves away and add half a pint of rose-water. You can use this pure, or if too strong for the skin, dilute one third.

I do not know the remedy you mention. You should live almost entirely on skimmed milk as this will reduce you about half a pound of flesh daily.

Flossie, Catherine and Miss B.—Here is a formula for a tooth powder, since you won't buy the ones at the drug-store.

Tooth Powder

Take equal parts of precipitated chalk and powdered orris root. To this add any flavoring essence you wish. The tooth powders sold by druggists are very good. I do not answer letters personally. I do not know the price of the preparation you mention. You will find the other information for which you asked in my reply to Irene G. in these columns.

A Subscriber.—Bleach darkened skin around mouth and chin with lemon juice. Yes, cow's cream could cause a growth of hair, but seldom does. Bleach hair on hands with Peroxide of Hydrogen. Yes, if you are round shouldered, I think a shoulder brace would be a good idea. Never cut superfluous hair as it makes it more beardlike, also it strengthens the roots.

Juanita and Lily.—A face that is covered with pimples should be massaged daily, first covering the face with hot, wet towels. Steam the face once a week and follow with careful massage.

For drooping mouth, practice this. Purse lips as if to whistle, resume natural position, purse lips again, etc., etc., for fifteen minutes daily. Washing the hair often, using one teaspoonful of powdered borax in the soap jelly shampoo, will make the hair slightly lighter and keep it from being oily.

Chestnut Eyes and others.—I am giving below formula for a face cream, which I think you will enjoy using.

Rose-water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, one ounce.

Painting freckles with lemon juice is said to remove them, but it irritates the skin.

Grace.—You could massage your nose with toilet vinegar if you wish to reduce it, but I am afraid the vinegar might chafe the skin.

Thick lips are sometimes reduced in size by rubbing them with tannin. Melt one ounce of some good cold cream; add one dram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips. Let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheese-cloth.

Mayflower.—I cannot tell you whether your measurements are correct unless you give me your height. I am printing formula and directions for using the reducing solution.

Epsom Salt and Lemon Reduction Treatment

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, beat in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use. At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

Evelyn.—The theatrical cream is made as follows: Melt about half an ounce of white wax in a saucepan, then add slowly half a pint of olive oil, stirring all the time; next stir in about an ounce of rose-water. Then remove the saucepan from the fire, but continue stirring until the cream is cold. The only mistake you could possibly make, would be to leave off stirring before the cream is cold and semi-solid.

Miss Lola, An Old Subscriber, Old Maid and others.—I am repeating the recipe for constipation bread, since you lost your clipping.

Constipation Bread

Two cups bran, two cups gluten or whole wheat flour, two cups milk, one cup molasses, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt. A little melted butter.

Mix well and bake in muffin tins or in fat sheets or layer cake tins in a good oven for twenty minutes.

Skinny, California.—Massage the following paste into your brittle finger-nails at night, as this treatment will keep them from breaking.

Pistache Pomade

Pistache oil, one half ounce; table salt, thirty-two grains; powdered resin, thirty-three grains; powdered alum, thirty-three grains; white wax, eighty grains; carmine, two grains.

Melt the wax and resin together in a double boiler, stirring the mixture as it heats, then add the oil, salt, alum and carmine in the order named; beat to a smooth paste and pour into wide-mouthed porcelain jars. Apply with a pad of absorbent cotton to the roots.

Troubled Rose, Ella and others.—To make beauty bags, make small cheese-cloth bags—about three inches by three and one half inches—and fill full with rolled oats. Use a pad as you would a washcloth, dipping it frequently in hot water. When you feel face is entirely clean, rinse off the milky water and dry face with a soft towel. Do this several times a day. The result will be that the skin will grow soft and white. Use a bag one day, then throw away and take a fresh bag. This is a treatment that any woman can take with benefit to her skin.

Inquirer.—Why don't you slap that horrid double chin of yours? No, I'm not joking. I was never so serious in my life. If you will strike your chin sharply with your open palms for ten minutes, night and morning, the unwanted fold of flesh will fade away. Remember to strike hard enough to bring the tears to your eyes. Love pats wouldn't do your chin a particle of good. You should also wear a reducing chin belt at night and I am giving directions for making same. Before putting it on at night, the chin should be washed in very hot water until the skin is a bright red. In the morning, as soon as the bandage is removed, wash face and neck with warm water, then dash cold water over chin for several minutes. This firms the flabby flesh and prevents its wrinkling.

Directions for Making Chin Belt

A good way to fix a reducing chin bandage is to buy some elastic webbing and cut off a strip about eight inches long by two and a half inches wide. Line this with thin rubber sheeting. Now take one side of the unfinished belt and gather slightly mid-way between ends. Sew narrow strips of garter elastic to the four ends. At night place the strip of elastic webbing under chin with the rubber lining next to skin and the gathered side beneath chin. Pull up the strips of garter elastic until the belt fits snugly and tie or pin the four ends together at the top of the head. If you do not wish to reduce the chin omit the rubber lining.

Miss N. J. and Fatty.—To reduce your bust take a deep breath, then extend arms out in front of you and slowly raise them until they are extended high in air and as far to the back as they will go. Now stiffen the muscles and strike out to the front and down as if you were aiming a blow at someone, then exhale. It is claimed that this exercise will reduce the bust to half its size in three weeks. What do you think of that? I think you can obtain heavy eyelashes and brows if you will anoint brows and eyelid edges daily with yellow vaseline. Be careful not to get any of the oil in the eye itself, as this would cause quite an inflammation.

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JOHN PAUL JONES

The Father of the American Navy

Brilliant Exploits and Wonderful Achievements in Various Spheres of Action that Exhibit the All-Round Greatness of the Boldest Sea Fighter in all History

STRANGER than fiction is the true story of that poor fisher boy who rose to high command in the navies of two nations, an admiral invincible in battle whose marvelous victories won him a gold medal with the thanks of the American Congress, a decoration of honor from the Empress of Russia, and knighthood and a jeweled sword from the hand of the King of France; whose knightly chivalry, courtly manners and brilliant wit shone in the best social circles of America and charmed the courts of Europe.

Our hero, whose original name was John Paul, Jr., was born on the north shore of Solway Firth, Scotland, near the little fishing village of Abigland, July 8, 1747, and was less than twenty-eight years old when the Revolutionary War began.

He came of a liberty-loving race that has never known bondage, for even the legions of imperial Rome, which for centuries held sway over England, not only failed in their attempts to conquer Scotland but were forced to build a wall across the island to protect themselves and their British province from the attacks of the Scots.

He was fifth in a family of four boys and three girls. His father was John Paul, a Lowlander, industrious and respected, but whose small earnings as gardener and fisherman provided only a scant living and afforded the boy John very meager educational opportunities. His mother, from whom young John inherited his dauntless valor and unconquerable grit, was a Highland lassie whose maiden name was Jeanne McDuff, and in her veins flowed the fearless blood of the bold chiefs of the heather.

The necessity of helping to support the family ended his schooling as soon as he was large enough to assist in fishing. He took to the water like a duck and at twelve years of age an exhibition of his skill in handling a sailboat in a gale in which he excelled most of the fishermen, won the admiration of a wealthy merchant of Whitehaven who offered, on the spot, to ship him as master's apprentice in a fine vessel which he was fitting out for a trading voyage to Virginia and the West Indies.

John had frequently urged his father to let him go to sea, and here was an opportunity beyond his hope. He had expected to ship as a common sailor, from which position it was very difficult to rise to be a quarter-deck officer; but to go as master's apprentice meant that he was apprenticed to the captain to be instructed in seamanship, navigation and the duties of an officer, with a view to promotion, as fast as he made good, and the prospect of ultimately receiving command of a merchant ship. This was the regular way in which young men were schooled and trained for officers in the merchant marine, and few ever worked up to the cabin by any other method.

With the consent of his father, who could not object to such an advantageous offer, he thus began his remarkable career. Nature had endowed him with uncommon courage and a rare quality of genius; and Providence seems to have furnished this necessary opportunity to fit himself to fill his glorious destiny; but had he lacked the ambition and fixed determination to make the most of both the name of John Paul Jones would have had no place in history. Though only twelve years of age, he was as large and strong as most boys of sixteen and far more mature in mental development.

The brig *Friendship*, of 148 tons, on which he began his apprenticeship made a quick voyage from Whitehaven to Virginia and anchored in the Rappahannock river near the plantation of William Jones, an old Scotchman and distant relative of the Pauls. Here, for the first time, young John met his oldest brother William, who had emigrated to America in early boyhood, had been adopted by William Jones and had taken the name of his benefactor. William Paul Jones then thirty years of age, was manager of his adopted father's flour mill, plantation and other business interests. The elder Jones took a great fancy to young John Paul and wished to adopt him also, but the boy preferred to follow the sea and make his own career amid perils and hardships rather than accept a life of ease with the promised inheritance of a considerable fortune; and here, again, he chose, or rather stuck to, the path that led to greatness.

He worked hard and studied diligently not only the subjects pertaining to his chosen vocation but all that came within his range, and especially history and international and maritime law, and became so well versed in naval history that he could give an accurate account of all the great naval battles, ancient and modern, and point out the tactics and strategy which had won or had resulted in defeat. He read the best literature and practiced composition until he became an elegant and forceful writer; he learned to write and talk French fluently and acquired a fair command of the Spanish language. Like most Scotchmen, he had a natural gift for business which he cultivated to his own advantage. He acquired a general knowledge of all subjects and kept well posted on all important matters that were transpiring in his time. He not only stored all this knowledge in his retentive memory, but he applied his keen reason to it and drew his own conclusions so that whenever occasion arose he was ready to make good and instant use of it.

The most striking and impressive feature of the career of John Paul Jones is that in every emergency and in all the various lines of duty in which he served he appears to have been fully equipped with the special knowledge necessary to cope with the situation.

His invariable preparedness to fill high positions and handle great affairs is the more marvelous when we consider that at twelve years of age he went to sea with only the scantiest rudiments

Everybody knows of those desperate battles and matchless victories of John Paul Jones which astonished the world and made him famous as the most superbly gallant and dashing of all naval heroes. Yet few appreciate his remarkably versatile genius as shown by his great achievements in other lines of duty in which he served his country equally well, both at home and abroad.

Our readers will be interested to learn of these less known deeds which entitle him to renown as a great man, but are overshadowed by the surpassing glory of his military career.

The study of the life of Admiral John Paul Jones is inspiring and profitable, especially to the young, for that which was the keynote of his success is within everybody's reach and will win in any walk of life, and it was this: from early boyhood he used every available means and every spare moment for acquiring the knowledge and experience that fitted him to make the most of every opportunity, so that he was always ready and fully prepared to take advantage of circumstances as they arose.

of an education, and that for fourteen out of the sixteen years between that and the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he was busily engaged on shipboard navigating all quarters of the globe, and during the remaining two years business matters in Virginia claimed much of his time and attention. Such a degree of self education is sufficiently remarkable, for none of his fellow officers aboard ship were competent to instruct in these higher realms of knowledge in which they were not versed, but the wonder is how he found time for so much study, as he never shirked or neglected his duties but was always on hand when wanted and ready and alert to do his full share of the work and more too, and each and every time he did it to the very best of his ability.

As a natural consequence he stood high in the confidence and good will of his superiors, and was rewarded by rapid promotion. At seventeen he was made second mate and the following year first mate, ranking next below captain.

A year later, 1766, Mr. Younger, the merchant to whom John Paul was apprenticed, retired from business, released the young man from apprenticeship and gave him a sixth interest in one of his ships.

The next year, at Jamaica, he left this ship and sold his interest in her to her captain because she had entered the African slave trade with which John Paul refused to have any further connection after making two such voyages.

With a thousand guineas (about \$5,000.00) in gold in his bag he took passage on the brig *John O'Gaunt* for Whitehaven hoping there to obtain the command of a ship. When a few days out the yellow fever broke out on board and the entire ship's company, except Paul and five sailors, died; with this remnant of the crew he brought the vessel safely to Whitehaven where the grateful owners rewarded him and the surviving sailors by giving them a tenth part of the value of the cargo, and made John Paul captain of one of their best ships with a ten per cent. share in the profits besides his regular pay.

Thus, at the age of twenty, he became Captain Paul in command of a fine ship, and had accumulated over five thousand dollars which, at that time, was fully equal in purchasing value

In 1773 he made what turned out to be his last voyage in a merchant ship, for it brought him, on April 16, to the Jones' plantation in Virginia just as his brother William was dying of pneumonia. The entire Jones' estate now fell to him, not as heir of his childless brother, but by will of old William Jones on condition that he adopt the family name of the testator; and so, in compliance with this requirement, John Paul, Jr. became John Paul Jones or, as he often signed, Paul Jones.

At that time the American colonists were becoming indignant against the mother country because of that tyrannical treatment of them which culminated two years later in the outbreak of the Revolution. John Paul Jones sympathized with the colonists, and when he took possession of his Virginia plantation he was fully determined to fight for America in the war which he predicted was soon to come.

With characteristic forethought, although he had large business interests to look after, he began at once to prepare to make himself useful in the coming conflict. Being a newcomer and almost a stranger in the land of his adoption, he took long journeys to make the acquaintance of Washington and other patriots, and to assure them of his support of the cause. He entertained handsomely at home and attended all social functions in the neighborhood, and soon acquired the friendship and confidence of the men and the admiration of the ladies. Indeed the colonial dames who had marriageable daughters looked upon him as a prize worth winning for a son-in-law, while the maidens felt flattered by his courteous attentions which he bestowed impartially on all; but ere long he became mixed up in an affair in which his spirited action in defense of the honor of American womanhood raised him to the rank of hero in the eyes of the fair sex.

In December of the year after his settlement in Virginia Jones (we now call him by his new name) chanced to attend a public ball in Norfolk, at which were also present a number of officers belonging to a British war ship then in the harbor. In the course of a lively discussion which arose concerning the unsettled state of

the cowardly traducer of feminine virtue. The colonial papers gave the affair wide publicity and while Jones's conduct was generally approved the incident added fuel to the flame of resentment which four months later blazed into war that gave birth to a new nation.

The following April (1775) the news of the battle of Lexington apprized him that the expected war had actually begun with the firing of the British troops on the Massachusetts militia. Early in May two French frigates came to anchor in Hampton Roads. The squadron was under command of Commodore Kersaint with the young "Sailor Prince" Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Chartres, second in command, and was on a practice cruise for the instruction of the Duke who was in training for the office of High Admiral of France. The Duke was a prince of the royal blood, and though not a direct heir to the throne was near enough to it to lose his head on the guillotine in the French Revolution; nevertheless his son, Louis Philippe, was crowned King of France after the successive failures of the first French Republic, the Empire of Napoleon and the reign of King Louis XVIII.

Jones loaded his twenty-ton sloop with the delicacies of the season for a treat to the officers and crews and ran over to the French ships, where he was courteously received by the Commodore and welcomed with great cordiality by the Duke. He frankly stated that the purpose of his visit was to procure details of the construction and armament of these ships to serve as models for the building and equipment of war ships for the Colonies which now had before them the task of beginning the creation of a navy. As France was at peace with Great Britain the Commodore thought it improper thus to aid the latter's rebellious colonies, but the Duke, who had taken a great liking to Jones, permitted him to inspect all parts of his ship, the fine new frigate *La Terpsichore*, and even ordered his ship's carpenter to prepare copies of the deck plans and sail plan for him. Jones remained on board several days as the guest of this affable and progressive young prince, and thus began a friendship between them which lasted through life and proved of great value to the cause of independence in America.

In the Colonial militia, of which many of the officers and men had seen active service in the French and Indian wars, the first Congress found the material ready-made for the creation of the Continental Army, but at the outbreak of the Revolution the Colonies had no ships of war, no naval force and no men of any experience in naval command or in the construction and equipment of war ships, although they had a thriving merchant marine and shipyards for the building of merchant ships.

Therefore, how to construct and organize a much needed navy was a perplexing problem for the Committee of Congress which had this matter in charge. Almost the first thing this Committee did was to invoke the aid of John Paul Jones. This was on June 24, 1775, and Jones left his plantation in charge of his overseer, put his other business interests in the hands of an agent, and immediately went to Philadelphia, then the capital, prepared to serve his country in any capacity in which he could be most useful.

In a written report to the Committee he submitted a comprehensive plan for the founding of the navy, which covered the qualifications of officers and the standard of efficiency and discipline to be required as well as the most suitable kinds of ships, their proper armaments and the most effective manner in which they could be used in the war that had then just begun. All his recommendations were accepted by the Committee and carried into effect by Congress, and thus John Paul Jones became the Father of the American Navy. Time has proved the correctness of his judgment and the highest naval authorities of the present day find nothing to criticize in his theories and instructions.

He advised the building of frigates like the *Terpsichore* the plans of which he already had; and this was done. He also recommended the immediate purchase of such merchant ships as could easily and quickly be made over into war ships. He was employed by the Committee to select the ships and decide on and superintend the necessary alterations, armaments and other equipments. At this task he worked day and night for months and, needless to say, with excellent results.

He was promised command of one of the first ships to be put in commission, as he had shown himself incomparably better qualified than the other aspirants. But because they had more political influence behind them, he having been in this country but little more than two years, when the officers of the new navy were appointed by Congress Jones's name appeared, not among the five captains, but first on the list of lieutenants. Although sensible of the injustice of this action, he patriotically made the best of the situation and accepted duty as first lieutenant of the ship *Alfred* under command of Capt. Saltonstall, remarking to Mr. Hewes, his particular friend

on the Committee, "I am here to serve the cause of human rights; not to promote the fortunes of Paul Jones. Time will make all things even."

Though sixth on the list, John Paul Jones was the first officer to receive his commission, which was handed him in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, by John Hancock, President of Congress, on December 22, 1775. Thus began the organization of our naval force, and Jones was the first officer to actually enter the service.

Accompanied by about twenty-five members of Congress Jones immediately went on board the *Alfred*, the only war ship then ready to go in commission, and by order of John Hancock raised the American flag for the first time on a regular

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)



THE BON HOMME RICHARD AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE SERAPIS.

to fifteen thousand dollars of our present day money.

In this ship, during the next four years, he made successful voyages to the West Indies and Virginia and frequently called at his brother's plantation, for meantime old William Jones had died willing all his property to his adopted son with the further provision that if the latter died without children the entire estate should go to young John Paul on condition that he should take the name of Jones.

In 1771 he made a voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to the East Indies in command of a ship in the service of the famous British East India Company, which took about a year for the round trip.

public affairs Lieutenant Parker, a British officer somewhat in liquor, sneeringly remarked that, "in case of a revolt or insurrection of the College of the colonial men was on a par with the knave of the colony." Jones immediately knocked Parker down, and the latter's companions picked him up and hurried him aboard their ship. According to the code of honor of that time such an affair between gentlemen must be followed by a challenge to fight from the party that had received such chastisement, else suffer the disgrace prepared for the expected duel. Jones at once gave the Englishman satisfaction with pistols at ten paces, but no challenge ever came from

You Can Have this Turkish Rocker for 3¢ a Day!

Get what you want—when you want it—pay as convenient

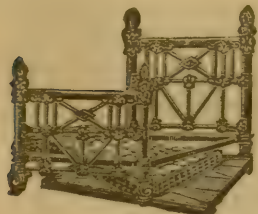
This advertisement is addressed to every reader of this publication—regardless of their position. It is as important to the family whose income is \$6.00 a week as to those whose income is \$6000 a year. It makes no difference where you live or how you are employed. This advertisement is addressed to **you**.

We want you to know the **best way**—the **new way** of buying home furnishings. We now have 1,000,000 customers. We would have more if more people understood our way of doing business. Most people who write for and read our catalog become our customers, because ours is the dignified way—the most profitable way of shipping by mail. Our million customers buy what they want from our catalog when they want it and pay a little each month as convenient.



TURKISH ROCKER

For 3¢ a Day Best quality fabric—cord leather over oil-tempered springs, 42 inches high, 32 inches wide. Arms 10 inches high. A real bargain.



2½¢ a Day buys this high grade 4½ ft. iron bed with fine cotton top mattress and woven wire springs. Any color.

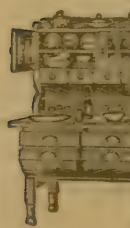


CHINA CLOSET 3½¢ a Day

Made of finest quarter-sawn oak—beveled edges—carved claw feet—beautiful mirror—69 inches high and 36 inches wide.

WOODEN CHAIR 2½¢ a Day

Solid rock elm golden finish—with embossed top rail—seat 16½ inches—height 39 inches. Four fancy turned spindles in back.



Kitchen Cabinet 2½¢ a Day

Hardwood, oak front nicely finished—69 inches high—42 inches long and 26 inches wide. Lattice glass doors.

For 6¢ a day you can have the beautiful bed and the very stylish china closet shown here. The bed measures 4 by 6 feet, furnished in any solid color and the price includes a serviceable mattress and woven wire springs. The china closet is a handsome design, made of quarter-sawn oak. The cabinet is 69 inches high, 30 inches wide. It has adjustable shelves, and this piece of furniture cannot be bought at a retail store at anywhere near our price.

WE SELL EVERYTHING ON CHARGE ACCOUNT

Our entire business is conducted on a new "charge account" plan. Do not confuse this plan with the old style "installment plan". We now have charge accounts with satisfied people all over America and in all walks of life, including:

Farmers
Decorators
Plumbers
Crew Men
Lawyers
Seamstresses
Freight Conductors

Mill Employees
Mechanics
Telegraphers
Butchers
Business Men
Plasterers
Drymen

Switchmen
Painters
Teamsters
Domestic
Brick Layers
Harness Makers
Superintendents

Teachers
Laborers
Merchants
Firemen
Section Men
Doctors
Barn Men

House Wives
Carpenters
Railroad Men
Foremen
Managers
Etc. Etc. Etc.

So you see this business is a business for "the people." We sell to all classes and everyone is welcome to an open charge account for whatever they may require or desire.

A Year to Pay Our customers take an average of 12 months to pay for whatever they buy. Some take longer—some less—depending upon the amount of their purchases. There is no interest to pay, no notes to sign—no contract or mortgage, **no extra charge of any kind.** Our charge account prices are the same as for cash. We prove this by asking you to compare our prices with other prices.

Bargain Prices

It is surprising what a few pennies will accomplish toward making your home pleasant, comfortable and beautiful. The articles shown in this advertisement are but a few from our Home Lovers Bargain Book.

We handle furniture and home furnishings of every kind and description. All are bargains—some are surplus stocks—picked up at receivers sales or from makers who are compelled to sell.

We buy the same things that regular dealers buy but we buy for less, because we watch for bargains and pay cash and on account of our large business we are in a position to take the entire output of factories.

Then we sell direct to the consumer. We eliminate all of the profits of the traveling man—jobber—wholesaler—retailer—high rents—expensive store fixtures, etc., so that often we cut the store price right in two. In fact we guarantee savings up to 50%. Why pay regular store prices when you can find what you want in a bargain lot and besides spread your payments over a period of a year or more.

The World's Greatest Home Furnishers

There is no village so small—no spot so remote—that has not been reached by our Home Lovers Bargain Book. And the steadily increasing number of our customers is not due to "luck," but is the natural outcome of our ability to please and to make them our friends. We do not employ salesmen or collectors. Our business is handled entirely by mail, direct with the customer, and in the strictest of confidence and this policy has built this, the largest business of its kind in the world. You too, may benefit by our plan. If you will send for our catalog—which gives full particulars about our business.

For 12¢ a day you can have the couch—the bookcase—the kitchen cabinet—and the steel range. All of these articles are of the very best workmanship and we guarantee that our price will save you up to 50%.

For 25¢ a day you can have all of the articles illustrated in this advertisement. This includes the splendid dining room table and a set of chairs to match, if you like—the bed outfit—kitchen cabinet—china closet—dresser—steel range—sewing machine—bookcase—the couch—the rocker and the kitchen chairs.

Do Not Buy From Pictures

We do not ask our customers to buy from pictures or descriptions. They see the goods themselves—they use them in their homes and if they are pleased and decide to keep the goods they do so—if not they return them to us and we pay the freight both ways. Wouldn't you like to have us send you something from our big catalog on approval? It doesn't matter where you live or what you want. Just mail the coupon below and we will send you our big Home Lovers Bargain Catalog, containing over 8000 bargains in home furnishings. Pick out what you want—the goods will be sent for 30 days free examination in your own home.

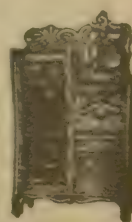
Perhaps you would like to see the couch—the sewing machine—the dining room table—the kitchen cabinet—shown in this advertisement, or a rug—a stove—a pair of lace curtains—or you may be interested in a diamond—a watch—a necklace—or a bracelet—it doesn't make any difference what you want. We take all the risk of pleasing you. That you want something in the way of home furnishings is a certainty. Where to buy will be no problem at all when you have seen our catalog and understand our method of doing business.

\$7,000,000.00 Capital

With our \$7,000,000.00 combined capital and resources, we are able to pick up bargains and make quick deals, thereby securing the very first choice—the cream of the output of over-stocked manufacturers. This enables you to buy from us at lower prices than if you buy elsewhere for cash. Our million customers know that we can save them up to 50% on every article they buy, and new customers find this out with their very first order.

Bookcase 2½¢ a Day

A combination bookcase and writing desk made of solid oak—thick glass doors—roomy writing desk and cupboard—French bevel plate mirror. Height 78 inches, width 36 inches.



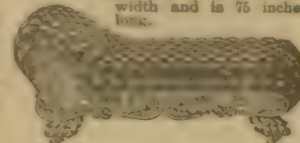
SEWING MACHINE 4½¢ a Day

A standard ball-bearing automatic drop head machine—has long arms double lock stitch—automatic belt shifter—nickel plated attachments. Agents sell this machine at double our price.



BEAUTIFUL COUCH 2½¢ a Day

Quarter-sawn oak with deep ornamental carving—24 springs in body and 6 in head—covered with fabric leather of the very best quality. Comfortable and roomy. Measures 38 inches in width and is 76 inches long.



SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO.

1725 W. 35th Street
Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE OUR HOME LOVERS BARGAIN BOOK

We want you to refer to our catalog whenever you think of home furnishings. It is the biggest book of its kind ever published. It tells all about our plan of selling goods on charge account, it explains our 30 days free trial offer, it tells all about our wonderful organization—how we undersell retailers and all other mail order houses. It shows actual pictures and descriptions of high grade furniture and home furnishings. The pages measure eleven by seventeen inches, and you will find remarkable bargains on every page that you will be interested in. You undoubtedly have your own idea about what you want and whatever it is you want, you will find illustrated or listed in our Home Lovers Bargain book. **FILL OUT THE COUPON** and send it to us—now—today—before you forget it. The book will be sent to you free with our compliments—all charges prepaid. Your copy is awaiting your request. Unless you write for it now—while you are reading this advertisement, you may forget. (Better read that last sentence again.)



Dresser 2½¢ a Day

Beautiful design—quarter-sawn oak—high grade finish—this is very special.



Dining Room Table 2½¢ a Day

Has heavy turn pedestal 8 inches in diameter—legs 3 inches thick—top selected oak—golden finish—42 inches in diameter, 6 ft. size. Chairs to match if desired.



STEEL RANGE for 4½¢ a Day

Made in our famous Empire factory. One of the greatest ranges ever built. Other styles and sizes also.

Mail The Coupon Today

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.

1725 W. 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Address (Street, R. F. D. or Box No.)

Name.....

City.....

State.....

GENTLEMEN:—Send me a copy of your new Home Lovers Bargain Catalog of home furnishings which fully explains your new "charge account" plan. I understand you will send this free and postpaid, and it is sent to me without any obligation on my part to buy. Yours truly,



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, my dears, how are the good resolutions continuing? Do you find it just as hard this year as you did last and the years before that to make a good start and keep on going? I am sure you do, and you always will, but if you make effort and stick to it you will come out all right in the end. One of my resolutions was not to talk so much, so I stop right here and get to my work.

The first is from Blue Eyes, Pigeon, Ky., and she wants to know if she, being twenty-four years old and not in good health should marry a young man two years her junior, also in poor health and both of them poor. They have been in love with each other for four years and it would be sentimental for me to say that love was enough and would overcome all difficulties, but I am not sentimental. Love is not enough to marry on. It should be enough though for them to go on loving each other and making the sacrifice ill health and poverty demand. That is a greater love than marrying and it is sure to bring more happiness than marriage often does.

Inquisitive, Red Lake, S. Dak.—Here in the East and in the older settled sections of the country no woman would think of marrying a man who could provide no better home than a sod house. But circumstances alter cases, and it may be quite the proper thing to do in the wilderness of the far West where the sod houses of the enterprising homesteaders serve the same needs of pioneer civilization as the log houses in which our forefathers dwelt in the early settlement of the Eastern states. Many of our best and most prosperous families are proud of their ancestors who began life in a frontier log cabin or sod house. If your lover is a homesteader of the right kind to make a success, and you have the health, strength and grit to stand the hardships of pioneer life and are willing to make the best of it, there is no reason why you should not marry him, and live in a sod house until your united efforts can provide a better home.

Sour Drop, Nappanee, Ind.—If neither of you have gumption enough to know how to write to each other, I think you had better tell him you are going to quit and learn how.

In Trouble, Independence, Oregon.—Now that you have a nice young man whose love is true why don't you throw him over for the one who threw you over and took another girl until she threw him and now he wants to come back to you? Take him if you think that girl will suit you better than the one whose love is true. There's nothing like being suited in marrying.

Sour Sixteen, South Bend, Ind.—You are sensitive and silly and think about yourself all the time instead of thinking about other people. Don't wait for them to make a good time for you, but get busy making a good time for them. Then you will be popular, and nobody will care whether you are fat or thin, or tall or short.

Wildfire, New Augusta, Ind.—Of all things don't have a jealous sweetheart for he will be ten times worse as a husband. Some people think love and jealousy mean the same, but real love is the very opposite of jealousy. Drop the jealous sweetheart right away. (2) Write to your Michigan friend as often as he writes to you, but wait a little longer between letters than he does.

Worried, Burlington, Wash.—I don't think your worry about being lonely and no one to love you will hurt you much. A good man twenty years older than you is ever so much better than a bad one near your age. Use some common sense in choosing a husband.

Goldie, Belmont, Iowa.—Don't worry too much about your supposed girl friend's efforts to injure you with the young man who is paying you attention. Be perfectly honest with him and if he is the kind to listen to gossip and be influenced by what other people say, let him go and be glad that you learned in time the kind he was. A young man who will not trust his best girl should not have any girl at all. In the meantime have a good, straight talk with your girl friend that was, and after that don't speak to her again, ever.

Blue Eyes, Barre, Vt.—The young man is not only lying to you about the cards but he is deceiving you in other ways. He is not to be trusted and you should drop him. You have already been foolish about him and you can only become wiser by not seeing him again.

Ted, Clearwater, Nebr.—Keep company with your school books and let the beans alone till you are out of school.

Heartbroken, Cincinnati, O.—I am glad you are suffering because the young man you so "deeply love," goes with other girls. You are so nasty mean jealous that if he is wise he never will go with you any more.

Troubled Girl, Portsmouth, O.—You are mistaken if you think he loves you. When a young man loves a girl he does not go after every other girl in sight. You find a different young man and just keep this one as a kind of a bean between times. No hugging and kissing, until you are engaged.

Baby, Detroit, Mich.—If your father is so wealthy I think he should send you East to some finishing school where you will meet a much better class of associates than you seem to have in Detroit. You have too much money and social position ever to get along agreeably with your present crowd. You certainly should not want to marry into it, as you will do if you stay in it.

Doubtful, Pittsburg, Kans.—Well, my dear, if you think it would be a greater sacrifice to give up dancing than a good man whom you love and who loves you, then give up the man and try to find one who isn't so good, but will let you dance all you please. But remember that there is a good deal besides dancing in the married life. It is a wonder to me how girls of your age can be so fearfully foolish.

Brown Eyes, Benton, Ill.—If the young man becomes too annoying in his attentions just tell your father or brother or some man who has a right to protect you and let him settle with the persistent one. That is the only way to handle some young fellows.

Amy, Traverse City, Mich.—Sometimes a Catholic and Protestant marry very happily, but it is always risky. A complete understanding of how they shall arrange their religious affairs must be had before marrying. If you have the real love you can live happily despite your church connections, but you cannot otherwise. It is for your mother to say whether you and your sister should make the Wisconsin trip with him.

Ladie, Wolfstown, Va.—I think of your questions just as your mother would. Ask her.

Adelen, Allen, Nebr.—You are another of the foolish maidens who can't help loving the man who is, in all ways, unworthy and you want him for a husband rather than the man who you feel sure will be a good husband. Well, I suppose if a girl can't be happy unless she is unhappy, you had better marry the man who treats you as meanly as this one does. But why, why Adelen, don't you have some sense?

Paulette, Arkwright, Ala.—When a young man is so much a slave to liquor that he will call on a girl when under its influence, I don't think any promise he could make to do so no more would count for anything. Don't accept any attention from him and of all things don't fall in love with him, no matter how attractive he may be when he is sober. If some other woman wants to marry him to reform him, all right, but don't you do it.

Blossom, Fairchild, Wis.—Don't try to win back the fellow who has left you because you talked to another young man. Do you want a man for a husband who will not permit you to talk to anybody else except him? You can't live in a world where people are unless you talk to them. Let this jealous one go.

Uncertain, Little Rock, Ark.—After all you have done in bringing up the family of younger ones that

your mother left to your care, I think you are entitled to a rest, and you would be quite justified in turning the family over to the next oldest and going away to find occupation where you would have some opportunity to enjoy what youth is left to you. You are not the only member of the family who should be a slave to duty. Let some of the others do their share, now that you have done yours. What has ever become of the good man you gave up for their sake? Try to find him.

Frances, Wolton, Va.—If he is in love with you you should let him know you are in love with him, if you are. If he is not, then simply conceal your feelings. You cannot be told how to do that. Do it your own way. (2) There is no rule prescribing the kind of present a young man should give to his fiancée. He can give her whatever he pleases.

Susie, Green Bay, Wis.—You can't get your "dear" back again, unless he wants to come. As he didn't answer when you asked him if he would write to you when he went away, I don't see there is anything for you to do, but wait till he gets over his mad spell.

Subscriber, Bismark, Mo.—I'm afraid you will not be a very good wife if you are inclined to tell the young man to whom you are engaged that you do not want to continue teaching for three years until he finishes his university course. I should think you would be glad to wait and to save just as much as you could to help him start with. Or is he so rich he doesn't need it? But I know he isn't, or you would wait for him. My dear, while you are teaching others what is in books, learn some of the great truths of life, yourself. (2) See above what I have said to other girls about jealous young men. If the one you are waiting for is that kind, I advise you not to wait for him, rich or poor.

Broken-hearted, Petersburg, Va.—Maybe his love is growing cold as it will sometimes, though no one knows just why, and that, too, after being warm from childhood as this of yours and his has been. You can only wait and see, but ask him if he wants it all to end. If he does, then make your greatest effort and end it. It is better than to let it wear your heart out. (2) You might suggest mildly that you would like to go driving, but don't be urgent.

Dreamy Kid, Lewisburg, Tenn.—My, my, but ain't you the silly one to love him so and he doesn't even notice your throbbing heart? Of course, you can't help it, but suppose you try right hard to, and find some other fellow to help you. Maybe when this one sees you are thinking of somebody else he will begin to take notice. Some young chaps are very stupid about girls.

Alamo Girl, San Antonio, Texas.—I'm afraid you are in the wrong road to happiness of the married kind. You might have been engaged to one you loved even if your father was opposed, but it was not necessary to become engaged to the one your father wanted you to marry. A girl can, under no circumstances, be honorably engaged to two men. You had better declare all of them off and wait a few years.

Broken-hearted, Minnetonka Lake, Minn.—When a girl does anything more than to be as agreeable as she can and to look as nice as she can to attract a man's attention she is very likely to attract it in a way she doesn't want. Men know what pleases them and it never pleases the right kind of a man for a girl to push herself into his notice. Don't think about him and he will think about you, if you are nice to everybody.

Brown Eyes, Calhoun, Iowa.—I hope, my dear, you did not write to him, because if you did, and spelled as you did in your letter to me he must have had a pain, unless he is thinking about girls instead of books as you are thinking of beans instead of books. You are at school to learn to spell and write properly; do that before you begin studying beans.

Hopeful, Helena, Mont.—If only those married who got the ones they wanted there would be much marrying, I think. The man you wanted didn't want you, though you say you loved him, and perhaps the woman he loved and married wanted somebody else. Goodness knows how many marriages are like that. And still some of them are better and happier than if they had been different. Marry the man who wants to marry you, and I am pretty sure you will forget all about the one you wanted to marry.

Reader, Altura, Minn.—The young man who snubs you in company simply because you declined to permit him to kiss you is the kind of a man whose ill will is worth more than his good will. Pay no attention to him and if you are ever asked why he acts so, tell why. It is wholly to your credit.

B. S. C., Topeka, Kans.—Answer the letters of the young man who writes to you and choose him instead of the one you want to get back. The other one is the one for your future happiness.

Here is a letter it does me good to read and I think all of you cousins will like it, too. It comes from Black-eyed Bess of Waterloo, Iowa. Listen: "Dear Cousin Marion: It has been more than three years since I last wrote to you and now I am going to tell you the results of your advice. I did just as you told me and married the man who could not talk so well and I have never been sorry I did. We have been married three years and now we have a sweet little baby six months old and his name is Marion. As he sits on the floor and plays and looks up at me with such a sweet little smile, I can only thank you again and again, for I owe it all to you, dear Cousin Marion, and hope your advice may bring such happiness to many more." Now, girls, isn't that lovely? And I'm so glad I have a name that can be bestowed upon either girl babies or boy babies. Go then and do likewise.

There my dears, all your questions have been answered and though I have scolded some, I didn't resolve I wouldn't, so you must be scolded when you need it. And some did, this time, sure. Now pay attention to what I have said to you and let us all do our best and be our best and the good Lord watch over us till we meet again. By, by, COUSIN MARION.

A Valentine by Wireless

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

"Strange I did not catch on, sir, I an old sailor, too. But I was worried about our own course. Hear anything more, Bland?"

Phil had been listening and sounding at intervals.

"I am pretty sure we are getting the Ethelinda at last. Can she have changed her course, too, and be coming our way?"

"May be she, too, has heard some call for help," remarked the captain. And he told Goodwill to order full speed southeast; also to use the search-light from time to time. He turned to the young Bland again:

"I think your unknown friend is in trouble. Probably this change of wind is driving him off shore now. Better that though, than on shore, if his tow has parted. Let me know if you get more news."

As the captain left, the Dorinda's big time announcer clanged forth six bells—3 a. m.

"I don't think I understand yet, Mr. Goodwill. If it is the Muriel out there, somewhere, talking to us and the Ethelinda, why not say so?"

"With sailor men most ships in so, acquire nick-names. In our navy, for instance, the battleship Kearsage is called Cussage, the Georgia is the Jaw-jaw, and so on. In the same way the Muriel becomes Merry M.—I. Wonder I did not think of that before."

Half an hour later, there was no trouble in hearing from the Ethelinda. Both ships were approaching each other. But a gloomy, cold Valentine's morning had dawned before the yellowed hull and peculiarly spars of the yellowed transferred lightship, tossing helplessly on the wintry seas, fifty or more miles from her new station was found by the Dorinda.

The Ethelinda, finding, through wireless, that her further aid was not needed, had again resumed her southward course.

But little or no sign of life could they see. Only a feeble cry for help flashed weakly from her aerials across, down, and into Phil Bland's resonator. Half a dozen strong sailors, well wrapped, with Goodwill at the rudder, manned a launch, whose motor drove them under the lightship's lee. Then, what had been suspicious before, now grew to a doubtful certainty. The Muriel was half full of water, her decks swept, and heavily crusted with ice. She seemed deserted. Evidently had sprung a leak, after parting from her tow, hours before.

"Lay us aboard, sir," said the bowman to Goodwill. "Someone's been sending word for help. Those air machines can mighty nigh talk of them-



The World's Family Medicine

The reason why Beecham's Pills have come to occupy this premier place among family medicines is clear to everyone who has had occasion to test their unequalled medicinal qualities. Between the many so-called cures for digestive disorders and this wonderful remedy there is a wide gulf. The undoubted superiority and efficacy of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

rests upon the fact that they are scientifically prepared from the finest remedies existing in the vegetable kingdom for the cure of disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys and bowels.

If your stomach is in any way out of order, if you suffer from indigestion, biliousness and headaches, if you are at all "out of sorts," Beecham's Pills

Will Do You Good

Females especially will find that Beecham's Pills will restore free and regular conditions, and bring about that physical grace and beauty which only come through perfect health and regularity.

Sold everywhere in boxes, 10c. and 25c. If your dealer should not have them, send price to Thomas Beecham, 417 Canal St., N. Y.

selves, but someone has to tell 'em what to say."

With much difficulty two men swung themselves on board. One of these presently appeared and with great difficulty there was lowered into strong, willing arms, a fragile figure, much bewrapped and apparently senseless.

When the launch returned, and was hoisted on board the Dorinda many passengers were up and eagerly watched for its safe return. Also Phil Bland at the rail, met Second Officer Goodwill, who was unusually solicitous about the slight form, still swathed in rugs, which he at once consigned to the care of the stewardess, a motherly woman.

"Don't bother me, Bland," he said, "until I report to the Captain. Yes, only one living creature did we find there, and she has not revived sufficiently to tell her story."

It appeared that the hawsers connecting the light-ship had parted after midnight. The Muriel was already leaking badly in the gale. The heavily loaded freighter, hardly able to care for herself, after taking off the crew, lost sight of the light-ship.

After a time, calls for help on wireless, came radiating, uncertainly, after the nature of such calls.

The freighter, hearing that the two passenger ships of their line would look into the matter, went on with brief explanations. The Ethelinda, arriving first, sent two boats to remove such things as might be easily handled. So deep in the sea was the Muriel, that they were called back by the Ethelinda's captain, now anxious to get on. Two hours later the Dorinda, as we have seen, took off a sinking light-ship one insensible, frail human being.

Bland was called to his wireless office shortly after Goodwill came back. Strange calls were coming from the Ethelinda, now, perhaps fifty miles away. On reading these calls Bland became greatly excited.

He hunted up Goodwill, whom he found with the stewardess, talking to the rescued one who, propped on pillows, in a comfortable stateroom, turned out to be an extremely pretty girl, certainly not older than Phil.

"The Ethelinda wires us that one of her two operators is missing. Was supposed to have slipped into one of the rescuing boats, to secure something needful connected with the Muriel's deserted wireless apparatus. Wants to know if we found anyone. Was not missed for several hours, he being off duty. What shall I say, sir?"

The young woman looked at Phil Bland. "Do they state how this missing one usually signed his dispatches? His trade signature, so to speak?"

"Sure they do," Bland showed real distress. "It is my old friend Jack. I've never seen him, though I sent him that Valentine last night. He was the chummiest fellow I ever talked to—we always slanged each other more or less when we passed."

"Don't let that worry you, Phil," said she, "I'm Jack."

Phil's eyes fairly popped. But he slowly recovered.

"Well, Jack," said he, "now that you've come aboard, may I consider you my Valentine?"

"Humph!" snorted Goodwill. But the motherly stewardess thought it very prettily turned.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

THIN HORSE; WARTS.—I have a mare sixteen years old, a good worker and full of life, but is very thin. We feed her cracked corn, oats and good hay, and she runs out in pasture all the time. I keep her just to drive, and nothing we feed her seems to do her any good. (2) Also have a fine Jersey cow three years old, that scratched her teats; now they are all covered with warts, making it difficult to milk.

A.—The horse cannot properly masticate food. Have the teeth attended to by a veterinary dentist. Keep horse off grass and feed good hay along with oats. Bran and oat this does not suffice substitute cut-hay, cornmeal and wheat bran for the morning and evening feed and in these feeds each time stir a quart of blackstrap molasses which has been stirred up in three quarts of warm water. At noon feed whole oats and give long hay late at night.

GARRET.—I have a cow. She has a fine calf. She has lumps in her left hind teat, and doesn't give much milk out of it.

A.—The condition of the udder and of the milk it secretes indicates that she has had attacks of garget (mammitis) and that the present condition is chronic and doubtless incurable. Sometimes tuberculous of the udder is the cause. It would be best to sell her to the butcher for immediate slaughter, or known to be free from tuberculosis. That is learned by testing with tuberculin. It does not pay to fuss with such cows in the dairy and they may spread infection to other cows.

ECZEMA.—I have a dog, six years old, weighs about twenty-five pounds. Her hair is long, looks like a French poodle, but somewhat larger. Every spring she breaks out in a sort of mange, and does not get rid of it until the fall or winter. In the morning I give her bread and milk and in the evening she gets vegetables cooked with a little meat and bones. Do you think I give her wrong food?

A.—The dog gets too much to eat and too little exercise. Feed once a day and let her live out of doors as much as possible. In spring have her clipped and at first tub her once a week in a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip. Fleas often start the irritation in spring and cause her breaking out on the skin. Sulphur ointment may be applied to a light sores as soon as it is seen that weekly tubbing is unnecessary.

LAMENESS.—I have a mule six years old that is stifled. He is lame when pulling a load up hill. P. J. A.—Were the mule really "stifled" the patella would be out of place and the leg would be held stiffly backward with the hock joint almost in a straight line and the mule would not be able to step forward or use the leg. If you are sure that the stifled is the seat of the lameness blister it with cerate of cantharides and repeat the application in a month if found necessary; but chronic stifled disease generally proves incurable. A horse's stifled corresponds to the human knee, therefore he has a patella (knee cap or "pan").

SORES.—I have a pointer four years old. She eats very little but breeds and does not seem to care for vegetables. She has sores all over her body. A small boil comes out of which runs blood and pus, and leaves a sore which continues to run. Miss M. W. H. A.—Tub her in a lukewarm 1-100 solution of coal tar dip once a week and three times a week apply sulphur ointment freely to sores. Let her live an outdoor life. Give her one feed a day of Epsom salts in warm water, sweetened with molasses.

COLIC.—I have a horse that has severe cramps. His bowels did not move and he ate very little. I called a doctor, who gave him medicine, and lined oil. His cramps were subdued for intervals, but when they would start again, he would kick very hard and would not eat.

A.—See that this horse is fed regularly and is given the drinking water before, instead of after, feeding. Avoid all moldy or otherwise damaged food. Give him abundant exercise every day. At time of attack give two ounces of turpentine, half an ounce of fluid extract of cascara, or one ounce of laudanum, shaken up in a pint of linseed oil. Also inject a soapy warm water into the rectum by means of a hose and funnel or large syringe.

RHEUMATISM.—I have a four-year-old horse which is stiff in his hind quarters and now it seems to enter the shoulder, and he can't turn around very well, and acts helpless with his legs. I have fed oats and corn, and gave him medicine for his kidneys and he run on grass nearly all summer, but it seems to do him no good.

A.—Stop feeding corn and feed four parts whole oats and one part wheat bran. Feed sparingly at first and either work the horse every day or make him take abundant daily exercise. See that his stable is dry and well ventilated. If the stiffness continues give him half an ounce of salicylate of soda twice daily in food. There is a little hope of permanent relief in chronic rheumatism.

PITCH MANOR.—My pigs break out with sores all over. It starts in the eyes and ears then the front knees till it extends all over the body. They look like dry scabs. They eat well and run about until two or three days before they die. We have lost three and there are nine, and all have it; they are on a cement floor when in the pen, but have all the run in an orchard. They are two weeks of age.

A.—Lying in wet, filthy beds is a common cause of such conditions of the skin; but similar sores may come from derangement of the digestive organs. Do not feed corn to the sow. Put her on light slop and in it mix lime water freely at rate of one ounce to the quart. Make the lime water by slaking a lump of shell (quick) lime as large as a walnut in a gallon of water. Let the sediment settle; then use the clear liquid.

BALDHEAD IN CANARIES.—I have a female canary. The feathers are off her head and back. She sat and hatched three times last spring, and thinking that was enough, I separated the male and female, since then she has laid three times. I had fine success with the young birds. She seems in good condition, and eats heartily. She is a very good singer for a female. I have tried different remedies, but they did not do any good. The feathers have been off for about six months.

A.—It is a mistake to apply much strong medicine to such conditions. A little sulphur ointment is sufficient as an application; but we fear it is too late now to remedy the condition as the feathers will not be likely to grow in again. Care should be taken to scald a canary's cage often and then wash with strong coal tar dip solution. Lice often cause the loss of feathers.

BLOODY MILK.—I have a cow three years old. She had one calf and would not let the calf suck at first. They began to give bad milk. When milking a tiny lump of blood would come and sometimes a tiny lump of something white, and after the milk sets for a day or night clear blood will settle in the bottom. The udder does not seem to be sore at all. At first she gave bad milk in her right front teat, and now it is in her left front teat. Her milk is worse in the morning than at night. She will bring another calf in April.

A.—The cruel treatment referred to no doubt injured the udder and rupture of small blood vessels resulted. There is no sense in such treatment of a dumb brute and it could not possibly make her more docile to her calf or to people. She will be likely to have a worse condition present at her second calving. Bathe udder with cold water three times a day and at night with strong alum water.

swing out every way; when she runs her hind feet are three or four feet apart. It seems to be in the side.

A.—We suspect that a fracture or displacement of the pelvis was caused by foaling and recovery may take place so far as subsiding of the lameness is concerned, but she should not again be bred. Let her run on pasture.

"BAT-TAILED" COLT.—I have a three-year-old colt which has a very light, or what they call here "broom tail." She sometimes rabs it, as though it itches. Can anything be done to increase the growth of hair on the tail?

A.—Wash tail clean and every three days saturate with a mixture of four ounces of flowers of sulphur and one pint of sweet oil.

PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA.—I have a four-year-old mare. About a year ago her eyeballs became milky and the inner part of her lower eyelid became inflamed. Her sight seems to be affected, and she does not like to have the bridle put over her ears. This trouble lasts about a week and returns every month or two. What can be done for her?

A.—The disease is periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness). It is incurable and will end in blindness of one or both eyes. Cataract is the final cause of blindness. An affected mare should not be used for breeding as tendency to the disease is considered hereditary.

FOOT LAMENESS.—I have a seven-year-old driving mare, and her feet are sensitive to frozen ground. Her hoofs, soles and frogs of her feet are very hard and dry. When the frog comes in contact with any hard substance she will flinch and sometimes fall down.

A.—Twice daily for an hour or more soak the hoofs in soft water and on removal from tub the second time smear the hoofs with any simple greasy hoof dressing. After a month of this treatment put on bar shoes over a dressing of pine tar and oakum covered with a thick leather pad. If she then goes sore clip the hair from hoof-heads and blister twice a month with cerate of cantharides until she goes practically sound.

LAME COW.—I have a Jersey cow ten years old that became lame in hind parts about a month before she was fresh. She has a good appetite and is in good health, apparently. I have given her a tonic but to no avail.

A.—Abnormal pressure upon nerves as a result of the pregnant condition often causes such lameness, but disappears after the calf is born. Give her plenty of out-door exercise and keep her bowels active by feeding succulent or laxative foods.

SPOILED QUARTER.—I have a cow that on account of sore teat refused to give down her milk, causing one quarter of udder to cake. By the use of a test tube am able to get from a tea cupful to a pint of pus twice each day, yet the affected quarter remains hard. How long will it remain so, and how long will it continue to discharge this pus? Will the affected quarter lose its function of milk production? C. P. H.

A.—The affected quarter has already lost its milk producing function. Dry the cow off and fatten her for slaughter. She will not prove profitable for dairy purposes.

FEEDING MARES.—Will ground buckwheat or ground rye or buckwheat straw turn a mare in foal? G. M. N. A.—We would not advise feeding these foods. Rye is very apt to contain ergot of rye which may cause abortion and besides this it is highly indigestible when fed in considerable quantities. Buckwheat is not commonly fed to horses. Better sell these feeds and furnish oats, bran and ear corn for the horses, along with best of hay.

QUESTION.—It is my intention to take up the practice as a veterinarian in Ky. Have had thirteen years' experience on stock farm, and have been successful in the treatment of horses and cattle. Is there a veterinary school where I could take up the study at home and obtain a diploma? If not where could I obtain the most practical book on the treatment of the domestic animal, and oblige?

A.—A proper working knowledge of veterinary science cannot be learned by correspondence or mere book reading. A full course at a reputable veterinary college is absolutely necessary. You will find the books on diseases of horses and cattle, for sale by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. useful in the home treatment of animals.

COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.) had over two dozen chicks ready to hatch, but seemed not to have strength enough to pip. Will some of the main readers be lucky enough to know, tell me what the trouble was.

God knows that my heart is overflowing with sympathy for the shut-ins and all afflicted ones. If my pocket was as full as my heart, I certainly would help everyone of them.

For those afflicted with eczema, I am exceedingly sorry for I am a sufferer with that horrible disease. I have had it for sixteen years, deriving practically no benefit from the many doctors who have treated me with the exception of a little benefit from one doctor in Missouri; yet I am not cured by any means. It is on my right ear and has broken out a little lower down on my cheek and neck. It is never painful, but itches and irritates me so, and when scratched will bleed and then form pus under the scab. I mentioned this thinking perhaps some other sufferer may have this same form of eczema, and have been cured, if not I shall almost give it up as have the doctors.

Have any of the sisters who have written concerning indigestion had it so as to apparently affect the heart by its beating hard after eating?

For toothache, try a little lump of camphor gum wrapped in a small piece of cotton and placed in the cavity.

Can anyone tell me whether goat's milk is better for a consumptive than cow's milk and cream?

I want to ask of the sisters who write from Louisiana if that climate isn't a good one for consumptives, it being of an even temperature?

With best wishes to all COMFORT readers, glorious success to COMFORT's editors, I am, Mrs. ROSA M. CECIL, Henderson, R. E. 5, Box 61, Henderson Co., Ky.

Mrs. Cecil. The chicken that won't "pip" its shell is what worries many a poultry raiser, and 'tis a happy thought of yours to ask the COMFORT sisters.

I suppose the usual cause of incubator eggs not hatching when fertile, is lack of moisture. When the mother hen steals her nest, selecting a secluded place behind a stone wall and where the grass is tall, usually every egg will hatch; of course again providing the eggs are fertile.

Now we begin with the fact that incubators are not the natural process of hatching eggs, hence we must make it as nearly so as possible, if our efforts are to be successful.

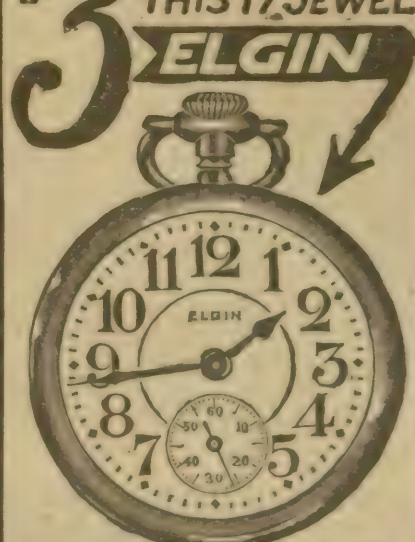
One very successful chicken raiser (a woman whom I am well acquainted with) gives me several points on this subject. One is, that often when the egg shell is slightly cracked, but the chicken not strong enough to open it, that she has put the eggs into lukewarm water for four or five minutes, and then just a little at a time increase the cracked place, and sometimes in this way you can "coax" a chicken out that you would otherwise lose.

Another way, practiced by many, is to sprinkle the eggs with warm water for three or four successive days prior to time of hatching.

Still another method used by some is to cut a large sod and place it earth side up under the straw in the barrel or box used when hatching chickens in the barn under the hen. It takes the place of the earth, providing moisture. The hen who hatches her eggs out of doors has the earth and the dew to keep the egg shells moist, making it easy work for that tender little beak to break through.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

I so hope this will help some of you, for it is no small matter to lose dozens of chickens after the labor of working the incubator, and besides the time of setting may have gone by.

Let's hear from all who can throw light on this subject.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:—
Reading in the Sisters' Corner several inquiries from persons anxious to adopt children has decided me to write, hoping my letter may be of benefit to some.

My husband and I decided to open our hearts and home to some little homeless one, so two years ago last March we made application to an institution in our capital city with the result that three months later they sent us a sweet baby boy, three months old. We did not visit the home at all; just told them the name of a child we wanted and a nurse brought him to us.

He was a poor little, half-starved soul, weighing eight pounds. The day after he came to us, three doctors told us we could not pull him through. He had evidently had enough to eat, but it had not agreed with him.

We began feeding him condensed milk and the first week he gained three pounds and steadily grew into a perfect specimen of health and now at the age of nearly three years weighs thirty-three pounds. He is a beautiful child, unusually bright and quick to learn and needless to say, we love him as our own.

But to those who think of taking a little one, I would advise taking a child under one year of age. Several instances I know of persons taking children three or four years old and they became dissatisfied. In choosing a baby one can better train them, as they wish; they seem nearer and are not likely to remember that the foster parents are not their own, although we are going to teach our boy that he is only adopted, but no less dear.

Now, I would like to say this for the benefit of those who are so particular about the parentage of the foster-child: What does it matter in the end? Home influence has greater power over the growing mind of the child than hereditary tendencies. Who can tell what a child will be in maturity, just because its parents were never married? May not that child have moral inclinations the same as a child of marriage? Of course, we would rather know that they were brought into the world legitimately, but isn't it enough to know they are here and must be taken care of? And we who can and do not are shrinking from a duty God demands of us.

We know nothing of our little son's parentage, nor do we wish to know. He is so dear to us and I feel that God sent him to us just as much as the tiny boy born to us three months ago and we deal with him as we would want our own son treated, were he to be left homeless.

This is a subject very near to my heart. To me it seems queer that with so many women's and mothers' clubs and organizations for the benefit of human beings, the world has not yet had for its object the caring for the thousands of homeless orphans. Those who are, in many cases, best situated to care for them, are denying love and assistance where it would repay them many times over.

May I take the liberty to make a personal appeal to the sisters? Can you not do something for these homeless missionary children? If you are only caring to have a child in the home, then use your influence on someone who is giving the care and attention to a French poodle, if properly bestowed on a child might give to the next generation a noble man or woman, of whom you might be proud of and glad they bore your name.

In the name of the Father who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," let one of His little ones into your life, and once the baby arms entwine your neck and baby-love enters your heart, you will be more than repaid for any sacrifice you think made. For inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Before closing I want to say that I heartily agree with Mrs. Emma Krupper. If sympathy instead of criticism were given the unfortunate girl who has taken one step downward, she might feel it worth while to change her course.

Wishing COMFORT and all the sisters a happy, prosperous New Year, I am, sincerely,
Mrs. CLARA BOND, Albany, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:—
I have had in mind ever since I became a subscriber to COMFORT, to write to the Sisters' Corner. I have had so many helps from the sisters' letters, that I thought I ought to add my little mite. I think the dear old paper is doing a good work and when I read Uncle Charlie's sunshine list I wish with all my soul that I was a millionaire. If I were, everyone of his suffering ones would get every help I could give them.

I would like to ask if any of the sisters know and will send me the words to an old song that was sung to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." The only lines I can remember are these: "How the happy moments flew on wings of pleasure by." The chorus began: "Hurrah, hurrah, with hearts so light and free." I will be so thankful for the words if I can get them.

I want to send in the following remedy for any sister who has a baby or anyone who is troubled with chafing; it is also good for any tender surface. My little one was in a terrible state, and after physicians and others could do nothing to help her, a dear old lady told me of this and I relieved at once and cured up the dreadful raw place.

Get ten cents' worth of yellow beeswax and ten cents' worth of pure olive oil. Melt the beeswax, then measure it by spoonfuls. Be sure to put equal parts of the beeswax, the olive oil and pure, fresh lard together. While it is warming, keep stirring it all the time until it gets like a smooth salve. Stir from the outer edge of the vessel as it gets cool there first and the beeswax will not mix in smooth if you don't. Be sure to do this stirring, and to measure equal parts of each thing. It is a sure cure and such a relief to the little tender bodies.

I live in this glorious, sun-kissed land. Hardly ever a cloudy day. This is a mining camp, tucked away from all the turmoil that beset so many such places. Everybody working and contented. I wish you could see the glorious view I have. I can look into three states from where I live. It certainly makes one thankful for such an outlook, and the wide freedom. No crowding and shut-in city for me after this.

May COMFORT grow larger and better in the future as it has in the past, is the fervent wish of one of its sisters,
Mrs. E. B. AYRES, Goldroad, Arizona.

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WILKINSON:—
I have a brother out in Colorado, who ordered the COMFORT for me. I have received it for a year now and it is one year ago last week I took to my bed, and have been there the most of the year. I took such comfort in lying on my back reading the beautiful letters on being a Christian. Now, invalid, that I may once more be restored to health to work for my own little ones and husband. I have four children and a loving husband, who daily prays for me. I am also surrounded with a kind father, mother, sisters and brothers. I have a great deal to be thankful for. A shower from the sisters would make me very happy. I trust your good work, also Uncle Charlie's will continue to prosper, and may God bless you both.
Mrs. TELFER, Paris, Ont., Canada.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND FRIENDS:—
I must try and write a letter for the great COMFORT magazine, although I am just a new reader. I feel so much at home reading the interesting items and useful recipes, also kind and loving words of advice and the sad and hard lots of some of our unfortunate friends.

My home is at the capital city of the great Illinois state. We are situated about the center of the state, reached by several steam and electric lines; also in the coal region. We have several manufactures here, including good-sized plow works, watch factory, shoe factory and a few others. Springfield has some beautiful churches, both Protestant and Catholic, also fine school system. Springfield was the home of Abraham Lincoln. His home, the only one he ever owned, is here and kept in good order. Lincoln also has a beautiful monument at Oak Ridge cemetery, which is said to be one of the most beautiful in our state. Both the Lincoln home and tomb are visited by many people from all parts of the world. The Capitol building and new Supreme Court building are beautiful places of interest.

I certainly know the trials and pleasures in rearing a family of children. We mothers have many sad days and hardships but after time sweeps on we look back and it brings us many happy memories.

With best wishes to all the sisters, I remain, sincerely,
Mrs. AMY POTTS LOOMIS, 1425 South 9th St., Springfield, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:—
Will you make room in your delightful corner for an Ohio sister?

I am fourteen years of age, have brown eyes, auburn hair and dark complexion. I am five feet tall and weigh one hundred pounds. I live in Hardin county, about three miles west of a little town called Round-head.

The farmers in this part of the country are deeply interested in onion raising, but because of the hot weather most of the onion crops were destroyed. Only a few farmers had good crops.

How many of the sisters like horses? I think that the horse is the most useful animal there is, and I also think that they should not be ill treated in any way. Some owners expect one horse to pull load enough for two. A horse is not lazy and will do its share of work. I ride horseback and love horses.

I like the COMFORT Sisters' Corner better than any other page, and think COMFORT a fine paper.

Miss Mabel Smith. I agree with you on the subject of mother love. There is no love as deep as a mother's. Here is a little verse which I think is the sweetest and truest thing ever written:

"There are three words that sweetly blend,
And on the heart are graven,
A precious soothing balm they lend,
They are mother, home and Heaven."

A child can never repay their mother for half she's done for them. They can never know her value until she is gone.

I think I have got the best mother there ever was, and I suspect all the other sisters think the same about their mother.

I also think that parents should make the home bright and cheerful for their children so that they cannot find a more pleasant spot than home.

Where a father and mother are always disagreeing, the children hearing this will also learn to disagree. Here is a little verse which I think all parents should practice:

"Be cheerful in your household,
Be pleasant at your hearth,
A home where dwells affection
Is the brightest spot on earth."

If more parents should practice this there would be far less children leave home.

I have about two miles to walk to school, but I go every day. I like my teacher fine, and I just love to go to school.

I think that every boy and girl should go to school and get an education. It is one of the finest things there ever was. Let everything be still you get an education for you can rest but once, and that is while you are young and you are never young but once. When you are going to school you are having the best time of your life.

How many of you sisters have seen some white-haired old man or woman recall, with tears in their eyes something they did when they were girls and boys in school, and hear them sigh when they think that those dear old times are no more?

Wishing you all good luck during the new year I will say good by.

Miss LIA LINDOYA RHODADS, Lake View, R. R. 2, Box 70, Hardin Co., Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:—
I was reading my December paper and said to myself, "This is my time to write a few lines." I have taken COMFORT for about six years and think it a good paper. We are a little happy family of five. I am the mother of a girl and two boys, the oldest of which is seven.

Missouri is a fine old place to live in. We are farmers and make a good living. We can grow all kinds of crops. I have lived in other states but like old Missouri best.

In reading the sisters' letters saw where Mrs. Susan Sinclair would like to know what to do for blood poisoning before you can get a doctor. Just take a half pint of vinegar and all the salt you can hold in one hand (if the poison is on the hand, as mine was). Put this, set it on the stove and let it stand as long as you can bear it. I had to do that for several days till the swelling and the red streak left my arm; then I used lard with three or four drops of carbolic acid as a salve. My best wishes to you all.

Mrs. BERTHA GILBERT BRANSTETTER, Hartsville, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS AND EDITOR:—
I have enjoyed your many helps and interesting letters for so long, that I feel like I must add my mite. COMFORT has been with me for about ten years, and that I have just sent in a renewal for two more years goes to prove I can't keep house without it.

When baking cake, grease your pans as usual then dust with flour, jarring all loose that does not adhere to the pan. I would use no other method. If you place sticky fly paper where those ants can get on it. Sprinkle with sugar to make it more attractive if you wish.

For milk crust on baby's head, use fresh butter (without salt). If care is taken and the little head is greased and washed well, milk crust will not form.

When you wish to practice economy, as most of us need to do, little ones' bloomers or drawers from four sacks or anything that's strong enough. Get a package of dye and color them black and I am sure you will say they are sensible as well as cheap. For my own little girls I make bloomers, putting elastic in the top as well as the legs, which is a great help to mamma, for the lassies can easily wait on themselves.

Wash all varnished woodwork in skim milk (separated milk is the best). Results are fine.

Now I have a favor to ask. Will the readers tell me of a sure remedy for the cabbage worm which is an awful pest here?

I do not wish to bring up another discussion on woman's rights, but I wonder how many of those who condemn woman's rights ever was at an election where only men are allowed to vote and at one where women vote also! Since coming to this state I have cast my first vote in what I considered a worthy cause. At one time this county was "wet" but after woman got the ballot it was voted "dry." Well, another election was held last fall to determine if it should stay "dry" or "wet" again. Well, thanks to woman's rights, it stayed dry and by an enormous majority too. The election was so different from those where only men vote. It is so quiet and respectable. The men and their wives go to the polls together, taking the small children with them. The women have a place at the election board, too.

In conclusion I will say I have one of the best husbands in the world, and two sweet little girls. Fern Ruth is three and one half years old, and Wanda Lucille is twenty-one months old. Fern's eyes are brown; Wanda's are big and blue. We feel it would kill us to part with them. Jim and I have been married five years and we are sweethearts still. We have never quarrelled and as long as it takes two to make a quarrel I am sure we never will. The good by kiss is never forgotten and there is also plenty of love times. There is nothing he ever refuses to do for me; even volunteers to help me wash dishes at times and often helps me with the washing for which he receives a kiss and thanks.

When he is from home and returns late he always finds the chores neatly done and then it's myself who receives the kiss and thanks.

We like it here just fine. The sunsets in winter are beautiful.

We came here a year ago last August; moved from Western Kansas where I had spent all but two of the twenty-seven years of my life. This is a valley, mountains on all sides, which are now beautiful with their carpet of snow. We are about one mile from the Boise river and twenty-two miles from Boise city. Everything grows here in abundance and there's nothing but sunshine in summer. This is an irrigated country and we do not need the rainfall. I never feel as though I want to go back to Kansas, but often wish I could see my dear old father, brothers and sisters, as well as the many friends I left behind, none of my own relatives are any nearer than Kansas.

Mother has gone to the other land also two sisters. None of us appreciate our mothers as we should until it's too late.

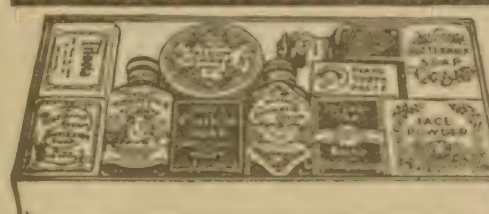
I have gray eyes, brown hair, weigh one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and I am five feet five and one half inches tall. I am no beauty, but husband thinks I am good enough to make up for that.

Best wishes to all.
Mrs. FLORENCE HOUDYSHELL (nee RUTH), Caldwell, R. R. 1, Idaho.

Mrs. Houdysheill. I want to add a few words regarding baby's head. The unsalted butter is excellent, but should do all the work of starting the crust from the child's head. Only this summer I saw a dear old grandma with the best of intentions, trying to remove the crust from a child's head with a fine comb after the butter had only been on a short time. Wait, even if it takes the entire day to soften the scalp and loosen the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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RUBY'S REWARD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

that her master had told her, but a moment before, as he fled from the house by a back way, "to make no resistance, the game was up, and the girl must be released."

He could not be found afterward; his family remained there, living very quietly for a little while, then they, too, suddenly disappeared.

Walter and Mr. Ruggles followed the officer into the house, and the girl conducted all three directly up-stairs, to the room occupied by Ruby, and there they found her lying upon a sofa in a half-conscious state.

She had fallen fainting to the floor after throwing her note from the window; but after a time she had revived sufficiently to creep to the lounge, where, her strength all gone, she could only helplessly pray that deliverance might come to her soon, for she felt that she could not live much longer in that way.

When the servant opened her door, Walter was the first one to step within the room; but Ruby thinking it was only the girl, did not have strength or interest enough to turn even her eyes in that direction, and was only conscious that she was rescued when she felt herself gathered into a pair of strong arms and her head lifted to her lover's breast.

The joy was too much for her, and with one fond look she gave a glad cry and then fainted dead away.

When she came to herself again she was lying in a beautiful room in Mr. Conant's own house, and found Walter and Mrs. Conant bending over her, tenderly chafing her hands and bathing her face.

The sense of safety which she at once experienced was a good restorative, and it was not long before she was able to take some nourishment and to tell them something of what had occurred since she had been so cunningly decoyed into the trap set for her.

When Walter told her that his trial had been deferred until the next day, her joy knew no bounds.

"Then I can save you," she cried, almost hysterically, "for, oh! I know all about that miserable plot that has been laid to ruin you. I have been nearly wild all day thinking that you were being tried and would surely be convicted. But—"

"Suddenly breaking off and looking him over, "what suit have you on?"

"My best one of course, as I desired to make as favorable an impression as possible in court," Walter replied, smiling, but wondering at the apparent irrelevance of her question.

"Then go and exchange it and let me have it at once," Ruby said, excitedly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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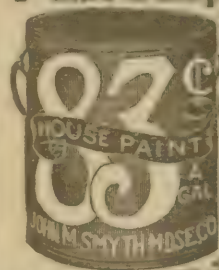
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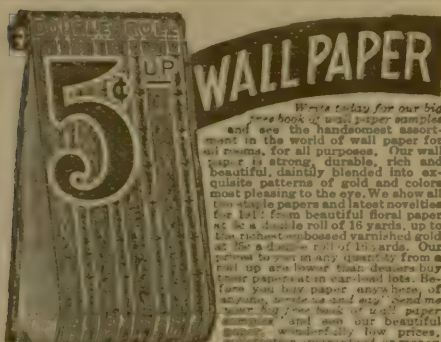
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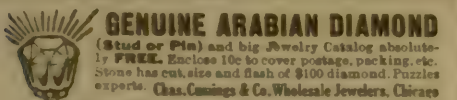
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Home Dressmaking Hints

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

sary. It fits well and the collar and cuffs are attractively trimmed with a band of insertion, edged with lace. The peplum is joined to waist with belt of insertion. If made from wool material, use a band of silk and scant ruffle of same in place of insertion and lace. The peplum fits so well that the sack may be converted into a shirt waist by putting the skirt over it. Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; 36 bust requiring three and three quarters yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5028—Ladies' Seven-gored Skirt represents a useful model that can be worn separately, or combined in a one-piece dress. It is cut with an under-box-plate at back, and the separate fitted piece around bottom allows an opportunity of trimming. If used in combination with waist model No. 3866 as illustrated, a blue chambray with section around bottom of skirt, collar, cuffs, belt and plait on front of waist of blue checked or striped, the effect would be stylish and pretty. Brown wool with Shepherd check in white and brown would be handsome for a heavy dress. Cut in seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist measure; size 24 requires seven and one quarter yards of 27-inch material with two yards of 27-inch contrasting material.

No. 5247—Ladies' Eight-gored Skirt, empire or regular waistline. Another becoming as well as stylish skirt is that having the high waistline, and the skirt is now used in all materials. The skirt is finished at the top by turning in enough to hold well and stitching once or twice as fancied. The top is held in its place above the waist line by either the use of belting two and one half inches wide, or by canvas boned. Do not shape; simply make a straight belt, finish ends, put on hooks and eyes, and by hand sew the top edge to the top of skirt. Cut in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Width around bottom of skirt in medium size is three yards, and requires three and three eighths yards of 50-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5127—Ladies' Corset Cover, especially designed for the stout figure and is a great favorite. It is glove fitting, easily made and the position of seams makes alterations a simple matter. Cut in six sizes, 36 to 46 bust measure; size 36 requiring one and one quarter yard of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 2508—Ladies' Kitchen Apron. This model is unusually convenient. The front is fitted, which keeps clean much longer than one cut straight. The spacious pockets will hold the duster, the string, buttons, or other articles which the housewife always finds on putting the house to rights, and without handling again will be carried to their proper receptacle. Cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requiring four and three quarters yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4553—Misses' and Small Women's Yoke Dress with Panel Front. This becoming frock is just as suitable for the small woman as it is for the girl in her teens. In fact many slight women are very successful in using misses' patterns. This model can be made simple as illustrated, or very elaborate, according to the material and trimming selected for its development. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; for 16 years, five and one quarter yards of 44-inch material is required. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5478—The Empire model illustrated is another pleasing style for the Miss and small woman. Plain and figured foulard, serge with satin trimmings, linen and cotton are suitable materials. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material; one and one eighth yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4784—Girls' Dress. For a practical school dress, this model is well worth making. The skirt may be gathered or plaited, and either cotton or wool are suitable materials. The closing is on the left side, extending the entire length. Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years; eight years requiring three and one quarter yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5440—Children's Dress. Mothers find these simply made, up-to-date little dresses a great comfort, and each season finds them more in use. This particular dress has a seam running down the shoulder and sleeve, another under the arm to bottom of skirt. The neck, cuffs and side opening is finished with a band of contrasting material; also the belt which is held in place by pieces of the same sewed onto under-arm seam, and long enough to admit belt. The opening as well as trimming band may extend to bottom of dress. Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age six requiring two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4842—Boys' and Children's Rompers, cut in sizes two, four and six years; four years requiring two and three eighths yards 27-inch wide. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5430—Boys' Blouse, with body and sleeves in one which is the main characteristic of this blouse. It is very simple and the inexperienced sewer could make it without the least difficulty and be well satisfied with the finished garment. Striped madras, gingham, percale and flannel are durable materials. Cut in sizes four, six, eight and 10 years; size six requiring one and three eighths yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4616—The attractive model is for the real small boy who has not been put into Knickerbockers. All boys like pockets and one is inserted in the left side of front which is sure to please the little fellow. Cut in sizes one, two and three years; two years requiring two and one half yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5158—Infants' Set of One-Piece Garments. Pattern cut in one size. Cap requires one half yard; coat, two and one half yards; petticoat, two yards; dress, two and one eighth yards; kimono, five eighths yard, and bib, three eighths yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Questions Answered

HOUSE DRESSES FOR THE BRIDE.—MABEL D. I would suggest using percale and gingham for terms. Shrink both before making and add salt to the water. A bride's gowns whether worn in parlor or kitchen must speak of clear skies, so I would suggest one plain, medium blue made with white Dutch collar and cuffs, one blue Shepherd's plaid trimmed with white cotton soutache braid, one pink and white

striped, trimmed with bias bands of same and one of bright straw color, trimmed with Hamburg edging in blue. In this issue, see No. 5435 and No. 4353 which in ladies' sizes come under No. 4840. In the December issue Nos. 4650 and 5406, any of which will make very desirable dresses for you. You are just in time to adopt the idea of buying a little more material and having kitchen aprons to match your dresses.

SHIRT WAIST OPENING.—M. O. L., you are quite right, a collar that could fasten in front would be a luxury, and I am happy to tell you that many are below worn. To illustrate I will take No. 3866. Instead of using front plait, make a deep facing to the front opening as shown in No. 5217. Discard the turn-over part of collar, sew fitted stand to waist, making it long enough to go around entire neck, including the lap. You now button from the top of collar to waist. A white flumed bone button with center same as waist material is stylish. Wear turn-over collars of dotted muslin with cuffs to match. A dash of color embroidered into the dots is pretty.

REPAIRING WAIST.—MISS ELMORE, a shirt-waist worn below collar is a hard thing to mend. If it is a plain waist you can introduce a yoke, either lace or embroidery; or you might rip off collar, shorten sleeves and wear plain Dutch collar and cuffs.

STITCHING PLAITS.—MRS. NORCROSS, to keep the box plait at the back of your skirt in place, stitch the entire length one inch from the edge, after you have basted and pressed it well. Also at the edge of skirt where the plait joins onto the next breadth, hold them together and sew along about an inch. This holds the seam in place; a seam which, by the way, is never pressed open.

The Fortune Teller

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

ability she would never see him again. Marian thought these things over in her solitude that hot afternoon, till roused by her cousin's voice calling from the foot of the stairs, "Where are you? Aren't you going to have any supper? We are to go over to the hotel to see Miss Evans a minute, afterwards you know."

She got up, bathed her face in cold water, then smoothing her rumpled hair and gown went below stairs simulating a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. Rebecca eyed her keenly but said nothing. They ate their meal in silence then put on light wraps and started for the hotel, where Miss Evans was waiting for them on the piazza.

"Here you are!" she exclaimed heartily. "Mr. Reeves said you were coming. He is over making final arrangements with Timothy Dwight about tomorrow."

Suddenly a great light dawned simultaneously on Rebecca and Marian and they exclaimed together:

"Oh, is he going with Mr. Reeves?"

"Why, yes, didn't you know it? I thought of course Tim or Mr. Reeves had told you long ago. He is going to enter the Boston School of Technology, and study evenings at the Y. M. C. A. to keep up. You see he is not prepared on some subjects very thoroughly, although Mr. Reeves and I have found him an apt pupil this summer."

Marian was speechless, but Rebecca found her voice. "You don't mean to tell me that you and Mr. Reeves have been a teaching him all summer? We'll never!" as Miss Evans nodded assent.

"That is, all of August. We didn't discover him, so to speak, till the last week in July. He has been a faithful student."

"Is Mr. Reeves going to pay his tuition?" asked Rebecca.

"No, that is the best part of it. He was willing to advance him money enough for a year, but it seems Tim had been saving up his wages for a long time, for another purpose he said," and Miss Evans pretended not to notice the quick flame which sprang into Marian's cheeks, "and he has enough to pay his expenses for two years. And next summer Mr. Reeves wants him to go to England and see the fine old cathedrals and gothic architecture which we delight his heart. He is a dear boy. Mr. Reeves and I are extremely fond of him."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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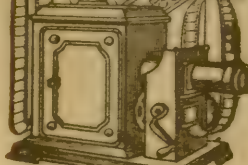
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Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

below, so butter will not come too soft. If separator cream is very rich it may be churned at a temperature as low as 50 degrees. See that the curds are thoroughly fed, sound, nutritious food and that they take plenty of outdoor exercise every day. Keep all milk utensils scrupulously clean and perfectly sun dried.

DESTROYING MOLES.—Can you tell me how to get rid of moles in my prairie hay land? They are rooting it up pretty bad. J. B. Kane.

A.—Traps for catching moles are sold in the hardware stores. They act by the use of a spring coil which, when released, drives a number of sharp tines into the ground and through the mole. Early in the morning and for a short period about noon, moles are active and work so close to the surface that their movements are noticeable. A pitchfork may then be used to kill them. Water poured into the burrow to fill it will force the mole to come to the surface so that it can be killed. The quickest way is to poison the moles by means of sweet corn, in the milk or roasting ear stage, soaked in a solution of strychnine. When green corn cannot be had use unroasted peanuts, inserting grains of the poison in the nuts. Bits of meat or dried insects, similarly poisoned, will prove effective; but the objection to their use is that dogs may get them and become poisoned. Ordinary moth balls dropped into the runways and covered there will keep moles from using the burrows. This is only a temporary relief as the animals are not killed. Pastures, meadows or lawns damaged by moles should be promptly rolled with a heavy roller. Remember that moles are worm and insect destroyers. Prof. Dyche of the University of Kansas found that of the total food found in moles, earthworms composed 49.20 per cent.; ground beetles, 22.7 per cent.; grubs and larvae, 22.8 per cent.; vegetable matter, 3.7 per cent.; other material, largely insect eggs and ants, 7.6 per cent.

Q.—What is the best kind of soil for potatoes? P. A. O. Wis.

A.—Potatoes usually grow best on a light sandy soil. Clay is too compact and does not yield readily when the tubers expand in size. Loam and muck are likely to be infected with scab and the potatoes are always dirty when grown on this soil. Sandy soil potatoes are usually smooth, clean and of good quality.

VARIETIES OF SOIL.—What is meant by the terms loam and sandy and clay loam. I mean what proportions of sand are found in each, or is there any standard as to the proportions in such soil? H. J. W., Mich.

A.—It will be found that the following is a fairly correct basis of estimating the proportion of clay and sand in farm soils: Sandy soil, clay, 10 per cent., sand, 90 per cent. Sandy loam, clay, 10 to 40 per cent., sand, 50 to 90 per cent. Loam, clay, 40 to 70 per cent., sand, 30 to 60 per cent. Clay loam, clay, 70 to 85 per cent., sand, 30 to 15 per cent. Strong clay soil, clay, 85 to 95 per cent., sand, 15 to 5 per cent.

LENGTH OF PLOW LANDS.—Is it best to have plow lands short or long? We have been discussing the subject and I think there is so much loss of time in turning on short lengths of furrows that the long land must be a great saving. Are there any figures on the subject? J. E. Ark.

A.—This is a novel question, but a practical one. Theoretically it has been figured that a furrow 270 yards long is the best average suited to the strength of a heavy farm team. The horses will travel 11 miles to the acre when the depth of the furrow is seven or eight inches and 10 inches broad, in medium soil, turnings included. For 270 yards' length of furrow the loss is one hour, 22 minutes every 16 hours. If a field has 50 turns to the acre the loss will be 0 hours, 37 1/2 minutes; 100 turns to the acre, one hour, 15 minutes; 200 turns, two hours, 30 minutes, and so on. To these losses must be added the time occupied in resting.

ARTIFICIAL MANURE FOR CORN.—Where one has to use artificial manures and make his own mixture what would you advise as suitable for corn and the sugar canes. We can supply some farmyard manure in addition. E. A. E. La.

A.—A well calculated combination should contain of superphosphate of lime, 40 per cent.; nitrate of potash, 20 per cent.; and sulphate of lime, 33.33 per cent. The amount of each to be used per acre will be, in the order named, 528 pounds, 176 pounds and 352 pounds or 1,056 pounds all together. Potash chloride (muriate of potash) should contain 80 per cent of the pure salt. Wood ashes contain from 5 to 15 per cent. of potash.

Q.—What shall I do for cabbage worms? J. H. H., Maine.

A.—As soon as the white cabbage butterflies make their appearance sprinkle the plants with a mixture of one part of Paris Green and twenty parts of air slaked lime. Repeat this every two weeks until the cabbages begin to head. Then use fine wood or coal ashes or road dust instead. A safe rule to follow is this: Do not apply deadly poison to those parts of plants that are to be used for human food.

Q.—What is the composition of "kainit," a potash manure much used for potatoes? N. H., Mich.

A.—This is known as "German potash salt," and contains: Water, 3.4; water of combination, 10.9; potassium sulphate, 24.4; sodium chloride (common salt) 50.4; magnesium chloride, 14.3; calcium sulphate, 2.7; insoluble silica, 0.7 parts per 100 parts. Potash chloride (muriate of potash) should contain 80 per cent of the pure salt. Wood ashes contain from 5 to 15 per cent. of potash.

Q.—What are the plums seen on potato vines? Can potatoes be grown from them? N. J., Ohio.

A.—The plums are the seed balls of the vine and contain seed from which potato plants can be grown. As these, however, often are the product of cross fertilization, many different varieties of potatoes will grow from them and of these less than a tenth will be likely to develop good new varieties. From the plums our new varieties of potatoes are produced; the growers trying to cross fertilize to a purpose. It is tedious work and requires skill, time and plenty of space to originate new varieties and produce the amount of tubers necessary to start people using the new or more varieties at last considered worthy of perpetuation.

Q.—Please suggest a scale of points for the judging of cheese. N. E., N. Y.

A.—Figuring perfection at 100 points, the following scale will prove satisfactory: 25 flavor, nutty, buttery; 15 keeping, preservation, improving in taste, retaining good qualities; 20 quality, mellow, rich, melting on tongue; 15 texture, solid, compact; 10 color, natural-like, even; 15 make, retaining due to good making, as cleanliness, salting, perfect rind, etc.

Q.—What is Durum wheat and is the flour good for bread making? M. W., Minn.

A.—This is commonly called "macaroni wheat" in this country and comes to us from Europe. It is superior to ordinary wheat for the manufacture of macaroni, semolina and other forms of edible pastes on account of its higher gluten content and greater density. The South Dakota Experiment Station has shown that bread of fine flavor, but dark color, somewhat resembling rye bread, can be made from it. Millers generally avoid buying it for ordinary bread flour, varieties of Durum wheat tested in America largely have come from Russia and Algeria.

Q.—Is there any way in which one can get an idea, without analysis, whether oilcake is of good quality or not? E. G. N., Iowa.

A.—Grate down half an ounce of cake in powder and mix with five ounces of water. If good cake it should form a transparent light-colored mixture, producing a stiff jelly that is agreeable to smell and taste. If of bad quality smell will be disagreeable and jelly will have a dirty gray color. Dilute the paste with water and stir up; if any sand is present it will fall first; bran floats above this, while other foreign bodies will be seen mixed through the solution. If bodies are tested it should be kept in a stoppered bottle for 24 hours to bring out the smell and strong taste of mustard which is a common contaminant.

Q.—What is rennet and can we make it on the farm? B. G., Mo.

A.—Rennet in the dry form consists of the dried, salted stomachs of calves. The fourth stomach (abomasum) is the rennet part of the digestive organ. The other parts are paunch, second stomach or reticulum (tripe) and third stomach or omasum (maniples or leaves). The liquid form is the best. Rennet tablets may be bought ready for use. To make the liquid rennet take stomachs of eight calves to two gallons of brine that will float an egg. Add one sliced lemon and one ounce of salt. Let it stand and it will be ready for use in one month. One half pint of the liquid will serve to curdle 100 gallons of milk in one hour; more must be used if speedily water is desired.

Q.—Are there any of the substitutes now being used in the place of Paris Green for killing potato bugs preferable for any reason? If so, what are they? How about arsenate of lead?

A.—There are many potato bug killers on the market, such as Bug Death, Black Death, etc. The

foundation of nearly all these is Paris Green or some other arsenical poison. To this is added some harmless adulterant like powdered charcoal or gypsum. The white powders are colored by the use of some darker coal dye color and appear to be real remedies when as a matter of fact arsenic is the real poison. It is usually cheaper for the farmer to buy the Paris Green and mix it with the adulterant himself, as prescribed in answer to a question in the present issue. Arsenate of lead is good, it will mix with the water better, but since it contains much less arsenic about three times the quantity should be used.

Q.—Can anything be put in milk to prevent the taste of turnips? C. F., Ky.

A.—A little saltwater added to the milk, or one teaspoonful in every gallon of cream before churning, will remove or obviate the taste. If turnips or any other food likely to cause unpleasant taste in the milk, or its cream, must be fed, give them immediately after instead of before milking, or boil the roots before offering them to the cows. The "off" odor in milk often is caused by exposing it while warm to bad smells which are readily absorbed.

Little Stories of Lincoln

Lincoln's Homely Humor

Beginning his first term as President, on the outbreak of the Civil War, Lincoln was besieged by the usual horde of office seekers. Speaking of them he said, "I'm like a man letting rooms in one end of the house, while the other end's a fire."

Lincoln's Story of Webster

"Webster," said Lincoln, "as a boy was much averse to the application of soap and water, but even as a boy he was not wanting in intelligence. Once he was called up to be punished on the hand with a switch as they did in those days. On the way from his seat he managed to rub a little of the dirt from his right hand on the seat of his trousers. Now the teacher was a stickler for cleanliness and when he saw the hand held out for the punishment he said: 'Why Daniel if you'll find another hand as dirty as that in this classroom I'll remit your punishment.'"

Daniel quietly drew the other hand from behind his back and exhibited it.

A Retort on Douglas

In one of the great debates between Lincoln and Douglas before the war, the latter spoke of Lincoln's early experience as a storekeeper and intimated pretty broadly that his opponent had sold rum. Later, having driven the nail home he referred to Lincoln so the story goes, as the "bar tender."

"Yes," said Lincoln in reply, "we did sell rum in those days, and I remember Mr. Douglas as one of our very best customers. However, I've left my side of the counter, but I see he still sticks to his."

Lincoln at the Ball

Lincoln married a Miss Todd of Kentucky. He met her, the story goes, when he was first elected to the legislature of Illinois, at the Governor's ball in Springfield, the state capital.

Said he to the lady, "Miss Todd, I would like to dance with you the worst way."

She was agreeable and they joined the throng. "Well, Mary," said a friend, when he had escorted her back to her place, "how was the dance?"

"Why just as he said," Miss Todd replied, "the very worst way."

Stature of Lincoln

A story Lincoln used to tell on himself, illustrates how much he towered in height above the average man. A caller on him at the White House, claimed an earlier acquaintance.

"Yes," said Lincoln. "I recall you way back in Illinois. Let's see; I borrowed a whetstone of you to sharpen an axe."

"Yes," said the man, "but what did you do with it after you got through? We were never able to find it again."

"Why," said Lincoln. "I put it on top of the gate post."

"Ah," said the man, "no wonder we couldn't find it. Why there wasn't a man on the place could reach that high."

The Badger Story

Lincoln once, as a young man in Indiana, attended a country fair. There he was much interested in the effort of a lot of rustics to induce their dogs, mostly of a mongrel order, to extract a badger from a box built for the purpose. This was a form of amusement highly popular in the back country in those days. There was a purse of five dollars for the dog that would go in and "draw" the badger, as it was known, but none of them seemed to be able to do it. Lincoln studied the problem a while, then borrowed a dog from a by-stander on shares. Grasping the dog by the head he pushed him in on the badger backwards. The badger at once took hold, and the dog in his efforts to break away gave one tremendous jerk and—won the money.

The Exalting of the Mighty

Few people are satisfied with the rewards of the government, and Mr. Lincoln once remarked after a trying morning ratifying appointments: "Strange how many men can be found willing to occupy the high seats, and so few feel the lowly ones worthy of them."

Dixie a Favorite

President Lincoln heard "Dixie" in 1860, three months before he was nominated, and never lost his love of it. Later when several of his advisors were complaining that in the early part of the war the South had shown more enterprise than the North, and had secured many advantages because of this, he added sadly:

"Yes, even to capturing Dixie."

Not Even Then

Abraham Lincoln was one of the most modest and retiring of men. He never could appreciate

Men! Men! Men!
More Men Wanted
Write Today—NOW
We want more men right away, and we will pay you big money—more money than you ever thought of making before. Just show our magnificent line of samples—the orders will come in a hurry. Exclusive territory open. Don't delay. Let us tell you how to get one of our handsome suits FREE. Write today.

Earn \$30 to \$50 a Week

Yes and then some. You can earn big money easily and quickly. No trouble at all in taking orders. Nice clean, easy work—short hours—and you are your own boss. Or you can keep your present position and make \$75.00 to \$100.00 a month on the side.

Let Us Start You In Business

Be your own boss. No need to trudge along on a salary. We'll start you in a business of your own—give you a chance to make big money easy. No money needed—no experience necessary. Write now!

Write Today Get full particulars of this exceptional offer right away. Just send post card or letter and photo outfit free—start right in to make big money.

The Fidelity Tailors 851 South Fifth Ave., Dept. 3042 Chicago.

his own ability and greatness. An instance of this was shown a short time before he left the Illinois capital for his inauguration. A friend and fellow lawyer who had never risen above a very mediocre practice, asked him as they were walking in Capital Square:

"Say, when we used to go about the country together, did you ever realize that you would become a great lawyer?"

Quick as a flash came the prompt reply:

"No, and I haven't done so yet."

Only Friends Counted

It was almost impossible to get Mr. Lincoln to reply to any criticisms made upon him by the many enemies his policies made. When urged to do so, he would shake his head and say quietly:

"I guess I could find just as many faults in them if I wanted to, so it is just a case of give and take. I don't need to explain to my friends, they understand me and my motives."

Rather Crowded

So many men claimed to have shared Mr. Lincoln's room during the time he rode his circuit, that he was once heard to say while in the White House:

"Strange that I forget how many times I must have slept six and eight abed in those days."

Would Not Take a Bad Case

In spite of the idea that a lawyer will defend any man no matter how guilty, there are some who will not accept such a case, and Abraham Lincoln belonged to this class. He once declared:

"A guilty man is so bad that he needs all he can keep, so I won't rob him of a fee."

WATCH FREE
Excellent timekeeper, Stem-wind, Stem set, with Initials. Feb. Write today. We send you prepaid \$5.00 Anticipo to Salvo. Also 12 beautiful pictures. Send the \$5.00 and we send Watch and Fob or you keep Cash Commission. We trust you. Send today.

The Anticipo Co., Dept. 2, Elgin, Ill.

Silk Remnants
Large stock of beautiful remnant silk. Write today. We send you prepaid \$5.00 Anticipo to Salvo. Also 12 beautiful pictures. Send the \$5.00 and we send Watch and Fob or you keep Cash Commission. We trust you. Send today.

FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE
This dandy rifle free for selling 20 pkgs. AHT. Post Card to us with 20 pkgs. Send for rifle today. When sold send us \$2.00 and rifle will be sent you at once. **GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 519, CHICAGO.**

SPECIAL OFFER Send 10 CENTS for a Dollar Pattern Ring. Rolled Gold Shell Ring, warranted for years, with raised scrolls on sides. Any initial engraved FREE. Pass for a \$5 ring and all the rage. **DEPT. 2, 4th W. H. W. W., N. Y.**

Be a Chauffeur Earn \$200 per month; travel; be employed the year round. Write **Cliff Hogan, 1503 Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Mo.**

BE A DETECTIVE; Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write **C. T. Ludwig, 482 S. CARROLL BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.**

REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. **National Chemical Company, 574 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.**

Asthma

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE
Send for 12 packages of our beautiful high grade gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c pkgs. Return us the \$1.20 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 18K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address **R. F. MOORE, 322 House old Bldg., Topeka, Kan.**

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the story of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. I cannot sell young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address **MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.** for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION. Thousands of ladies myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedsily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green, Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and save your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. This is on C. S. S. system. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

Special Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bings free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Wife and Mother Will tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her
And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 205 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a drunkard. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to know about this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

**8 CURTAINS
GIVEN
AWAY**

Ladies and Girls, send us your name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you post paid on credit twelve boxes Grandma's Wonder Healing and Complexion Cream, the best of all friends at 25 cents a box.

When sold, remit us the three dollars and we will send you Eight (four pair) Latest Style Pattern White Window Curtains, nearly three yards long.

Write us at once for the twelve boxes of Cream. We trust you. Address,

CHAS. B. THOMPSON
Curtain Dept. 204 BRIDGEWATER, CONN.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU MAY BE ABLE TO WRITE A HIT

Thousands of dollars in successful songs. Send us your WORDS or MELODIES. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Washington only place to secure a copyright. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 153, Washington, D. C.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Startling in sleep, Nightmares, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuritis around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others. Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

Sweaters Free

We Are Giving Away All Free a Beautiful Sweater,

for men, women or children, to anyone selling only Six of our 25-cent Oxien Porous Plasters. We send the Six Oxien Porous Plasters to your address without money from you. After you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Oxien Porous Plasters that have for a quarter century prevented and relieved thousands of ills including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by check measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors Brown, Green and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six Oxien 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

**Comfort's
Information
Bureau**

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. G. Murraysville, Pa.—As to the keeping of ferrets for killing rats there is no general law against it. What local ordinances you may have in Murraysville, you ought to know better than we do.

J. J. M., St. Joseph, Mo.—If COMFORT readers want to keep posted on certain matters they should read and digest what we say in this column. If you had done this you would have known long ago that there are no Stradivarius violins of 1706 or any date which are not known to dealers and the one you have is fraudulent. It may be a good violin worth from ten dollars up, but it is not a Strad, the prices on which range anywhere from one thousand dollars up, and nobody is trying to sell one at a thousand.

G. R., Manhattan, Kans.—For homestead lands information write to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C. For Canadian lands write to Commissioner of Public Lands, Ottawa, Canada.

E. S. D., Wilbur, Mont.—Jiu Jitsu as a special art of defense is about relegated to the past. It is taught in some schools as a side line, but there are no Jiu Jitsu schools that we know of as there were when the fact was in vogue.

E. Nobleville, Ind.—Write to advertisers in COMFORT for information about coins. They are reliable. Other COMFORT inquirers on this subject please take notice and do the same. Only experts can give reliable information about coins and we are not experts.

E. W. H., Goshen, N. C.—For your benefit and that of other inquirers for names of firms in cities which handle evergreens for winter decorations we will say that unless you have evergreens in quantity to get carload rates, the freight will eat up all the profit the commission man doesn't get. Your best plan is to make your sale to your local dealer who gathers up enough to make a car load. The small shipper has no show at all in city shipments unless he has a special customer who buys direct from him. All holiday shipments are arranged for months in advance. As we said before to chicken raisers, we say to you, you cannot be successful in producing anything unless you know how and where to sell it. Learn that part first.

Stung, Gillespie, Ill.—To this and to all COMFORT readers who have failed to get in touch with firms to which they have written and have cause to believe they have not been fairly dealt with we would say that they should write to the Post-office Department, Washington, D. C., stating full particulars. After that, it is for them to wait until the Department notifies them what has been, or will be, done.

X. Y. Z., Ladysmith, Wis.—The address of Wilbur Wright, the aviator, is Dayton, Ohio. He is probably ready to take on a few first-class young men as pupils, but unless you are willing to die trying to learn how to earn a living, you had better not apply.

L. E., Barnard, Kans.—A violin dating from 1779, if not bearing the fake names of most of the so-called old violins with which many COMFORT readers are familiar, may be of considerable value, depending upon circumstances. Lyon & Healy, Chicago, are authority on violins, but you would have to send it there. When any of these old violins, so called, have the names of Stainer, or Guarneri or Stradivarius, or any of the famous old makers, in them, they are frauds and anyone who has one may keep it as he would an ordinary fiddle to play on.

N. O., Tabor, Ky.—A great many young women who have their living to make seem to imagine that being a trained nurse is a good way to make it. They never were mistaken. It is probably one of the most difficult positions that women fill and requires unusual qualities, both of body, mind and heart. The best nurses are well educated women as well, and necessarily they must have no little medical education. Before seriously thinking of becoming a trained nurse we advise every young woman to talk with several physicians and get advice as to qualifications for the work. There are numerous schools for training nurses, but like other special schools, pupils will be taken who have the money to pay for tuition whether they are properly qualified for the work or not.

Subscriber, Nepece, Ida.—The wife of a man's nephew is his niece by marriage. It is proper for him to call her his niece, though in law he would have to say by marriage. (2) Your cousin's children are your first cousins, one remove, usually called second

**FREE SOLO GUITAR
and
INSTRUCTION BOOK**

Full solo instrument, 2 feet and 10 inches long, 10 1/2 inches wide, American manufacture, well and carefully made, richly ornamented. All strung with 6 strings, has clear, rich tones, easy to hold, durable and satisfactory as \$10.00 guitar. With it we give FREE A SELF INSTRUCTION BOOK. Write for 24 packages BLUINE to sell at 10 cents each. When sold return the \$2.40 and we will send Guitar and Instruction Book.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 612 MILL ST., CONCORD JUNCT., MASS.

cousins. (3) Your cousin's husband is your cousin by marriage. He is related only by marriage. Which, however, counts as a relation.

Ambition, San Jose, Cal.—Here is an inquirer (girl) sending all the way from California to Maine to know when the first half term of the San Jose High school begins, and in the same mail a young man, living seven miles from Canastota, N. Y., writes to know if he can get books out of the Canastota library. We have had inquiries right out of the great city of New York about matters which could have been learned by the simplest kind of local inquiry, yet some people do not seem to understand that they do not have to go away from home to get the news. Other COMFORT readers will please take notice and know why a good many of their questions have never been answered, we don't answer foolish questions.

Mrs. T. M., Erhard, Minn.—A horse-hide, we suppose, is tanned pretty much as any other hide is tanned, but without experience no one can do a successful job of tanning, though not a few things that it can be done. Better learn how on coon skins, or dog skins, or cat skins, or give the work to an expert tanner.

W. T. M., Mattingly, Ky.—The Society of the Daughters of the Revolution was organized in Washington, D. C. October 11th, 1890, and it now has a membership of over 60,000, with a thousand chapters all over the country. For particulars as to eligibility, dues and all information write to Mrs. Mabel G. Swornstedt, Corresponding Secretary General, D. A. R., Washington, D. C.

M. H., Somerset, Ky.—For a position as stenographer in Panama write to Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. There is a Panama Canal Commission but the Civil Service Commission is the one to which you should apply.

Canadian, St. Catharines, Ont.—One may become an architect after a public school course by working with a good architect. How long would be required depends upon the learner. With a taste for the work and quick natural abilities three or four years should develop a pretty fair architect, though there are many who have been at it for twenty years and are nothing to brag of. Great architects are born, not made. Some women architects have been quite successful, but as yet not many of them have taken it up. (2) Advertising, that is the writing of advertisements, is a paying profession to those who write the best ones. Correspondence schools claim to teach it, but the results are not satisfactory. It is like any other good writing. It cannot be taught—it is a born gift. (3) Ask your newsdealer about automobile magazines.

Jesse Dell, Eagleton, Ark. writes to say that if J. B. B., Grison, Ga., inquiring in this column for war pictures will write to National Tribune, Washington, D. C. he may find what he wants.

M. Mc., Clarendon, Alta.—There have been several books written about the Kentucky fends whose titles we do not now recall. If you will write to Col. T. G. Stewart, Winchester, Ky., he will be able to give you titles and tell you where they may be had. Or write to State Librarian, Frankfort, Ky.

L. L. E., Coleman, Wis.—It is not a question of whether it is right or not about marrying a cousin that is a first cousin, for in many of the states it is against the law and is not a marriage. Anybody contemplating marrying a first cousin had better find out before marrying, whether or not it is a crime. In some states where more attention is paid to the raising of stock than to human beings first cousins may marry.

Blue Bell, La Grange, Oregon.—The only education necessary to work in a telephone exchange is to read, write and speak correctly the English language. In acquiring that you will have acquired enough of the other branches. Distinct pronunciation, good manners and good temper are also necessary, though they are not always in evidence.

D. S. B., Seaboard, Ala.—Albert W. Gilchrist is the Governor of Florida. The Commissioner of Penitentiaries, Washington, D. C. is the person to tell you about getting a transfer.

Mrs. A. B., Tacoma, Wash.—For information about Arizona write to Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Phoenix, Arizona. Also write to Central Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, B. R., Houston, Texas.

M. D., Butler, Okla.—For information about State Normal and Agricultural schools in the states you mention write to Superintendents of Education at the capitals of those states. (2) Population in 1910 of Oklahoma, 1,657,165; Missouri, 2,393,265; Colorado, 799,024; Arkansas, 1,574,149; Kansas, 1,690,940; Texas, 3,846,942; New Mexico, 327,301.

Mrs. E. S. B., Natural Bridge, N. Y.—The American Numismatic Association was founded in 1891. Its President is Dr. J. M. Reiderman, Columbus, O. and its secretary is Geo. L. Tilden, Worcester, Mass. The American Numismatic Society was founded at New York in 1858; corresponding Secretary, Henry Russell Browne, Audubon Park, West 155th Street, New York City. These are the coin authorities of this country, they may not extend information to others than members. You may write to the Secretary of each and submit your questions, including postage. Other readers of COMFORT making coin inquiries of us may do the same.

December Cash Prizes Paid

We have paid to the following named persons the December Cash Prizes.

Notice that all the big prizes were paid double and that the first nine \$1.00 prizes were also doubled. Get your name in this list next month. It pays and it makes you feel good.

Look over our Great Subscription Prize offer, and enter now for a February cash prize. February prize competition is just opening so you stand as good a chance as anybody for a February prize.

December Prize-Winners

E. Wagoner, Ill. (1st prize doubled) - \$100.00
Ada Humphrey, Ky. (2nd prize doubled) - 50.00
J. R. McCready, Pa. (3rd prize doubled) - 20.00

THESE NINE RECEIVED \$2.00 EACH, \$1.00 MONTHLY PRIZE DOUBLED.

Macon A. Green, Tenn.; **Hattie Pigott, W. Va.**; **Anna B. Jacobson, Cal.**; **Fairlena Riley, Ky.**; **Mrs. Hugo Noland, Ind.**; **Mrs. Mary Perry, W. Va.**; **Anna Maistman, Ind.**; **Herbert Hanson, Canal Zone**; **Laura Lindsay, Va.**

\$1.00 Monthly Prize to Each of These.

Mrs. Ellen Gaines, Ill.; **Mrs. H. Bonfield, Can.**; **Emma Ferguson, Kans.**; **Anna Moellers, Ill.**; **Eva M.**

The Following 100 Women Received a Consolation Prize of \$1.00 Each.

Mrs. J. A. Devor, Ill.; **Sarah J. Richardson, Idaho**; **Mrs. F. Robbins, Ala.**; **Mrs. M. H. Slatery, Mo.**; **Mrs. Carrie Rose, N. Y.**; **Mrs. Pelle Neill, Ga.**; **Eva Gipson, Ind.**; **Mrs. Daisy Wells, Ill.**; **Mrs. Minnie M. Cleary, Ind.**; **Eula Gibson, Ind.**; **Ellen Sjogren, Iowa**; **Mrs. C. Roseberry, Iowa**; **Katie F. Whetstone, Iowa**; **Mrs. C. J. Schell, Kans.**; **Mrs. Herman W. Brauer, W. Va.**; **Mrs. Lewis Jones, Mass.**; **Mrs. W. C. Farnsworth, Mich.**; **Mrs. E. O. Hanks, Minn.**; **Mrs. S. L. Dooley, Mo.**; **Mrs. Jewett Wright, Mo.**; **Cecile Carr, Mo.**; **Mrs. McMorris, Neb.**; **Mrs. Jos. Peters, N. J.**; **Margaret O'Hara, N. Y.**; **Mrs. W. E. Down, N. O.**; **Mrs. Lella Betley, N. C.**; **Mrs. Nana Trogon, N. C.**; **Mrs. Florence Fritchett, N. C.**; **Mrs. Dora Forsythe, Pa.**; **Mrs. W. E. Cabiness, Va.**; **Mrs. J. H. Mann, Va.**; **Mrs. Mary Neils, Wis.**; **Mrs. Eunice Gibson, W. Va.**; **Mrs. Mary Braun, Pa.**; **Mrs. M. A. Furrow, Ill.**; **Elvira Morgan, Ill.**; **Mrs. Annie Langell, Ohio**; **Mrs. Geo. Endinger, Ohio**; **Mrs. Mabel Light, N. G.**; **Mrs. M. E. Black, Mo.**; **Frances Hannah, Tenn.**; **Mattie Cooper, Ala.**; **Mrs. Clara Jordan, Ill.**; **Mrs. Ida Dippold, Ill.**; **Mrs. M. L. Lindwick, Minn.**; **Agnes Rickard, Wis.**; **Miss Rena Atkinson,**

Louis Aasenbauer, Wis. (4th prize doubled) - \$10.00
Henry N. McCord, Ga. (5th prize doubled) - 6.00
S. R. Harkness, Mo. (6th prize doubled) - 4.00

Whitmore, Ill.; **Mrs. Minnie Craig, N. C.**; **Mrs. L. Munroe, Mass.**; **Robert Chaffa, Pa.**; **Mary Whitten, Ala.**; **Jennie Hickman, Ark.**; **Mrs. Thos. Johnson, Can.**; **Miss Mamie Parker, Iowa**; **Mrs. Della Brosman, Ind.**; **John C. Hage, Mich.**; **Mrs. Carroll Davis, Ill.**; **Miss Alta Dennison, Ohio**; **Mrs. Mae Badgerow, Mo.**; **Minerva Fickel, Ohio**; **Mrs. Arthur Davis, Kans.**; **Mrs. Bertha Dickey, Ind.**; **Miss Lena Boller, Pa.**; **Ella Franklin, Mo.**; **B. E. Page, Jr., N. J.**; **Parthena Keller, N. Y.**; **Mrs. Blanche Edgington, Ohio**; **Mabel Chipman, Wis.**

A. E., Oak Harbor, Wash.—There is no especial place that we know of for hiring marine firemen for liners and coasting vessels, except the ordinary employment agencies in the various cities of the country, or by application at the offices of the ship companies. If you are a competent man why not go into the U. S. navy where you will have a sure job and if you stay long enough will be comfortably fixed in your old age? The navy wants good men. Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

A. S., Dott, Pa.—In nearly all large millinery establishments girls are taught the trade, but not as pupils so much as working-girls. Which means that young women who want to learn the milliner trade must get jobs in millinery houses and work up. Nor can such places be had by correspondence, unless the applicant is known to someone in the house. It is a case of going after what is wanted.

D. D., Cool, Oregon.—The Charity Organization of the City of New York is the largest of its kind in this country and it issues a weekly journal, The Survey. An advertisement in that would bring you to the notice of many "baby homes" and other institutions seeking nurses. Write to E. T. Devine, Gen'l Secretary, No. 105 East 22nd Street, New York City. Or advertise in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane papers.

YOU \$5 to \$10 A DAY
and Silk Lining
for Your FREE
First Suit

Even if you never sold a dollar's worth of goods in your life, make \$5 to \$10 a day selling our made-to-order suits and pants.

This is Your Chance to Make Money

We sell suits from \$5 to \$10 less than other houses, give better tailoring, make better fitting clothes, with absolute guarantee. You can undersell others; no work to take orders for us. You can not fail—our line is the only line where you can give satisfaction or money refunded. It is a snap to sell Regal Tailoring.

BIG MONEY—EASY WORK

We start you Free. Send for samples now. We will back you with our capital and experience—you do not need money—we will instruct you and you can commence making money at once. Send us your name and address now and an outfit larger than all others with newest samples, latest fashion plate, tape measure and everything necessary will be sent you FREE.

You can get your own suit at inside prices FREE and we will line it with silk absolutely. Besides, we give many valuable premiums free to our agents. Write today for full particulars and receive exclusive territory. The greatest chance ever offered to make big money.

REGAL TAILORING CO., 537 Regal Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

Post Card Reflector FREE
AND 50 POST CARDS

This New Post Card Reflector, with enlarge the picture on any post card in a very large size and in their natural colors. Illustrate your friends or make money selling them. Write for details. No money to pay at the price. We send you a sample that costs you nothing. Reflector TWO \$10 PRESENTS for selling only 25 Post Cards.

NEW MOTTO PICTURES

at our special price of one each—each picture with 25 cards each—four presenters. Write for details and large illustrated prospectus. When sold, send us \$2.50 and we will send you a Reflector and 50 post cards with your primary satisfaction guaranteed. **ALTON WATCH & JEWELRY CO., Dept. 1777, Chicago, Ill.**

WATCH RING & FREE
FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We guarantee that our watches, rings and cufflinks are beautiful, engraved, fitted, water-proof, equal in appearance to gold and cost only one dollar. Guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful ring, for selling only 25 packages of beautiful high grade post card cards at 10c a package. Order for full size, and when sold, send us \$2.50 and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring and Cufflinks.

WELLS RING CO., DEPT. 216, CHICAGO.

AVIATION CAP

Warmth Without Weight.



LADIES' and MISSES' WARM WOOL CAP
For Every Outdoor Wear.

Riding, walking, skating, for school, play and every genuine use a most suitable winter cap. Crocheted from coarse elder-down wool, they are large, thick, but warm without weight. Made in one style with deep roll brim, usually in contrasting color, they are the most satisfactory head-wear of the kind yet devised and thousands are wearing them. Many pleasing color combinations are made, but plainer colors prevail in adult sizes, all white, white and gray, or tan, or tan with blue are popular, while the smaller sizes are made in contrasting colors too numerous to mention. We strive to furnish the most popular colors and will use our judgment in filling orders unless you express a preference.

CLUB OFFERS: An adult cap (full size), as illustrated, would cost for a suit of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at the rate of a Misses' Cap of same materials for only four months subscription to COMFORT at 2 cents each. State size and color preferred. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Remember. We send this magnificent one year to the subscribers you secure and send the Dolls to you as a premium. Will send 4 Dolls for securing 3 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each. 4 sets Dolls free for a club of 5 15-mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT,
Augusta, Maine.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys; Girls; Sell 30 Pkgs. post Cards at 10c pkg. Keep

12 LOVELY POSTALS: PERFUMED SILK FLORAL YOUR NAME FROSTED:

10 PERFUMED POSTCARDS your name in gold. O. Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill. 10c

100 size 6 1/2 white Envelopes neatly printed 32c. (coin) F. JOHNSON, 635 E. 40th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men, T. ARTOI Co., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

EARN good pay copying addresses; particulars six stamps. Hinchey, 171, Middleport, N.Y.

This Stem Wind WATCH FREE

Genuine American Watch, fine time-keeper, guaranteed 5 years, solid composition, gilt metal case, looks and wears like gold. Also handsome embossed ring. Both free for selling 24 packages BLUINE at 10c each. Write for Blue today.

Blaine Mfg. Co., 311 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

Tobacco Habit Swiftly Banished

Dr. Elders' Tobacco Boon Banishes All Forms of Tobacco Habit In 72 to 120 Hours.

Guaranteed positively to be a harmless, swift and permanent relief from the slavery of the Tobacco Habit. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes sufficient for all ordinary cases. Proofs in plenty from those who have experienced the wonderful benefits of Dr. Elders' Guaranteed Home Treatment.

They write like this: "Wouldn't take \$1000 for what you did for me"; "I never have a hankering for tobacco any more"; "One box of your Tobacco Boon cured me after 30 years habit"; "Used tobacco in all forms for 17 years, three boxes cured me"; "I cannot praise your Tobacco Boon enough. Other Mothers can also cure their sons"; "Used Tobacco for almost 64 years and I cannot express my gratitude to you for putting me in my present condition."

Remember, a legal binding guarantee of results in every case, or money refunded. It will surely pay any one to send for Free Booklet giving full information of Elders' Tobacco Boon, Home Treatment. Address DR. ELDERS' SANITARIUM, Dept. 216 St. Joseph, Mo.

\$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Kidneys.

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency.

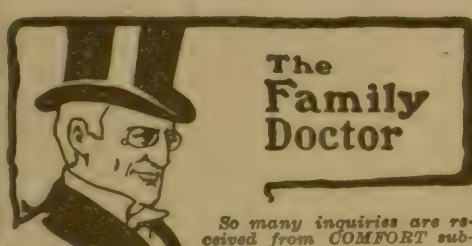
I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-1143 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Dress Pattern Given

THIS simple, pretty, stylish house or street dress is just what every housewife is looking for. In the picture it has the popular turnover collar, but the pattern is also perforated so as to allow a Dutch neck, if that is desired. The closing is placed at the left side of the panel-front. Gingham, percale, linen, pongee, serge, or cheviot are all suitable materials for this becoming costume. The pattern comes in sizes from 32 to 42 bust measure. To make the dress in the medium size will require 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 1/2 yard of 24-inch contrasting goods. To introduce The American Woman, our great story, fancy-work and fashion paper into homes where it is not now received, we will send it 3 months on trial for only 10 cents, and will send you, free and postpaid, this latest dress-pattern. Be sure and tell your size in ordering, and ask for dress-pattern No. 5435. We will also send you our 34-page fashion-book, "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker," showing accurately illustrated descriptions for the latest styles for ladies and children, with valuable lessons and instructions for the home dressmaker. This book tells you how to make everything you wear, from a corset-cover to a full street costume. We will also send our 24-page "Illustrated Catalogue of Fancy Work and Embroidery Designs," showing over 250 patterns of articles interesting to every needlewoman. There are also directions for doing all the new, as well as the old, fancy-work stitches. These books have cost thousands of dollars to print, and we give them to you free.

Just think! For only 10 cents you can get The American Woman for 3 months; this attractive dress-pattern; and two great books worth many dollars to every woman who sews. Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Dept. 51, Augusta, Maine.



So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the publication, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. R. C. W., Rosewell, N. M.—If you live in a gouty district, that is where the water you drink produces gout, you must move out of it. A small gouter may be removed in a month by injecting iodine. In some cases an operation is necessary to remove the growth. These are fibroid gouters. The cystic variety requires different treatment, and it is usually successful. In India, where gout is very generally prevalent, treatment by smearing biniodide of mercury over the growth and having the patient sit with the sun shining on it for several hours has been remarkably successful. Of course, you can only have a physician treat you.

Discouraged, Pearls, Texas.—You will continue to be discouraged until you learn how to eat properly. You have simply eaten anything and everything if you happened to feel hungry and paid no attention to yourself until your nerves and your stomach are all out of order and you have neuralgia wherever there is a nerve. Now put yourself on the very simplest diet you can live on, even not eating anything for a day or two at a time, and when you do eat, chew every mouthful to a pulp, before swallowing. Drink no coffee, and half an hour after meal take half a teaspoonful of soda in a glass of hot water. Eat rice and dry bread or toast, raw cabbage, cooked fruit, more vegetables, eggs, chicken, a little rare beef, lamb, no pork, and no pastry. Keep your bowels open and get your stomach to work as it naturally will and you ought to be as well as anybody. The neuralgia twitches you will never get rid of, but they will not be like they are now.

Merle, Steiner, Mich.—If the doctor can't cure the felon, we doubt if you can, but you might try the old-fashioned remedy of soaking the finger several times a day in strong iodine as hot as can be borne. In the meantime, look well to what you eat and how you eat it, and do not get indigestion, which sometimes shows just such symptoms.

Anne, Fair Grove, Mo.—Typhoid fever very frequently has after effects which are slow to disappear, and sometimes never do. Your occasional sinking spells are held over from your attack of typhoid and as you are young and strong, you will outgrow them by and by. In the meantime, look well to what you eat and how you eat it, and do not get indigestion, which sometimes shows just such symptoms.

Reader, Erin, Tenn.—We do not think you have lead poisoning from working as a painter. The trouble is indigestion which will make a man think he has lost everything except what he really has. Quit taking medicine and begin to diet yourself, eating such food as agrees with you, and chewing every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing it. We believe seventy-five per cent of Comfor readers have indigestion, and probably not that high a per cent of them eat their food as they should eat it.

A. M., Brownstown, Ill.—For cramps in the legs at night, use a liniment of hartshorn, one ounce and olive oil, two ounces. Shake well together and rub on with the hand, rubbing well in. Or moisten a flannel cloth, several thicknesses, with chloroform liniment and hold over the affected part, until it feels about to blister, then remove and let the air to it, but not cold air. Drink a little hot water and brandy, or whiskey, but nothing cold. Avoid fermented liquors and green vegetables, especially in the evening, and don't wear flannel next the skin.

Anxious, Abbeville, S. C.—Put it out of your mind at once that the doctors in your neighborhood are thinking more about the money they get than they are of curing patients. They are doing nothing of the sort. You go to any doctor you know and tell him what you eat and how you eat it and take no exercise to speak of, and he will tell you that you have indigestion and your heart pains come from your stomach. Quit the biscuit, the corn bread, the sweet potatoes, the coffee and the beans and try toast and milk and eggs and rice and raw cabbage and buttermilk and cooked fruit and rare beef, chicken and no pies or puddings. Chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing it and interrupt your sewing two or three times a day by a half mile quick walk in the open air, taking deep breaths and throwing your shoulders back as you walk. Instead of weighing one hundred and five pounds with five feet seven inches of height you should weigh forty pounds more. Take this to one of your local doctors and ask him what he thinks of it.

Subscriber, Nauvoo, Mo.—Children are subject to croup, either in Arizona or anywhere, but the dry air of the region renders the trouble to the minimum and it is a great relief to rheumatism. You can get information about Arizona as a home by writing to

Hon. Geo. U. Young, Secretary, Phoenix, for particulars as to opportunities for employment or for farming. They want people to come there, if they are good people, willing to work and able to help the state.

Inquirer, Princeton, Ky.—There are drugs which will produce a rise in the temperature of the body without serious results if not continued. But the continuance of any such drug, or of any drug producing unnatural results, will be harmful if continued.

Mrs. B. E. M., Talent, Oregon.—There is nothing better for the skin than cocoa butter, not cocoa oil. Simply rub it over the body. But it has none of the qualities you mention. You will have to talk to your doctor about that. He can tell you because he can see you and know what you need.

Shorty, Hollister, Cal.—See advertisements in Comfor for superfluous hair remover. As for a rough skin, some are naturally so and nature will have her way. Others may keep the skin comparatively smooth by proper care and massage and not eating food which will reduce the quality of the blood. Every woman ought to know instinctively what to do to make her skin pretty because her good looks depend so much on that, and every woman seems to think good looks mean more than any other virtues she possesses.

P. O. B., Olney, Ill.—A youngster of twenty-two, as you are, who is a husky farmer except when you have what you call a "cold" and have it pretty often, should get out of Illinois and go to the high and dry country of Colorado or Arizona, according as you like it cold or hot.

Mrs. K. T., Deer Park, Ala.—Unless the child's sore mouth is from constitutional causes and is chronic, you might relieve it, if not cure it, by washing it several times a day with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen which you can get at small cost at a drug-store. Use about a teaspoonful to a wineglass of water and have the child rinse its mouth with it several times a day and before going to bed at night. You may increase the strength if you wish. It is not a poison and will do no harm if the child swallows a little.

Anxious, Bells, Texas.—You cannot have your gold crowned tooth enameled white. The gold will have to come off before the enamel is applied. If there is no objection to the gold except the looks, you had better let it remain as it is.

Mrs. M. S., Gladewater, Texas.—It depends upon what causes the tumor, or swelling, whether or not external applications will remove it or reduce it. In many cases of these lumps under the flesh, painting with iodine effects results, but real tumors are different. What yours is will have to be determined by a physician examining it. But don't be afraid of the knife. Modern surgery is not the old-time butchery and the knife is often the surest and most agreeable remedy.

Mrs. N. L. T., Green Forest, Ark.—Where you should go for your catarrh is to the dry regions of the southwest, or to Colorado. You may find comparatively dry air in the more elevated portions of Kansas or north Missouri, if away from swamp lands. You would find any change from where you now live beneficial. As your 'catarrh' is of the stomach especially, we suggest that you eat very simple food, easily digestible, and drink no coffee or tea. Indigestion will produce what is called catarrh of the stomach.

R. T. S., DeLisle, Miss.—When doctors disagree as to the efficacy of any medicine or treatment, the only way for a layman to settle it satisfactorily to himself is to try it. If the effect is good, then as far as he is concerned all opinions against it count for nothing. Medicine rarely affects two persons alike. If you think the sand treatment for stomach trouble will do you good, try it and find out. It won't do you any serious harm, if not continued.

A. C. S., Adamstown, Pa.—It is not advisable to prevent perspiration when natural. If your feet are cold bathe them night and morning in cold water and rub them until they are red and thoroughly dry. Wear cotton socks, or none at all. A little red pepper put into your shoes will act as an irritant and have a tendency to keep your feet warm. For any unpleasant odor put a few drops of ammonia in the bathing water.

G. R. W., Cecilian, Ky.—Use a gargle of peroxide of hydrogen for your catarrhal sore throat and use the same as a douche for your nose. Weaken it with water to any desired strength.

R. P., Dyke, Nev.—The pain in your back is not from your kidneys, but it is a rheumatic or neuralgic condition of the large muscles that lie in that region—the lumbar region it is called, and when lumbago gets into it you will know what real pain is. You should keep your back protected, either by a wide belt of flannel, narrow in front, but covering the sides as well as back, or by heavy underwear, which should be changed at night, and the belt substituted for it. Cold frequently gets to an unprotected back at night and makes trouble down in the small of it. Massaging is good to get the blood circulating. Constipation affects the nerves and makes the pain, and massaging removes the congestion. Chloroform liniment is a great relief if the pain is acute. Wet a cloth with it and hold it over the part till you feel that a blister is about to come, then take it off for a few minutes, but not in a cold room. Dryness and heat are the best remedies for such ailments.

O. P., Elm Spring, S. Dak.—Thus far no medicine has been discovered that will cure fever, though the ordinary remedies for a cold afford some relief. You must get away from where you have it to some place where it does not prevail. Every state claims localities in which there is never any fever, but the White Mountains seem to have the call at present. Have you ever tried any place in the Rockies? They are not very far away from you are they?

Procrastinator, Penokee, Kans.—See answer above to R. P., Dyke, Nev., for what is the matter with you. However, R. P. is not troubled at night as you are, and as many who have such a pain in the back

Splendid Talking Machine Free

We send you this machine to your home for you to try, and then if you like it we give it to you absolutely FREE—make you a present of it.

This is the latest style high grade disc machine—and disc machines, as you are probably aware, are the best made. Disc records are the most durable—reproduce music the best. It is upon disc records that all the best Opera Singers, Musicians and the best artists record music, both vocal and instrumental.

After you have tried this machine in your own home and are satisfied that there is no better machine made for the reproduction of sound, at any price, we give you the machine absolutely without cost.

Wonderful Tone Arm and Sound Box

The essential point in a Talking Machine is its reproducing power. This is dependent largely on the Sound Box and Tone Arm. Imperial II has the latest improved Tapering Tone Arm, scientifically perfect and acoustically correct. The Sound Box is simple and perfect—a marvel of construction. An aluminum diaphragm, set in rubber gaskets and tested to a degree that insures it to be mechanically and musically correct. It is fitted with a beautifully finished flower horn.



Why Do We Give Away This \$25 Talking Machine?

It is because we are manufacturers of D & R Records (Double and Reversible). These Records have music on both sides. They are the full 10-inch size and we sell them at the same price you would have to pay for the old-style single records. This would make the music cost you about half the old price. We keep on hand always a stock of 500,000 records.

All you have to do to get one of these splendid talking machines is to agree to buy D & R Records. We send you the machine absolutely free and allow you to select a few records as a month as you wish them, and pay for them as you receive them.

With any talking machine you must purchase records in order to use the machine. We are confident that our records will give such satisfaction that you will continue to buy them, as new pieces are issued every month.

Write today and we will send you a list of D & R Records and we will ship you the machine just as soon as you have selected such records as you wish sent with the machine. (6) D & R RECORD CO., 225 Ohio St., Chicago

are. We know of no better treatment than to get up when the pain wakes you and to take five minutes' or more of vigorous exercise by bending back and forth, twisting the body and any motion to get the blood circulating about your back as it does during the day when you feel no pain. Sufficient exercise will remove the pain and you can lie down and sleep until congestion begins again, as it probably will not before it is time for you to get up for the day. The pain will continue as long as you are lying down and you cannot get into a position to remove it. Get up and work it off is the only way. It may be inconvenient, but it is better than to lie there and suffer.

Mrs. B. E. G., Blunt, S. Dak.—An emetic that will cause vomiting quite promptly is a teaspoonful of mustard in a glass of hot water. (2) Hunger which refuses to be appeased may be the result of a tapeworm. Better let a doctor look you over. (3) The nervous twitching below the eyes is owing to poor circulation of the blood. Gently massage the part to set the blood moving and take a dose of Epsom salts before breakfast.



WHY NOT GROW NEW HAIR NOW?

Do Not Imagine the Roots of Your Hair Dead while They are Lying Dormant in the Scalp.

Prof. A. R. Griffiths, Ph.D., F.R.S., writes: "Koskott preparations are in every way adapted to the purpose of curing seborrhea (dandruff) and completely overcoming alopecia (baldness) in any of its forms, where such a thing is possible."

J. J. Sellinger, St. Paul St., Rochester, writes: "Koskott overcame dandruff and produced complete, new and beautiful hair growth."

Miss Margaret Black, 45 Seventh Ave., Manhattan: "I had nearly lost all my hair; it has been restored by Koskott; it is now luxuriant and hangs round my face like a veil."

Mrs. H. G. Burke, Ellisha Ave., Zion City: "My hair was falling out and head covered with scabiness. Koskott has saved all—sore places gone, no more dandruff, hair stopped coming out. Truly wonderful."

Investigate Koskott Method; Let us Send You Our New Book Free, for Koskott is Genuine.

DON'T REMAIN BALD

EVERY word of this if your hair is thinning, falling out, if turning gray, if you have dandruff, or are becoming bald. Probably you have tried various tonics, lotions, shampoos, ointments, treatments, etc., without success. Why? Because they are wrong in principle; some of them actually promote baldness. If you tried, you know. Modern scientists have absolutely proved the existence of one of the smallest parasites known to science, dermodex folliculorum. It gets on the scalp from combs, brushes, etc., that have been used by other people. They gather around hair follicles, exist upon the hair and its natural oil. The hair becomes weak and falls out, leaving the roots, which are soon stifled in marshy matter and covered by seborrhea. The dermodex folliculorum, like all microbes or infinitesimally small parasites, multiplies rapidly. This causes the falling of hair and baldness. By ridding the scalp of these minute

Let us send you proofs that Koskott has grown hair after many years of baldness, that ladies with short and scanty hair have had new growth reaching below the waist. Legions of testimonials.

THIS KILLS YOUR HAIR

Koskott Treatment contains specially selected and scientifically compounded ingredients, the purpose of which is to quickly and gently clear the scalp and follicle apertures of the dermodex folliculorum and seborrhea and to cause the dormant roots to be properly nourished through the blood and oils, just as nature intended. A light, dewy growth is often discernible within a few days; this develops rapidly into beautiful, SOFT, HEALTHY HAIR.

Don't wait until you have combed out all your hair before using the Koskott Treatment. Don't wear false hair.

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1890

Accept This Swell \$25 Suit

One of Many Styles

Yes, FREE. We start our well-dressed sales representatives out looking right—we send our outfit free, at once, biggest and best sample book, attractive fabric, hand-drawn color plates, with our new, remarkable, easy money-making offer, your entire sample suit office as well, well-dressed, and backed by us, you can make big money, showing our superior line of men's suits and overcoats—orders come thick, fast and easy. Spare time or all of it. No money or experience necessary. No references or red tape. We trust you absolutely.

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Other agents are—you can do as well or better. Exclusive territory and special inside wholesale price so you can undersell all competition and make big profit. When your friends see your suit they will gladly order these well-tailored, hand-drawn, made-to-measure garments. They will save \$35. Suits, \$50 up. Fit, workmanship, material guaranteed by word. Finest for style, looks and wear. Locality. Chance of your lifetime. **SEND NO MONEY** to get well-dressed and make money. Get in quick. No risk. Everything sent express paid. Hurry up today. 733 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

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\$200.00 PIANO PURCHASE CHECK FREE

GOLD WATCH FREE!

Count the 8 marks and earn a Purchase Check. If you have a piano you can trade for the check to someone who wants a piano, and when we close a deal with him, a beautiful Gold Watch, 20-year-old, a beautiful Gold Watch, 20-year-old, a beautiful Gold Watch, 20-year-old.

To advertise our sweet-toned Lombard Pianos

A \$200 PIANO PURCHASE CHECK will be given any person who sends us the correct number of 8 marks in the panels of the piano. \$1 will be deducted from the check for each 8 mark wrong in your count.

IF YOU WANT A PIANO

Count the 8 marks, and earn a Lombard Piano Purchasing Check. If your count earns the \$200 Check, by using it you can save \$200 on the retail price of a Lombard Piano. Balance of price you can pay in cash, or payments if desired.

CALEB PIANO CO. Chicago, Illinois
184 North Cherry St.

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A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but no relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case. I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 99 Alhambra, Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

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A \$2.00 TREATMENT FREE

I have been treating Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness with great success for over 30 years. Many who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. Jaa. R. Wattle, of Junction, Ill., says: "I took your medicine and it certainly cured me." G. Westfall, 25 Boston St., Chicago, N. Y., says: "From the day I began to take your medicine, I began to improve." Chas. R. Cault, Waynesville, Okla., says: "I can give your medicine great praise. It cured my son." Let those that don't believe write to me." Mrs. Kate Black, R. 1, Box 108, East Prairie, Mo., says: "May God bless you and your wonderful remedy." Thousands of other letters. Let me prove my ability to you. Give me the price of the medicine and I will be pleased to prepare and send you a pint bottle of medicine (\$2.00 also) FREE.

F. E. GRANT, M.D., Dept. 86, Kansas City, Mo.

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FREE

STUART'S PLAS-TO-PADS are different from the truss, being made of adhesive plaster, and the pads are secured in place. No straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, cannot chafe or compress, and the pads are secured in place. The most obstinate cases cured. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—disappears. Awarded Gold Medal. Honors of Discovery is natural, so no further need of fuss. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write TODAY.

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FREE

We give WATCHES, JEWELRY, Silverware, Bibles, Violins, Cameras, etc., on cash, for selling only 10 New GOLD Text Pictures, for Star and Heart designs. Solid gold background, beautiful colors; large assortment of familiar pictures. Also Family Records, Lord's Prayer, Rock of Ages, etc. Size 10x10. Our price 10c each. Regular price 25c. Send for 20 pictures and large Premium list today. When sold send \$3 and your premium list. No cash return. Satisfaction guaranteed. GATES BPO. CO., Dept. 235, Chicago, Ill.

Given FREE to GIRLS

Beautiful Gold Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also new stylish Signet Ring, for selling 5 pkgs. of our souvenir cards. Or, 8 pkgs. when sold send us money collected and we positively send you Bracelet and Ring free. Write for cards today. Address S. M. Wright, Dept. 249 Topeka, Kansas

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

will only come down out of the skies, and the regions of dreams to earth, and use a little horse sense plus plenty of elbow grease, grit and determination, you will make money enough not only to keep the wolf from the door, but to make life enjoyable and comfortable as well.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button and a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted to COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and being such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped address card to the League, care of the League, to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once, so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary. The League, they bother him and cause confusion and delay. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from a doctor or postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Miss Ollie Teague, Boomer, N. C. This poor girl has been suffering from rheumatism for many years. Has been helpless for more than six years. She is dependent on charity for her support. Finest references from doctor and postmaster. She would like cards, letters and any financial aid you can afford her. Her mother, Mrs. P. A. Beard, Westfield, Iowa. Mrs. Beard's husband is suffering from consumption. Is hopelessly ill. There are eight children, and only one boy of fourteen and the mother are able to contribute to the support of the family. This is a very sad case. Do your best for them. Mrs. Emma Foster, Neva, Tenn. This poor soul is hopelessly ill with locomotor ataxia. An incurable disease. She will be grateful for any assistance. She is highly recommended. Mrs. J. Towery, Hugo, Okla. Mrs. Towery is a helpless shut-in. Her husband is in poor health. He makes ties when able. They suffer at times for lack of food. There are three children, a boy of fourteen, a girl of twelve, and another child, six months old. Finest of references. The children need clothing and shoes. If you send clothing prepay freight and send only such clothes, as you would be willing to wear in public yourself. Help this family all you can. Miss T. G. Trail, Sta. A., Danville, Va. Miss Trail is urgently in need of funds to enable her to undergo a surgical operation. She has no means of securing financial help, unless you assist her. I'm sure many of our readers will be only too glad to help. Mattie Beverage, Dabney, Ark. This poor girl has been an invalid since she was three years of age. Lives with a poor old grandmother, has no means of support. Do the best you can to brighten her life. Take an interest in her. She writes beautifully. Don't however, take up her time unless you can be a helpful friend. It is very exhausting writing when one is sick. Mrs. Nannie J. Collins, 803 W. Hunter St., Nevada, Mo. Mrs. Collins has been an invalid for many years. I promised her a wheel chair over a year ago, but have been unable to send it to her, as others by sending in subscriptions have naturally been favored. Won't some of you help her to get her chair, by sending in subs to the wheel-chair club in her name. Jeff Hankins, Avena, Ill. This poor soul is a helpless cripple, unable to perform any kind of work. His postmaster, speaking of him says: "Any help or favor shown him will be worthily bestowed." He has only one leg. Try and brighten this poor fellow's life. He is needy and worthy. Mrs. Martha Matter, Attica, R. B. 1, Ohio. Shut-in. Sick and without means. Highly recommended. Do what you can for her in any way, but money is what she needs most to provide the bare necessities of life. Charles Leo Clark, Pen Yon, Yates Co., R. R. 3, N. Y. This poor young man was hurt while ploughing in the fields. He has been a helpless invalid for a number of years. He is not in want, but there is much you can do to brighten his life. Nothing pleases an invalid so much as to have a bright new dollar bill with which he can purchase some little thing that he craves. Hazel Jones, Center Point, Iowa. Shut-in. Would like embroidery cotton and silk, and stamped dolls. Mrs. H. L. Goodlin, 3313 Scarsdale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Shut-in. Would like cherry letters and postals. Matilda Johns (97), Boyce, Ky. Postals and cherry letters. Mrs. A. A. Riley (60), Scottsville, Ky. Cherry letters. Belle Thompson, Plattsville, Mo. Those who need artificial limbs, or know of any parties needing artificial limbs, please write to Miss Thompson. Mrs. J. E. Shaver, West Sand Lake, N. Y. Wants cherry letters.

NOTICE.—All those listed above are worthy objects of charity, and deserve and need your help to the extent of your ability; I have personally investigated every case. Those who report charity cases to me must invariably inclose the certificate of a local physician or postmaster confirming the facts as claimed; otherwise, they will receive no attention. If our monthly list is too long, as it sometimes has been, some of the unfortunate receive but little benefit from the appeals in their behalf; so we have adopted a rule to print no more than one appeal for financial aid from any one state in a single month, and not to repeat an appeal for any person within a year. Now be liberal in your giving and make the results to these sufferers worth the time which I devote,

and valuable space which our good publisher gives to this worthy object.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems Make a Whole City Laugh!

A lady in the city of Cortland, N. Y. gave away no less than sixty books of Uncle Charlie's Poems as Christmas presents to her friends. Uncle Charlie's screamingly funny poems have created such a sensation in Cortland, that the whole city is holding its sides with laughter. Here is the best valentine in all the world, one that will keep your best girl in good humor and will make her love you all the year round. You can secure this beautiful 160 page volume, glorious in its lilac silk cover, containing several splendid pictures of the author, and an intensely interesting sketch of his life, free for an hour's easy work. Get up a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and this glorious book is yours. Get busy and work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is Simply Great

That is what Eva Tanguay, the three thousand dollar a week queen of vaudeville, and the most discussed woman on the American stage says. Get up a club of only two fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and secure this wonderful song folio, which contains twenty-eight of the dandiest, dreamiest, loveliest songs ever written. Songs that thrill and entrance. Worth five dollars. Greatest bargain ever offered the American public. A huge, beautifully bound book with music for voice and piano. A club of six will secure both poems and song book. These COMFORT'S star premiums count towards our grand cash prize competitions.

\$80 in U. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$80 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

Catarrh—Combination Treatment for Catarrh and Head Colds.

The most scientific and successful form of treatment yet proposed. For particulars, write fully to E. J. WORST, Box 6, Ashland, Ohio.

How to Entertain

Book with 250 Jokes and Riddles, 73 Toasts, 67 Parlor Tricks, 8 Fortune-telling Secrets, 520 Money-Making Secrets, 24 Funny Readings, All 100c Postpaid. J. C. DORN, 709 So. Dearborn St., Dept. 24, Chicago, Ill.

BOYS and GIRLS

Earn Elegant Watch, Ring & Chain in One Day's Work

SEND NO MONEY.—Simply send your name and address and we send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 20 inches long, no 2 alike, (stores usually charge \$1.00 each), WITH THEM we send 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SAUCE (very handsome boxes) greatest remedy known for Cuts, Burns, Dandruff, Ulcers, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, Etc.

How Drunkards are Being Saved

These 18 pictures tell their own story. Even a child can understand them.

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED IN 72 HOURS!

I guarantee absolutely that any drinker will completely lose the craving for alcoholic drinks if he or she willingly takes my gentle, safe, home Treatment for only three days or a refund money. It is perfectly harmless, overcomes the craving and wonderfully improves the health. By my A Method you can cure yourself or any other person with the positive knowledge that success will follow or money back. The craving begins to disappear in a few hours and health improves every minute. An astonishing and lasting transformation! Also, I supply my B Method whereby the DRUNKARD IS SAVED WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE. Do not confuse with worthless imitations. THE PERSON SOON BEGINS TO DETEST SMELL OR TASTE OF LIQUOR despises the stuff, and nothing can induce him to drink it. Any wife, mother or friend can give these preparations secretly in coffee, tea, milk, whiskey, beer or other drink. They are tasteless and truly wonderful in their action. My book *Confessions of an Alcohol Slave* tells how I was a heavy drinker for many years and was miraculously cured; it explains how the same joy can come to every other drinker. My Method is the most successful in the world. It is the lowest priced absolutely guaranteed Treatment. Often succeeds after all others fail. Legions of testimonials from persons willing to have their names and addresses published, so you can call on or write to them.

FREE

I will send my book, in plain wrapper, postpaid, absolutely free. Write for it and give a few particulars of case, mentioning whether Treatment is wanted for self, or husband, son, friend, etc. It makes no difference how long person has been a drinker or how much he drinks. Correspondence strictly confidential. I can answer as well by mail as if you call. Write to-day if you can't keep this adv. and show to your friends. **EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Av., K359, New York, N.Y.**

NOTICE.—Woods' Method for curing drink habit, (alcoholism) is endorsed by physicians of America and Europe as being the quickest, best, perfectly safe Remedy. Mr. Woods' Free Book changes despair to joy! Read it.

THIS BIG POST CARD ALBUM FREE

DON'T MISS THIS PREMIUM

We show this album as it opens, showing that four cards may be displayed before you on the 2 page, also each leaf accommodates four cards, two, front and back; the entire album accommodates fifty cards. You preserve and exhibit cards at same time. The average post-card collector would naturally require three or four of these albums every year, now that post cards are produced to such various seasonable subjects. One could fill an album with all different Christmas cards and again with birthday and greeting cards, still another album for travel cards received from friends who are resting at a distance overseas. In this way one can arrange and classify their cards and they will then be preserved in a nice way and when you want to show them to your friends they are presentable in a tastefully arranged manner for exhibition.

ALSO LOTS OF CARDS FREE

To go with ALBUMS. As long as they last you get Cards and ALBUMS and COMFORT at these liberal terms.

Club Offer

Send 25 cents for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT, with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, for an Album and 15 cards. We give a fine lot of cards free with each album so you have an assortment of 15 beautiful cards, comprising all the popular subjects, such as Christmas, New Year's and Santa Claus, embossed in gold. Also, birthday and sentiment, greeting cards, views of public buildings, bird and landscape cards as well as special Easter designs. We will give a greeting opportunity if you let this offer escape you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

DON'T STAY FAT

I have such marvelous records of reduction in hundreds of cases with the Kreslin Treatment that I have decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatment. A reduction of five pounds a week guaranteed. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. No starving, no wrinkles or discomfort. Perfectly harmless. Easy and quick results. Don't take my word for this; I will prove it to you at my own expense. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave no fat is reduced. Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 163 7, 73 Madison Ave., New York City.

GRAY HAIR

Can be restored to natural shade. Lifted, too. Don't waste money and take risks with questionable dyes or stains. Get the Big Book on the Hair. Will send it FREE, in plain wrapper, postpaid. KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 288 A, New York, N. Y.

Reproduction from Solid Gold

Genuine Garnet or Opal Setting

Here is an artistic Lady's Ring, simple, dignified and very attractive. Solid Gold rings of this very pattern have been sold and worn in great quantities of late. We could not resist having this ring gotten out for us in a fine quality rolled gold plate, so that we are enabled to send with each Ring a printed guarantee; thus you have our assurance that we send a ring we positively stand behind, for presentation purposes. We give you a choice of either Genuine Garnet or Opal setting and from the illustration you get a splendid idea of the half round gold wire setting with the stone setting mounted in the center. This is the first time the Ring has been offered in the magazines and we expect a very large demand. Let us have your orders early either for Christmas or for presentation purposes. Send only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one of these Rings; give finger measurement and select stone preferred.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Seven Wheel Chairs in January

127 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Seven wheel chairs is a good beginning for the first month of the new year; although I had hoped it might be even better because we made such a magnificent record of nine chairs in December. Seven is one more than we gave in January of last year. Let us all try our best to make it still better for February.

All the recipients of the January chairs sent in more or less subscriptions to help toward their chairs. The following are the names of the seven shut-ins to whom I have shipped the January chairs, and the numbers of subscriptions that each has sent in:

Miss Florence Arthur, Ona, W. Va., 105; Mrs. Julia McEachern, Lafayette, Ala., 80; John W. Lyons, Washington, Ind., 55; Julia Koger, Sanville, Va., 46; Pearl Ryder, Summit, N. Y., 50; Mary A. Jones, Wash., 36; Miss Edna Klepper, Dunkirk, Mont., 33.

You see these shut-ins have all done something to help and COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club has done the best for them. It takes 200 subscriptions for each wheel chair, and in awarding the chairs each month I give them to those applicants that have done the most to help, which is the only fair way. Every applicant for a wheel chair, by himself or through friends, can surely do something in the way of getting COMFORT subscriptions toward his chair and certainly ought to do all he can to help. And even after he gets his chair he ought to keep on getting what subscriptions he can for the Wheel-Chair Club so to help supply wheel chairs to the other shut-ins on our long waiting list.

Just a word of explanation about Mrs. Julia McEachern mentioned above. The 80 subscriptions which she sent were for the benefit of her infant child, hopelessly crippled by hydrocephalus, which is too small to use a wheel chair, and so she requested me to send her a nice baby carriage instead. I sent her a dealer's catalogue of baby carriages and let her make her own selection to be shipped her at my expense.

I will cut my letter short to make room for the letters of thanks and the long Roll of Honor, hoping that you will make it even longer for next month's issue, and with many thanks for your hearty support of COMFORT'S great charity.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little later each month than do you. Subscriptions price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Delighted with COMFORT Wheel Chair Which Came as a Surprise to Brighten Her Christmas

ANNISTON, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair yesterday, and I could never find words to express how delighted I was when they rolled it in to me. I certainly do appreciate it. It surely is a lovely Christmas present.

I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett, and all of COMFORT'S readers who helped me to get my chair. My friends were certainly good to me. May God bless you all in your grand and noble work.

Gratefully yours,
MISS JOSIE WOODRUFF.

Thinks Her COMFORT Wheel Chair Just Lovely

SALISBURY, MD.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: My wheel chair arrived safely and I was so glad to get it. I think it is just lovely and I want to thank you, and all those who were so kind as to help me get this beautiful chair. I could never find words to fully express my gratitude to you all. May you live a long time to carry on this grand work. God bless you, Mr. Gannett and all of COMFORT'S readers.

Your grateful friend,
MRS. SARAH J. PARSONS.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair is a Delight to This Crippled Girl

COMO, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wish to thank you and all COMFORT readers and friends, who so kindly aided me in getting the lovely wheel chair, which reached me safely yesterday. I am delighted with it, as all cripples are, and may the Lord bless you and be ever with you in your good work. Again thanking you, and with best wishes to you all for a happy and prosperous new year.

Your grateful friend,
MISS WILLIE COLLIER.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Miss Florence Arthur, W. Va., for own wheel chair, 53; Mrs. G. B. Horton, N. Y., for Pearl Ryder, 40; Mrs. Julia McEachern, Ala., for her baby, 40; Mrs. Maggie Stark, N. C., for Clyde Davis, 33; Mrs. J. D. Wilson, Ala., 28; Mrs. K. K. K. for Julie Koger, 26; Mrs. Elsie Dobbins, Ind., for John W. Lyons, 25; Mrs. Rose Cooke, Ohio, for Sarah Russell, 21; J. N. Adams, Va., for Julie Koger, 20; Mrs. Mattie Sanders, Tex., for Mrs. Sanders, Sr., 20; Nellie L. White, Kan., for Mrs. Zacharias, Wis., for Olive Weber, 17; Mrs. Clara Chase, N. H., for Edgar Bunnell, 17; B. Rupert Huffman, Va., for Elva Talbert, 16; Mrs. Maggie Weber, Wis., 14; Mrs. B. Dyke, N. Y., for own wheel chair, 14; Miss Mattie Woodburn, Ohio, for Sarah Russell, 14; Mrs. George Bacon, Wis., for D. V. Barnes, 14; Mrs. Mary Harvey, Tex., for own wheel chair, 12; Byron Chapman, Tex., for Mrs. Andrew Chapman, 11; Mary Hendrickson, Ind., for Sarah Russell, 11; Mrs. Lina Davis, Okla., for Sarah Russell, 10; Mrs. E. Ridgeway, Ohio, for own wheel chair, 10; Forrest A. Wood, Pa., for own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. E. H. Martwick, Wis., for Olive Weber, 10; David Wilson, Tex., for own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. S. Le Duc, N. Y., for Sarah Russell, 10; Mrs. R. L. Blankenship, Ark., for Florence Arthur, 10; Mrs. George Bacon, Wis., 9; Mrs. Carrie Kyle, Mo., 8; Mrs. Jennie Forsyth, Mass., for Sarah Russell, 8; Mrs. Jas. Mason, N. Dak., for Sarah Russell, 8; Anna Nichols, Ark., for Miss Jimmie Banks, 8; Mrs. C. A. Smith, Iowa, for Miss Gross, 8; Henry O. Case, Va., for Sarah Russell, 7; Miss Mildred Wilcoxson, Wash., 7; Mrs. J. McKie son, Iowa, for Sarah Russell, 7; Mrs. Jerry Olmstead, M. Y., 7; Mrs. Mayme Young, Okla., for Sarah Russell, 7; Mrs. S. Erway, N. Y., 6; Miss Nellie McLaughlin, Mo., 6; Mrs. Rufus Galloway, N. C., for Hannah Vickers, 6; Walter Taylor, W. Va., for Florence Arthur, 6; Mrs. M. O. Orell, for Mrs. H. Mitchell, 6; Mary Rapp, Ill., 6; for Ina Scott's mother, Iowa, for Sarah Russell, 6; Mrs. M. S. Head, Mo., 6; Mrs. N. F. Batka, Cal., 6; Agnes M. Hayes, Tex., 6; Emma Laughlin, Ore., 6; Miss Alma Balgord, Minn., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. W. J. Cleland, Ill., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. J. Nebriss, Cal., 5; Mattie Harvel, Okla., for own wheel chair, 5; A. V. Paline, Okla., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mary Shellenber, Ind., 5; Mrs. L. M. Simmons, Pa., 5; Mrs. H. Gramps, Pa., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. G. Jennings, N. Dak., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. John Filtrick, Ind., 5; Lillie Knox, Ore., 5; Mrs. Carrie N. Walker, Ind., for own wheel chair, 5; Elizabeth Yeomans, Ill., for Sarah Russell, 5; David Wilson, Tex., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. Willie De Long, N. Dak., 5; Miss Hattie O'Dell, Ill., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. Ruth J. Northrup, R. I., 5; John W. Lyons, Ind., 5; Mrs. B. Sclarius, Ill., 5; Chas. Banks, Kan., 5; Mrs. C. M. Thompson, N. H., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. J. P. Marshall, Va., for Sarah Russell, 5; M. L. Lord, Okla., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. Ethel Collins, Ark., 5; Mrs. Anna Burdick, Ore., 5; Mary H. Jones, Ore., for own wheel chair, 5; Miss Martha Rogers, Ind., 5; Mrs. Fred A. Smith, Vt., 5; Becca Renslow, Iowa, 5; Mrs. E. R. Burnett, Wash., for Sarah Russell, 5; Myrtle Davis, Okla., for Sarah Russell, 5; Miss Alma Balgord, Minn., for Sarah Russell, 5; Mrs. S. S. Tracy, Kan., 5.

John Paul Jones

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

ship of war and assumed command until Capt. Saltonstall should arrive from Boston and receive his commission. This was the old Pine Tree and Rattlesnake flag in use before the adoption of the Stars and Stripes.

On February 17, 1776, a squadron of four ships including the Alfred, all that were then in commission, sailed for the Bahama Islands, to destroy the British shipping, and returned in April without having accomplished anything except to prove the utter unfitness of most of the commanding officers, some of whom were consequently suspended or dismissed from the service. Such was the humiliating result of the first cruise of our infant navy, but it had the good effect of sifting out the incompetent officers and gave the able ones, and among them Jones, a chance to rise. On the Alfred he had served under Capt. Saltonstall.

In May Lieutenant Jones was given command of the little sloop-of-war Providence carrying fourteen guns and one hundred and seven men. Among his crew were his two slaves Kato and Scipio and a full-blooded Narragansett Indian by the name of Anthony Jeremiah. Jones said that the three fought with equal bravery even in the desperate and bloody battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, but after a time the two negroes became homesick and were sent home, while the Indian stuck to him throughout the seven years of war. At no time was "Red Jerry," as his shipmates called him, so happy as in battle, and he told Jones that he liked the big fights and the noise of the big guns, and that after the battle it felt good to his feet to tread the decks of the conquered ships of the enemy.

Small as the Providence was Jones was pleased because he was in supreme command of the little ship, which gave him a chance to show what he could do. In her he cruised that summer from the Bermuda Islands to the Banks of Newfoundland, successfully dodging the powerful British frigates that were hunting him while he captured sixteen of the enemy's vessels at sea, eight of which he burned and brought home the other eight as prizes. He even landed twice in the enemy's country, first at Canso, Nova Scotia, where he liberated some American prisoners of war, burned three vessels and brought away another; then at the Isle Madame where he drove away the British garrison, captured arms and ammunition and destroyed a number of fishing vessels. This was the first cruise of an American war ship that inflicted any damage on the enemy.

While Jones was thus honorably serving his country the British wreaked their vengeance on him personally by destroying his private property, and the first news that greeted him on his return was that Lord Dunmore had ravaged his plantation, burned his mill and all his buildings, destroyed his wharf, killed all his live stock, cut down his fruit trees, ruined his crops and carried away his slaves to be sold in Jamaica. Nothing was left of his once beautiful and productive plantation but the bare land.

Jones took this manifestation of extreme hatred on the part of the British as a complimentary acknowledgment of his service to the cause of liberty. He wrote to a friend, "He (Lord Dunmore) and his know where I am and what I am doing. They can affect me only behind my back. I do not complain of that. But I most sadly deplore the fate of my poor negroes. The plantation was to them a home, not a place of bondage. Their existence was a species of growing up childhood, very now they live stock; away and carried off to die under the pestilence and the lash of Jamaica cane-fields. . . . For this cruelty to these innocent, harmless people I hope sometime, somehow to find an opportunity to exact a reckoning. . . . I am now more than ever glad that I brought with me my two black boys, Kato and Scipio. . . . Their brothers and sisters have been carried off by British marauders, and now they talk of nothing but vengeance."

Jones's plantation had consisted of 3,000 acres of excellent land, one thousand acres of which was under cultivation, the rest heavily timbered; a grist-mill run by water power, mansion, overseer's house, negro quarters, stables, tobacco houses and other improvements, with 22 slaves, 20 horses, 80 cows and calves, sheep and hogs. Jones had made it pay him about \$20,000.00 clear profit during the three years that he owned it previous to its destruction. The most of this sum he had saved in money, but he spent it all and more too, during the war, a part for his own expenses and a large part for enlisting men, fitting out the ships in which he served, and in various other ways for the benefit of the government. After his buildings were burned he even mortgaged his land to raise money for the same purpose. He drew nothing on account of his pay, and after the loss of the ship he presented his bill for about \$45,000.00, a large part of which was for money thus paid out by him to help the cause.

Congress allowed his bill in full, but the government was so poor that it could only spare ten thousand dollars at that time which was offered him as a partial payment on account. Jones refused it, saying that he would not accept any payment so long as the government owed many of his brave companions in arms who needed the money more than he did; and never a dollar of it did he receive but nearly fifty years after his death the government settled with his heirs by paying them fifty thousand dollars.

While Jones was on this cruise in the Providence Congress promoted him, and on his return he found a captain's commission awaiting him. This event he celebrated by giving his faithful slaves, Kato and Scipio their liberty. Although free to have left him they voluntarily continued to serve for the next two years in the ships commanded by their former master.

Jones was next given command of the Alfred, 24 guns, while the Providence still remained under his orders. With these two ships he started in November, on a cruise to the eastward which lasted only 33 days, but in that time he captured seven ships, three of which were loaded with supplies for the British army in America and their cargoes were of priceless value to our government for the equipment of its destitute soldiers. Of this exploit, which deserves more space than we can give it, the following brief description must suffice.

Jones captured two large supply ships, one of which was an armed transport, together with two smaller vessels off the coast of Newfoundland and immediately made off for Boston with them. The powerful 32 gun frigate Milford and a British privateer, which were guarding this fleet, with another armed transport pursued Jones in an attempt to recapture his prizes. Jones signalled the Providence to hurry on with the four captured ships while he dropped back with the Alfred to deal with his pursuers. Though Jones was ever ready to meet any odds, even if it appeared to involve the loss of his life and the destruction of his ship and crew, provided the results in sight were worth such sacrifice, he was never reckless of consequences and had the sound judgment to know when "discretion was the better part of valor" as this incident well illustrates.

It meant sure destruction of the Alfred to put her against the big British frigate in battle, and Jones had sense enough not to do it needlessly. His object was to get his four captured ships to Boston, and the value of their cargoes was so great, not only in cash but to supply the needs of our army, that he was willing, if necessary for the accomplishment of this purpose, to fight until his own ship sank under him in an effort to cripple and hold back the enemy so as to enable the Providence to get away safely with the prizes. Fortunately the British frigate was a slow sailer and unable to overtake any of Jones's ships except one of the smaller prizes, which was not worth a battle under such conditions.

He reached Boston with the other three, and among the valuable goods contained in their car-

goes were ten thousand complete sets of winter uniforms, including cloaks, boots, stockings and woolen shirts; eighteen thousand pairs of blankets; seventeen hundred fur overcoats; forty-four hundred tents; six hundred saddles; one million seven hundred thousand musket cartridges; one thousand muskets; eight six-pounder field guns with complete equipment; a large quantity of medicines and forty cases of surgical instruments. This capture was a serious loss to the British and a godsend to the American army.

Jones was summoned to Philadelphia to advise the Navy Committee and detained on that service through the winter and spring of 1777. While there he became intimately acquainted with Lafayette and their mutual regard and friendship lasted through life.

The young republic sorely needed and was hoping for the help of France, but the French government seemed reluctant to go to war with England through friendship for America.

Jones urged Congress to send him to France with an American ship to cruise from French ports against British commerce in European waters. He claimed that such a course would greatly alarm England and keep a large part of her naval force busy defending her own coasts and shipping, and at the same time would inspire the respect of France and be most likely to draw the latter country into war with England. These much desired results came to pass as Jones predicted; he became the scourge of British commerce and a terror to the British coast; the French were amazed at his marvelous victories and captivated by his charming personality, which with the use he made of the French ports for fitting out his expeditions and as markets for the sale of the British ships that he captured had much to do with drawing France into the war as our ally.

Jones's plan for sending a naval expedition to operate in Europe had the approval of Washington and Lafayette, and the latter urged that of all our naval officers Jones was preeminently qualified to command it, not only because of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

salt to the rinse water, and the clothes will not freeze so easily while hanging them out. Dip your hands in vinegar, and they will not chill so easily.

MRS. G. F. HOHENSEN, Rothelm, Montana.

To freshen hair ribbons, sponge every crease with cold water, making it quite moist. With several pins, securely pin one end to a table; now holding the other end firmly, draw it as tightly as possible and pin securely and let dry. Do not iron. Pin to the inside of a closet door if table is not long enough.—Ed.

A good ink is made by breaking the lead from an indelible pencil into small bits, put into an ink bottle, fill with cold water, cork and shake a few minutes.

For grease spots on clothes cover with blotting paper and press with hot iron.

MRS. PAUL PAHAN, Ellensburg, Wash.

Remedies

FELON.—Hold in kerosene oil as hot as can be borne.

TO KILL AND PREVENT BED BUGS.—Into a pint bottle have your druggist put ten cents' worth each of turpentine and carbolic acid. Then yourself put into the bottle as much more of coal oil. Shake well and apply with a feather wherever the bugs are likely to appear. Use once a week for a time and they will be exterminated. Let thoroughly dry before surface is touched after applications.

FLORENCE L. BUNTIN.

CORNS.—Bind on baking soda very lightly moistened. Another remedy is the use of gum taken from the peach tree.

MRS. M. U. HICKS, Shaw, Ark.

CHILBLAINS.—Cut the root end from an onion, sprinkle with table salt and with it rub the itching parts. The salt dissolves and disappears, sprouts again. May be used as often as necessary, always letting the feet dry rather than using a towel.

BABY'S ENLARGED NAVEL.—Cover with a good brand of seeded raisins, using plenty. Over these place a silver dollar, or a half dollar may be large enough. Make a band from outflung dannel or similar material and pin firmly around child (but not tight enough to be uncomfortable) to hold raisins and coin in place. The length of time to wear this depends on baby's age and the length of time that the navel has been enlarged. Cleanse navel once a day with warm water and change raisins. After one week if the healing process is going on rapidly, the raisins need only be changed every other day. After baby is entirely well it is better to wear the band for some months.

COLD IN BREAST.—Wet a flannel cloth in alcohol and wring out fairly dry. Sprinkle lightly with black pepper. Apply to inflamed part, pepper next to flesh. Let it remain nine hours and rub breast with hot olive oil, rubbing toward the nipple and very gently. Continue above treatment until pain and tenderness are gone.

MRS. EDITH L. CHANDLER, Chittenango Sta., N. Y.

CONSTIPATION IN BABIES.—First try feeding a tablespoon of heavy cream three times a day. Also feed gruel made from Quaker Oats. Cook half a cup in one quart of water five hours; strain and add milk or cream. Use double boiler.

Sometimes the trouble is in the rectum. In such cases, make from cocoa butter (which can be bought of your druggist) a suppository one inch long, about half an inch wide, graduated to a point at the opposite end. Insert small end. Keeping child on its back, and in a short time results should be obtained. Do not feed crackers; they frequently cause constipation.—Ed.

LUNG FEVER.—Make a bag large enough to cover chest. In this put cut up onions and a handful of salt. Sew across top to prevent onions from coming out, and pound until juicy. Lay bag onto a plaster, place in oven and warm just enough to take chill off. Place across chest and cover with a thick cloth to keep strength in. Change from every two to four hours. There is nothing better than this poultice and it has cured the worst cases.

MRS. E. E. KINNEY, Atlantic, R. R. S. Iowa.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

The Old Lady in the Dolman

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

wrinkles at the side of his nose. Yet he was not ashamed of these tears as he raised his head and looked full at the manager.

"I'll ask your permission, sir, to go to the dressing tent and get into some decent clothes. And—and I meant to tell you before, Mr. Manning, that I'm leaving the circus today—for good. You've always treated me white, but I want to go home with—my mother."

Manning turned aside and, unfurling a snowy handkerchief, blew his nose with noisy vehemence. "Well, be quick about it and don't keep the little woman waiting," he growled unsteadily.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 654 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

English Hair Grower

American Rights Secured for New Drug CRYSTOLIS

Grows Hair an Inch Long in 30 Days—Stops Falling Hair, Dandruff and Itching Scalp—Restores Gray and Faded Hair to Natural Color and Brilliance.

CUT OFF FREE COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY



Why Wear Puffs, Pompadours, Rats and Braids of Filthy Chinese Hair When Crystolis Grows New Hair in 30 Days?

Here's good news for the man who vainly tries to plaster his scanty locks over "that bald spot." Good news for the woman whose hair is falling, whose locks are too scanty to properly pin up her false hair.

Good news for both men and women who find a head full of hair in their comb every morning. For men and women growing gray before their time.

Good news for all with itching, burning, scalps, with dandruff, with any and all forms of hair and scalp trouble.

The Creslo Laboratories, 12-B Street, Binghamton, N. Y., have secured the exclusive American rights for Crystolis, the famous English hair treatment.

Crystolis is a household word in Europe, where it is acclaimed "the most marvelous scientific discovery for promoting hair growth." It has won gold medals at Paris and Brussels.

Better yet it has won the warmest words of praise from those who have been fortunate enough to test its remarkable qualities.

Crystolis has been tried out in America for over a year. Hundreds of men and women from every state unhesitatingly hail it as a true hair grower.

Here is a statement of just a few of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation:

Mr. Kelly of Memphis, bald for 30 years, says: "My head is now covered with hair nearly an inch long, friends simply astounded."

Mrs. Evans of Chicago writes: "Since using Crystolis can report new hair an inch long coming in thickly all over my head."

Mr. Morse of Boston declares: "I lost my hair eighteen years ago. Have used less than one treatment. My head is now entirely covered with a thick growth of hair of natural color. No more itching, no more falling hair, no more dandruff."

Mr. Boyd of Chicago says: "My bald spot was as shiny as a peeled onion. It is now all covered with thick new hair. The grayness is also disappearing."

Mrs. Morris of Philadelphia writes after only three weeks' use: "I can see new hair in plenty and it is now a half inch long."

Mrs. Jackson of New York writes: "My hair stopped falling the first week. No more itching scalp and hair coming in fast."

Mrs. Rose of Rock Island writes: "Was almost bald for five years with itching scalp. Two or three applications of Crystolis stopped this. Now I have a fine new growth of hair."

You may be acquainted with some of these people or some of your friends may know them. Write us and we can give you the full address so that you can prove every statement.

But the best way to prove it without the risk of a penny, just what Crystolis will do in your own individual case, is to cut out the free coupon below and mail it today.

This invitation is open to bald headed people, wig wearers, to men and women with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, dry hair, brittle hair, stringy hair, greasy hair, matted hair, dandruff, itching scalp or any and all forms of scalp and hair trouble. Don't let this paper slide until you have mailed the Free Coupon to the Creslo Laboratories, 12-B Street, Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly.

FREE COUPON.

The Creslo Laboratories, 12-B Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

I am a reader of COMFORT. Prove to me without expense that Crystolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalp and restores gray and faded hair to natural color. Write your name and address plainly and

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PARKER NOV. CO., Dept. A, Chicago

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ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when cured, I mean just what I say—OUT-RE-ED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than for anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see. I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 654 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

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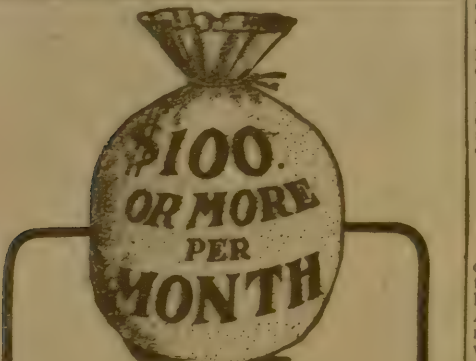
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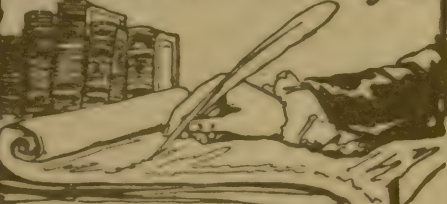
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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

S. E. Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that an adopted child has the same rights of inheritance as any other lawful child, but that in order for such child to acquire such rights of inheritance the adoption must be a legal one, under the decree, order or judgment of some court of competent jurisdiction. Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will, but that such child must be mentioned in the will.

B. A. T., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, and no parent, but leaving a surviving widow and brothers and sisters, his wife would receive all of his personal property, and dower of one third for life in his real property, and if the real estate or any portion of it was a homestead, exempt in the possession of the husband at the time of his death, such homestead would go to the widow for life, the balance of the real estate, homestead or otherwise, would be divided in equal shares between the brothers and sisters, the descendants of any deceased brother or sister taking the parent's share.

L. W., Missouri.—In a separation action or suit brought by the husband or wife against the other, we are of the opinion that the custody of the children of the marriage is one for the court or judge before whom the action is tried to decide, but in case of a separation of the parents without any action or suit, we think the parents both have rights to the custody of the children and the matter usually results in some agreement between the parents, or into a long drawn-out fight in which physical possession is an important factor. We do not think a stepparent or a grandparent has any right to the custody of a child unless such child's real parents are both dead, or unless both of them are the survivor, if one, or be dead, has been adjudged by some court of competent jurisdiction to be unfit to have the custody of such child, and unless such custody of the child has been awarded to such stepparent or such grandparent by the court.

Mrs. F. L., New York.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a line fence between two farms can be erected of wood, stone, concrete, wire or other substance without conflict with the legal requirements which in the main require the fence to be secure, of a proper height and not built of any dangerous materials or in any dangerous way; we do not think a barb wire fence would meet the legal requirements, but that a wire fence, without barbs, would be a lawful line fence if securely and properly built.

Bright Eyes, Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a judgment creditor can, in the proper proceeding, collect any money which may be or become due his debtor as a share in a decedent's estate, unless such money comes to the debtor as income from such decedent's estate, and not as a principal payment, such as the income upon some trust in the principal of which, the debtor has no vested interest.

M. V., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a husband or wife leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, the surviving husband or wife is the sole heir to the estate of such decedent. We do not think that property in which a decedent had no vested interest would form any part of such decedent's estate.

E. K., West Virginia.—We think the proper person from whom to procure a copy of the decedent's will is the probate clerk or officer of the court in the county or jurisdiction in which such will is proved. We do not think it is obligatory upon the executor of a will to furnish copies to the various parties in interest, although the usual custom is for him to do so, as an act of courtesy. We think a legatee who acts as a witness to a will should waive his legacy before testifying as such witness.

C. B., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the executor of a will has upon the right of a testator to disinherit his children, but under the community system which prevails in this state, one half of the property acquired during marriage, except by gift, devise, or descent, is the property of the wife, and neither the husband nor wife can dispose of more than a one half interest in the community by will. By constitutional provision, the surviving husband or wife and children are protected from the sale or partition of the homestead.

F. R., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the divorce of the parents does not affect the rights of inheritance of the children of the marriage, except as such fact sometimes leads to some or all of the children being disinherited by the will of the parents.

J. K. A., Ohio.—We think the records of the enlistments and discharges of the old soldiers of this country can be procured from the War Department.

Mrs. F. L., Indiana.—A benevolent lodge or order would not be entitled to share in the estate of a deceased member, except under the provisions of such member's will or in case such lodge was a creditor of the estate.

ALLIES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

on his head; and you get—it. He evidently thought that the old lady here had some money hidden away somewhere, but he got his all right. Any time you ever want to join the force, we'll make room for you." He smiled in a friendly way at Joe. "You've got good nerve. I'll send a doctor up here to look at her. So long." And big Brewster, the friend and idol of child and man in the district, went out.

Joe looked at Granny. "A thousand dollars—say—when? An? It was Jips—I wish I'd known it before—Say, Granny—" Joe's eyes expanded with the mighty thought in his mind—"say—let's take a—let's go to that place you were tellin' me about where there's heap's o' grass an'—" There Joe stopped; he had heard of things he could not put in words. He waited for Granny's assent.

And it came. Granny had given up the apple business for good.

A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

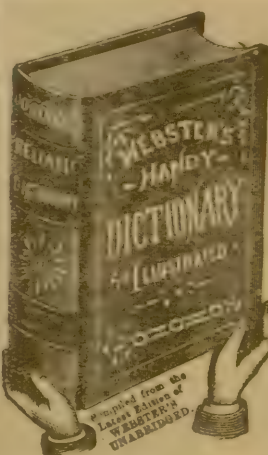
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I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free. Address: MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box E3, Joliet, Ill.



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Note what my treatment has done for others; let me reduce your weight. Lost 51 Pounds. Mrs. W. D. Smith, Box 34, Abbeville, Mo., writes: "I have lost 51 pounds by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and shortness of breath; now I am well and can walk and work with ease." Permanent. M. E. King, 5634 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "By the Dr. Bradford Method I reduced 55 lbs. eight years ago; haven't gained an ounce since. Rheumatism also cured." Lost 115 Pounds. W. C. Newman, Contact, Nev., writes: "I have lost 115 lbs. am wonderfully benefited in heart and general vigor. Can climb mountains easily now." Lost 98 Pounds. Mrs. J. H. Woodridge, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved; have lost 98 lbs. Friends amazed." Many other testimonials from well known persons will be mailed with FREE PROOF TREATMENT. I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients. It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable, and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult and painful. NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomate, practicing physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

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ment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to THE GIANT OXIE CO., 41 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

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We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to THE GIANT OXIE CO., 41 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

More About the Parcels Post

SINCE the writing of Mr. Gannett's article on this subject, which appeared in January COMFORT, the Postmaster General has recommended that Congress authorize the establishment of a limited parcels post service on the rural delivery routes and in cities and towns having delivery by carriers. His idea is that Congress should make a beginning in this way and later on should extend it to the railway mail service, and thus eventually provide a general parcels post.

Although this sounds good and seems reasonable to the casual observer it looks like poor tactics to those who want and are laboring for the real Parcels Post. No doubt the Postmaster General is sincere in recommending such a small, inadequate and unsatisfactory beginning, and in his expectation that in due time it will be developed and extended to meet the needs of the people.

But there is a defect in the Postmaster General's proposition, a serious one as it seems to us. The trouble is that he asks the present Congress to provide only a limited parcels post service as above described, which would still leave the matter of establishing the general parcels post an open question to be fought out before Congress year after year in the future as in the past; a long, hard fight with the added handicap that such present action as he advises would be regarded as a victory by the express companies and might even be paraded as an accepted compromise of the demands of the friends of the Parcels Post.

The country wants no such makeshift and will not accept any such substitute for the real thing for which the people have been asking and patiently waiting these many years, and are now demanding and bound to have.

It has been put off so long that they are impatient of further delay which seems to be unnecessary and unreasonable.

The people want the real Parcels Post entire and complete, general, adequate and efficient, as other nations have long had it, and they want it NOW.

A leading New York paper in its editorial comment points out that if the parcels post is limited to the rural delivery routes it will in no way compete with the express companies and will provide no relief from the monopolistic and oppressive grip which they have on the people and the business of the country. Such a parcels post would begin where the express routes end and would still leave the express companies supreme to the extent of their present monopoly in parcels transportation over railroad and steamboat lines.

If the government's present railway mail equipment is inadequate for the handling of the parcels post business, as the Postmaster General seems to believe, that certainly is no reason for postponing action on the part of Congress but makes it all the more urgent for Congress to provide at once for the enlargement and improvement of this equipment. Neither is it any excuse for Congress not taking immediate, definite and final action to establish the general parcels post at every postoffice and over every postal route, even though it may not be practicable to put it all in immediate operation.

The putting of the parcels post in operation is a mere matter of detail to be worked out by the Postmaster General and his assistants as rapidly as possible after Congress gives him the necessary power and votes the requisite money to do it. After it gets going it will more than pay its way.

It all depends on the action of Congress, and it makes all the difference in the world what action Congress takes.

If Congress votes at its present session to establish a general parcels post and appropriates the necessary funds therefor, that ends the question now and for good by leaving it to the Postmaster General to put the full service in active operation as soon as possible.

But if Congress votes only a limited rural parcels post as a starter there is no knowing that we shall ever get a general parcels post.

Let us have no compromise. Let Congress say yes or no to the whole proposition, so the people will know just what to do at the next election. It is easier to handle the proposition as a whole than to try to win out in sections a little at a time.

We want the Postmaster General given full power to set the Parcels Post going, for we know that he would do it in the same able and expeditious manner that he has instituted and extended the Postal Savings Bank. About a year ago he started the latter by opening a postal savings bank at one postoffice in each of the forty-eight states and territories and now has it in full running order at about 7000 postoffices. The deposits received in that short time amount to more than twelve million dollars, while it is estimated that by the first of July they will exceed forty millions. We understand that he is about to extend the Postal Savings Bank to forty thousand fourth class money order postoffices. This certainly is a splendid achievement and undoubtedly he will be equally successful with the Parcels Post if Congress will give him the chance.

Let us all insist that Congress, at its present session, enact a law creating a GENERAL Parcels Post, and authorizing the Postmaster General to take the necessary steps to put it in active operation as soon as possible; also that the requisite appropriations be made for this purpose.

That is what the Parcels Post petitions printed in January COMFORT ask for. Cut them out, sign them, pass them round for your neighbors to sign, and then mail them to your Congressman, if you have not already done so,—provided you really want the Parcels Post in time to enjoy the benefits of it while you are still on earth.

The prompt and hearty response of our readers to Mr. Gannett's appeal for volunteers in aid of the movement for the Parcels Post is very encouraging. Mr. Gannett is pleased with the large number of letters which are pouring in from subscribers pledging their active support in this matter, while the kind assurance of personal friendship for him and of loyalty to COMFORT which they express is exceedingly gratifying. All who have written have received his thanks by letter and he now thanks you again.

Calls for extra copies of January COMFORT containing Mr. Gannett's article on the Parcels Post began to come in before that number was off the press, so we printed some spare copies to meet this special demand. They are nearly exhausted now, but while they last they can be had as sample copies on request,—only one copy to any person.

We will also send a set of the printed Parcels Post petition blanks to all who enclose a two cent stamp to pay postage. If you have not had the petitions send for a set at once so to pass them round and get your neighbors to sign. We need everybody's help to get the Parcels Post established.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

The Coveted Doll
By Beth Macfate
Copyright, 1912, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

LITTLE BETTIE was poor. So poor that she had never even owned or seen a doll.

When but two months old, her father was killed by an automobile just in front of the little country home where he and his family had been so happy. It was therefore impossible for Bettie's mother to provide other than the mere necessities of life.

The nearest house to theirs was that of a very rich family which spent the greater part of the time in the city. Consequently, Bettie had no playmates other than Lion, a faithful Collie dog. His love for his little mistress knew no limit.

Through dog instinct Lion felt that some change in their lonely existence was about to

take place. For days men had been at work over at the big house. Large vans of furniture had arrived and Lion's curiosity as to what it all meant got the best of him. Each day found him nosing about the place and finally he was rewarded by seeing a carriage full of ladies arrive. But best of all there was a little girl about the size of his little mistress. She left the older folks and came down to a bench near the hedge which separated her father's grounds from those of Lion's mistress.

In her arm she carried what appeared to Lion to be a lifeless baby. Its eyes would open and shut and yet they seemed to be only glass. The movement of the eyes was the only lifelike thing about it. Unlike Bettie, he had never known of the existence of dolls. It puzzled him and he decided to examine it.

The little stranger was much interested in some leaves she could see over in the barnyard. Laying the doll carefully down on the ground beneath a tree she walked away in the direction of the barnyard. Lion crawled under the hedge and crept closer and closer toward the doll, uttering a low growl. The eyes of the doll didn't open. He crept a little nearer. Still no movement on the part of the doll. Slowly he put out a paw and touched it, but jumped back as though he had touched a snake. He grew bolder and jumped at it. Still no sign of life. He went a little nearer, caught the hair in his teeth and shook the doll vigorously.

"It's dead," thought the dog. "I wonder what Bettie would say if she saw it."

He would find out.

Hurrying across the field to his home, he caught Bettie's dress, pulled on it and barked furiously. She didn't seem to understand. He kept tugging away at her dress in the hope that she would understand that he wanted her to go somewhere.

At last light dawned upon the little girl and she began to follow him. They reached the bench where the doll still lay undisturbed. Again approaching it, Lion touched it with his paw, made sure that it had not moved and that there was no sign of life, and again pulled his little mistress's dress.

The mother instinct within the child told her what it was. She had heard of dolls even though she had never seen or owned one. With hungry eyes she gazed upon it but the desire to touch it was strong upon her. Almost reverently she laid one little hand upon it. The desire to pick it up, to feel it in her arms, possessed her. Waiving all scruples aside, she gathered the doll up and hugged it to her little bosom. The longing to keep it was strong within her but she laid it gently down and with another hungry look walked hurriedly away. That look, however, was not lost on Lion.

Bettie's days were now filled with discontent. She had actually seen a doll and her life without one was so empty. Each day, accompanied by Lion, she would creep close to the hedge which separated her and the coveted treasure and watch the wonderful dressing and undressing, bathing and other like performance.

The little heart was gradually wearing itself out with longing. Her eyes grew bright and feverish and heavy circles beneath them were plainly visible. The step grew languid and the daily visits to the hedge ceased.

Worn out with a longing she could not confide to mother, she one day fell asleep beneath a big chestnut tree. Lion too, pretended he was asleep. After making sure he would not be missed, he hurried off to the hedge. This time he didn't stop on the outside but marched boldly in as on the first day. The little stranger was absent but the doll, as usual, was there. Without hesitation he caught the doll by its dress and marched boldly away with it. The owner, however, was not far away. She turned just in time to see the dog and her toy disappear through the opening in the hedge. Lion was fleet of foot, however, and his little pursuer stood small chance of regaining her doll.

With a triumphant bark he dropped it upon the outstretched arm of his little sleeping mistress who, awakened by the touch hugged it to her hungrily.

With a defiant growl Lion turned upon his pursuer. The child's heart was touched by the

eagerness with which Bettie grasped the doll. "Call your dog off," she said. "I won't take away the dollie."

At his mistress's command, Lion laid down, but his distrustful eyes never left the stranger.

The little girl was surprised to learn that there was anywhere in the world a little girl who had never owned a doll. The two chatted in child fashion for a long time and then the visitor went away leaving her toy in her new friend's possession.

A week later a much more beautiful doll, with wonderful trunks of clothing, was sent to Bettie by the little stranger's mother, but nothing could take the place of Bettie's first doll.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Want to hear from James M. Beers, last heard of Aug. 26, 1911, Hutchinson, Kansas. J. M. B. on arm, two fingers off left hand. Write Mrs. Milton Ehrlich, Easton, Pa.

Want to hear from Dennis Vivian Sheppard, last heard from at Anderson, Indiana. Write Mrs. Nettie E. Farlin, No. 309 Caroline St., Pekin, Ill.

Wanted to hear from my granddaughter, Thelma Smith, aged eleven, last heard with her grandparents, William Howell at Knox City, Knox Co., Texas. Anyone knowing her whereabouts please write Mrs. Dudley Smith, Burleson, E. R. 5, Box 50, Texas.

Would like to know where my brother William Lingren is. Last heard from in Seattle about four years ago. Has light brown curly hair, hazel eyes, heavy set. Kindly write Mrs. Frank Terry, Marshfield, Oregon.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for each received by you.

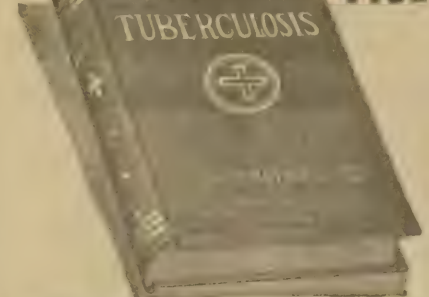
Eva Roswell, 434 Gafus Ave., Hot Springs, Ark. F. B. Webb, Box 35, Port Kent, N. Y. Edna McCormack, Newcastle, E. R. 8, Ind. Mrs. B. B. Lester, Hamburg, Ala. Miss Pearl D. Beach, Lanesboro, (New Ashford), Mass. Miss Maybelle H. Pullis, 332 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Elyard Nebeour, 1600 West Spring St., Lima, Ohio. Miss Edna Eschlager, Georgetown, E. R. 4, Box 58, Ohio. Ralph Phillips, Dyke, via Ames, Nev. Mrs. Bell Wildman, Fowler, Ind. Miss Ruth Olson, Highland, Wis. Howard Poole, 2119 Columbus Ave., Anderson, Ind. Miss Esther Leonard, Minerva St., Alberta Lea, Minn. Miss Edith Walp, Youngstown, E. R. 5, Ohio. Miss Elizabeth Leidy, 205 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.



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John Paul Jones

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

his skill and fighting qualities but also by reason of his knowledge of the French language, his delightful wit, consummate tact and courtly manners which would have great influence in establishing prestige for America at the courts of the old world.

So Jones was selected for this important service. The first of our thirty-two gun frigates, then about to be launched, should have been given him for this purpose, but instead the little ship "Ranger," eighteen guns and 131 men, then building and nearly completed at Portsmouth, N. H., was assigned to him. This was a great disappointment to Jones, but he found consolation in the fact that she was very fast and as fine and handsome a ship of her size as there was afloat.

Strangely enough it happened that on June 14, 1777, Congress coupled the appointment of Jones to the command of the Ranger with the resolution establishing the stars and stripes as the national flag. Undoubtedly this remarkable combination was a mere coincidence, but Jones hailed it as a great distinction. He exclaimed: "That flag and I are twins. We cannot be parted in life or death. So long as we can float we shall float together. If we must sink, we shall go down as one."

Captain Jones was as popular with the ladies of New Hampshire as with those of Virginia, and the patriotic daughters of Portsmouth immediately made him a flag from slices of their best silk gowns, which he hoisted with due ceremony on the Ranger on July 4, 1777, to celebrate the first anniversary of Independence Day, as shown in our title page illustration. It has been claimed that this was the first time that the Stars and Stripes were raised on an American ship of war. Jones loved and revered our new national emblem, but this beautiful silk flag he cherished with a sentiment akin to adoration, and well he might considering its origin and the memorable events with which it became associated and the honors paid it. He bore it across the Atlantic on the Ranger, the first American war ship to appear in Europe, where it received from the guns of the French naval squadron and forts the first salute ever given our country's flag by a foreign government.

It was his battle flag under which he fought his hardest fights and won his greatest victories, until he gave it to go to an ocean grave with his good ship Bon Homme Richard as she sank a conqueror after his marvelous victory over the Serapis and carried to their last resting place in the depths of the sea those of her brave crew that had died in the most notable battle ever fought between two ships. The Bon Homme Richard bears the proud distinction of being the only ship that ever conquered and captured the ship that sunk her in battle.

As Jones stood on the quarter deck of the Serapis after the terrible battle in which he had captured her and watched his own shattered ship sink, he thus described the scene in his diary:

"No one was now left on the Richard but our dead. . . . Our torn and tattered flag was flying when we abandoned her. As she plunged down by the head at last, her taffrail momentarily rose in the air; so the very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the Bon Homme Richard was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down. And as I had given the good old ship for their sepulchre, I now bequeathed to my immortal dead the flag they had so desperately defended for their winding sheet."

On his return to America after the war he explained to the young ladies of Portsmouth that it had been his ardent desire to bring home that flag with all its glories and give it back into the fair hands that had given it to him. "But," said he, "I couldn't bear to strip it from the poor old ship in her last agony, nor could I deny my dead on her decks, who had given their lives to keep it flying, the glory of taking it with them."

"You did exactly right, Commodore!" exclaimed Miss Landon. "That flag is just where we all wish it to be—lying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sunk in victory."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WE INVITE

Every Thin Man and Woman Here. Every Reader of COMFORT Who Is Run Down, Nervous or Underweight, to Get Fat at Our Expense.



Don't be "The Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Funny, Feevish People Plump and Popular.

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We'll tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat—that puts good, solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight, no matter what the cause may be—that makes brain in five hours and blood in four—that puts the red corpuscles in the blood which every thin man or woman so sadly needs.

How can we do this? We will tell you. Science has discovered a remarkable concentrated treatment which increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—a treatment that makes indigestion and other stomach troubles disappear as if by magic and makes an old dyspeptic or a sufferer from weak nerves or lack of vitality feel like a 2-year old.

This new treatment which has proved a boon to every thin person, is called Sargol. Don't forget the name—**"S-A-R-G-O-L."** Nothing like it has ever been produced before. It is a revelation to women who have never been able to appear stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness. It is a godsend to every man who is underweight or is lacking in nerve force or energy.

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, of which you can feel justly proud—if you want a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 13-N, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., to-day, and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol that will prove all we claim.

Take one with every meal, and in five minutes after you take the first concentrated tablet of this precious product it will commence to unfold its virtues, and it has by actual demonstration often increased the weight at the rate of one pound a day. But you say you want proof. Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 100 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes 30 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so well pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy for me."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 25 pounds with 36 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 130 pounds and now I weigh 160 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send out their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package of the most wonderful tablets you have ever seen. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, Sargol makes thin folks fat, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c. in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you the most valuable package you ever received.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter to-day, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 13-N, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

Perfect Salve for Sores

Allen's Ulcerine Salve relieves at once, and finally abolishes Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores and all sores of a painful and persistent nature. We have thousands of enthusiastic letters from grateful users. You'll write us one, too when you've tried it. Try it now. By mail 50c. (3)

J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 168, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Don't Let Them All Get By

Make a serious try and capture some of the cash prizes that we are paying each month now. Others find it easy. Why not you? Read our Grand Prize Offer. Enter now for this month's cash prizes. Each month's contest is separate for a separate list of cash prizes, so that those who enter now this month stand an equal chance for this month's prizes. Come on in and get your name in the list of prize-winners.

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO TRIES

Cash Prizes All Sizes—Other Prizes Two Sizes

make it worth your while to CUT THIS PICTURE OUT and fit it together according to directions. If you FIT IT TOGETHER correctly and mail it to us with ONE fifteen-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, before the twentieth of March, AS A PRIZE FOR YOUR SKILL we will send you by return mail 25 Valentine Post Cards, choice new BRIGHT COLORED and decorative—embellished, pretty silver and gold effects, having inscriptions such as "TO MY VALENTINE," "LOVE'S GREETINGS TO MY SWEETHEART," and many other tokens of LOVE and AFFECTION, giving you the latest and most up-to-date assortment of VALENTINES, CUPID DARTS and HEARTS you ever saw. In fact, all the appropriate Greetings that go with the VALENTINE SEASON.

UNDERSTAND, all you have to do is to send us ONE 25-cent subscription to COMFORT with the cut-up picture puzzle in order to GET ONE PRIZE SURE, perhaps two prizes, but that subscription MUST NOT BE YOUR OWN nor that of any member of your family.

OR WE WILL SEND YOU 50 OF THESE SPLENDID CARDS, all different designs, if you send us TWO 25-cent subscriptions with the cut-up picture puzzle; but REMEMBER that you have to get both subscriptions outside of your family.

CASH PRIZES ALSO

BESIDES THE VALENTINE CARDS OFFERED above, which you are sure to receive as explained above, we will give for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER AND MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these cut-up pieces and SENT US WITH ONE OR MORE subscriptions before the twentieth of March

A FIRST PRIZE OF	\$3.00 cash
For second best a prize of	2.00 "
For third best a prize of	1.00 "
For fourth best a prize of	1.00 "
For fifth best a prize of	1.00 "
For each of the 10 next best a prize of	.50 each

CUT IT OUT



ONE PRIZE SURE

YOU MAY WIN TWO PRIZES. THE LOVELY VALENTINE CARDS come to you by return mail SURE, if you cut out the picture, fit it together and send it to us with one or more subscriptions as above explained, and if your work in fitting together and mounting the cut-up picture is among the fifteen best you ALSO RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

Directions. All the parts of the entire cut-up picture are printed above. Cut out the pieces and fit them together. Match the pieces together and paste them on a piece of paper or cardboard mount so as to form the complete picture, and then mail it to us with one or more subscriptions. IT'S EASY: IT'S LOTS OF FUN and WINS A PRIZE SURE, perhaps TWO PRIZES.

Address COMFORT'S PICTURE PUZZLE, Dept. C., Augusta, Maine.

Don't Send the Puzzle to Us Unless You Send the Subscription with the Money.

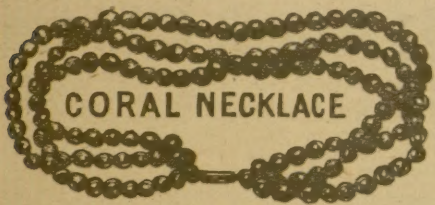
Read offer carefully. We do not give a box of Cards with your own subscription.

A black and white illustration of a man in a suit, smiling broadly as he holds a large sack overflowing with coins. The sack has the text "\$1.30 PAID E." printed on it. The man is looking down at the money with a joyful expression.

825 CASH PRIZES *this season, some are larger
none smaller than last year*
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS



ENTER NOW: Win a February Prize; Double or Thribble in March. Win a Grand Prize, too.

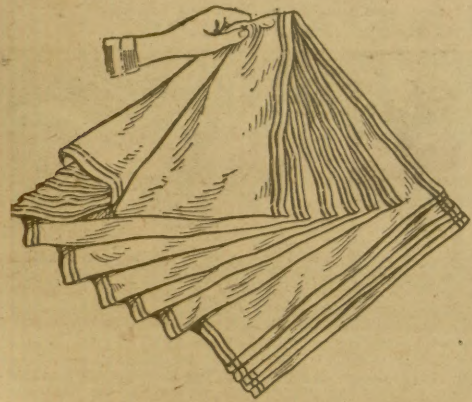


CORAL NECKLACE

Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of 25 months subscribers at 25c. each.

Address
COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Yard Long Ready-Made Towels

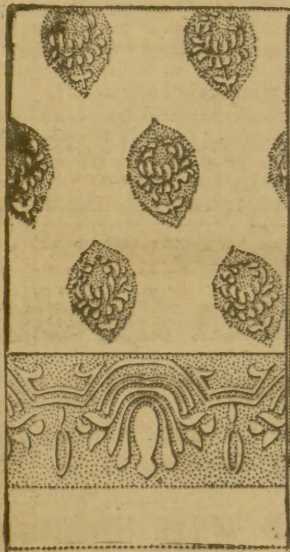


Excellent quality crash, each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, laundry and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash towels find its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The natural linen color and blue line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer. A club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these Towels.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Brocade Huckaback Towels



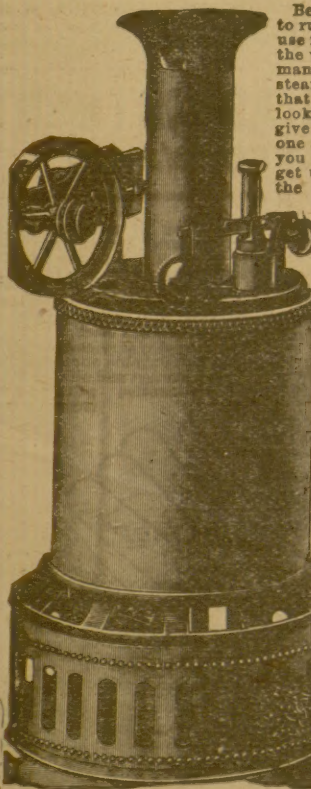
Beautiful new Jacquard designs. Large, pure white Towels of excellent quality. Of superior domestic material these Towels in every way are the equal in quality and are an exact imitation of high-grade German Towels selling at 50 cents and 75 cents each. Size 10x28 inches. Full bleached are white as snow; a pair of these beautiful towels are a satisfaction to the eye. Not only delightful Towels but are adapted to use as stand or bureau covers, tray cloths, etc., etc. The illustration gives a splendid idea of the border and figure, shows the design distinctly and we can positively guarantee entire satisfaction in use and laundering qualities. Send for one pair at least, then order others.

Club Offer. Send only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one pair Brocade Huckaback Towels. We send post-paid.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Real Steam Engine FREE.

EVERY BOY AN ENGINEER.



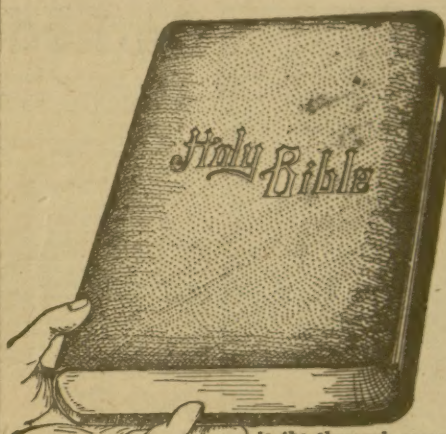
Be an engineer, learn to run an engine, how to use fuel, oil up and blow the whistle, just like the man. You never saw a steam engine in your life that you didn't like the looks of. Now here we give you a chance to have one all your own that you put on a table and get up steam and blow the whistle and watch the wheels go round fast or slow just as you wish, and every lad you know will be green with envy.

A Genuine Yankee Engine has the following parts and can be taken down and put up as often as you wish: Cylinder with Spring, Balance Wheel, Drive Wheel, Smoke Stack,

Whistle Complete, Boiler with Heater, stands 8 inches high, highly finished in enamel and nickel, a jim-dandy engine and guaranteed way up. With this engine you can run all kinds of toy machines you can buy or make for your self with spools, etc. Great fun to make toy machinery using string for belt- ing. We want every young man to have an engine; the practical side of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and to get new subscriptions one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only 4 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at the special subscription rate of 25 cents.

This small club amounting to \$1.00 pays for the full subscription for the 4 addresses and obtains a price Engine delivered prepaid by mail or express carefully packed and fully warranted.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



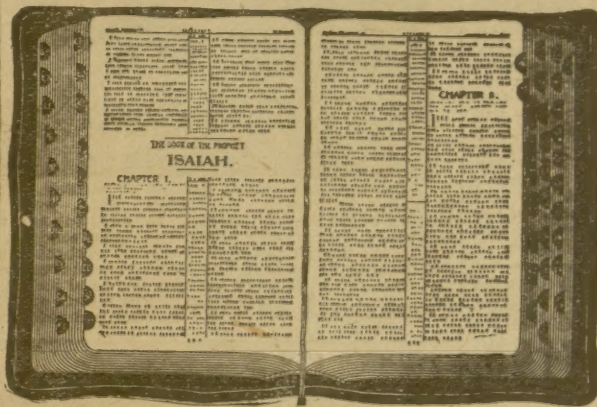
COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and weighs an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most is the thorough manner in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the same as in FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$10.00 each.

Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the FAMILY BIBLE elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purpose, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift only four 15 mo. subscribers to this magazine at 25 cents each, delivered post-paid to your home.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Flexible Morocco BIBLE FREE

ILLUSTRATED

With 32 full-page half tone pictures and 16 full-page colored maps—**GOLD EDGES**

Containing the King James, Version of the Old and New Testaments.

These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible bindings, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.

Also New Helps to the Study of the Bible

Prepared by the Most Eminent Authorities

The Sunday School Teacher's use of the Bible. How to study the Bible. The Christian Worker and his Bible. Scripture Texts for students and Workers. Forty Questions and Answers from the Word of God. Calendar for Daily Reading of the Scriptures, by which the Bible may be read through in one year. The Chronology and History of the Bible and its Related Periods. Table of Prophetic Books. Period intervening between the Age of Malachi, (450 B. C.) and the Birth of Christ. Summary of the Gospel Incidents and Harmony of the Four Gospels.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

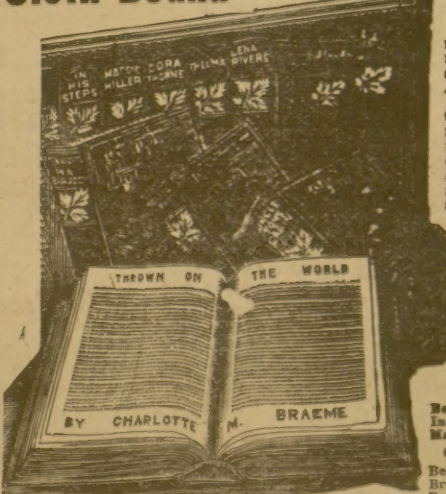
CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only ten subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for 15 Months we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

FREE BEST BOOKS FREE

Cloth Bound



Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7 1/2 inches long, 5 wide and varies in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, shown in the illustrations, and the titles are done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book more attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

Marie Corelli

Romance of Two Worlds
Thelma
Vendetta
Wormwood

Augusta J. Evans

Beniah
Ina
Macaria

Charlotte M. Braeme

Belle of Lynn
Broken Wedding Ring, The
Dora Thorne

T. S. Arthur

Ten Nights in a Bar Room
Bound to Rise
East Lynne

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Uncle Tom's Cabin
Emma

E. D. E. N. Southworth

Changed Brides
Bride's Fate,
Cruel as the Grave

Charles M. Sheldon

In His Steps
Deserted Wife
Hidden Hand, Part I

Charles Garvice

Farmer Holt's Daughter
Her Heart's Desire
Her Ransom

Charles Wagner

Simple Life
Horatio Alger, Jr.
Adrift in New York
Andy Gordon

Ralph Connor

Black Rock

Duke's Secret

Earle's Atone-ment, The
Evelyn's Folly
Her Only Sin

Mary J. Holmes

Thorne and Orange Blossoms
Thorne on the World
Which Loved Him Best

Mary J. Holmes

Wife in Name Only
Aikenside
Bad Hugh
Cousin Maude

Mary J. Holmes

Wife in Name Only
Aikenside
Bad Hugh
Cousin Maude

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Mary J. Holmes

Wife in Name Only
Aikenside
Bad Hugh
Cousin Maude

Mary J. Holmes

Wife in Name Only
Aikenside
Bad Hugh
Cousin Maude

Plain Band Baby Ring

In preference to our Baby, Pet and Darling engraved Baby Rings many prefer a plain gold band. In response to this demand we have just added this new number to our premium list and now offer you a real gold ring for Baby that is dignified and beautiful, will wear indefinitely and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send a club of only two new subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. We will send the ring in a cute box, post-paid.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

STONE SIGNET GOLD RING

Introduced this season for first time and at once displaces old style initial signet ring. Stone mountings of every kind are now worn exclusively. Nearly all rings except plain band now are given the added touch of a stone of some kind. This engraved ring has artistic lines, is heavy and durable, a new style in every way, enhanced in beauty by the single imitation chip diamond setting in center. This is a swell ring for young ladies, or old; it can be worn as a man's ring with taste. One of, if not the best of our new rings.

Club Offer. Send only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and give finger size. We will send ring at once in an attractive ring box.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

GENTLEMAN'S STONE RING

The newest design and one of the most popular man's ring yet marketed. In a flat Belcher setting, is mounted an imitation diamond. Not much to say in black type, but the ring cannot be described fittingly nor its brilliancy displayed. The unique and finishing touch to this mounting is in the treatment of the stone. The top or front is cut with many facets, as a regular diamond, result is a brilliancy and sparkle only equalled by a genuine diamond of tremendous cost. A genuine diamond is not more brilliant, only more expensive. This is a desirable ring, sturdy in make up and appearance, a ring any gentleman will be proud to wear, a most excellent gift ring.

Club Offer. For a club of only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send one of these Gentleman's Belcher setting stone rings, in a lined ring box, postpaid. Send size or finger measurement.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Solid Gold Wedding Ring

The genuine article. No sham, no substitute, this is a genuine Gold Ring, as such we advertise and guarantee it. Our illustration merely shows the general style, a wide, heavy band ring for either ladies or gentlemen, it is in proper size and style today. If you are about to be, or are married, and require a real wedding ring to be, or are unusual opportunity to procure the correct thing in a ring and at a reasonable cost. We fully and we unconditionally guarantee this Wedding Ring to be genuine solid gold, not rolled, plated or gold shell or other ingenious imitation. Your money back at any time, so don't go to store-keepers and pay enormous profits but avail yourself of our

Club Offer. For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these genuine Solid Gold Wedding Rings in a plush-lined ring box. Send finger measurement.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

Newest designs of chasing and correct widths. For persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate, will wear a long time.

Club Offer. For 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

Gold Band Wedding Ring.

A suitable wedding ring most used for the occasion. It is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. Many years have they been used as wedding rings, the quality is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having selected one if you ever wear.

Club Offer. We send one in a plush lined box free of all expense for a club of four 15-months subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

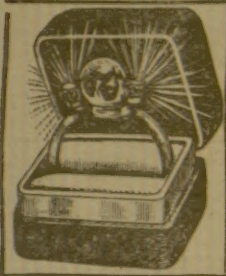
FREE BEST BOOKS FREE



Thelma
Vendetta
Wormwood
Beniah
Ina
Macaria
Belle of Lynn
Broken Wedding Ring, The
Dora Thorne
T. S. Arthur
Ten Nights in a Bar Room
Bound to Rise
East Lynne
Harriet Beecher Stowe
Uncle Tom's Cabin
Emma
E. D. E. N. Southworth
Changed Brides
Bride's Fate,
Cruel as the Grave
Hidden Hand, Part I
Capitola, Part 2 of Hidden Hand
Ishmael
Mystery of Dark Hollow
Self Raising, Sequel to Ishmael
Tried for Her Life
Sequel to Cruel as the Grave
Allworth Abbey
Charles Wagner
Simple Life
Horatio Alger, Jr.
Adrift in New York
Andy Gordon
Ralph Connor
Black Rock
Marie Corelli
Romance of Two Worlds
Thelma
Vendetta
Wormwood
Augusta J. Evans
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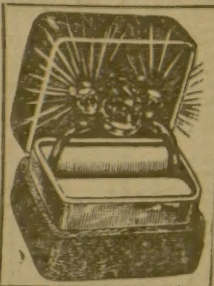
LADIES' GOLD SHELL RINGS

YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR



Opal.

The boys should get one for their sweetheart. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only four 15 mo. subscribers at 25 cents each.

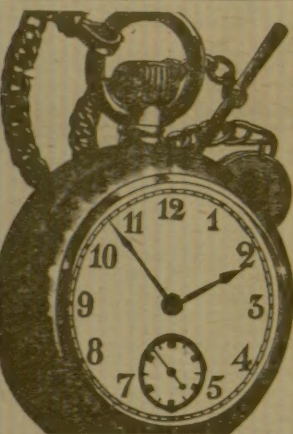


Emerald.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WE GIVE THIS WATCH

For a Club of Five.



Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 15 months. Do this, sending us the money with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Cathedral Angel Chimes

Three Sweet Musical Bells. A New and Striking Musical Novelty Suitable both for Ornament and Amusement all the year round.

Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 5 beautiful Angels with trumpets, 3 candle sticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and a turbine motor. Surmounting the whole, imposed over the turbine, the Herald Angel with trumpet, the machine being twelve inches high and six inches broad. It is made of bright silver nickel-plated metal, the turbine is finished in blue enamel with gilt stars. Then we have an added feature in our New Chimes; under the three musical bells is a metal tablet upon which in eight or more colors is the beautiful picture of the Birth of Christ in a Manger. The effect is as though it were hand painted, and is very beautiful and inspiring.

The Chimes are so constructed that when the candles are lighted the turbine revolves, the rising hot air from the candles giving the power that causes the turbine to revolve, the pendants strike gently on the bells in succession, and as the bells differ in size, sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing; not only is the soft tinkling of the bells a delight to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flames on the highly polished silver-like metal parts lends delight to the occasion and entrances the old or the young. A set should be in every home, to be used at all times or for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially suitable for table decoration in sitting- or dining-room, making a splendid centerpiece, and one never tires of the sweet chimes tinkling. Being entirely of metal, they are absolutely unbreakable, can be used indefinitely by renewing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Balls, Christmas, or other festivities. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operate. Any one can do it and we warrant every machine to work to satisfaction.

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you a complete set of Cathedral Angel Chimes, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SIDEBOARD AND BUREAU SCARF

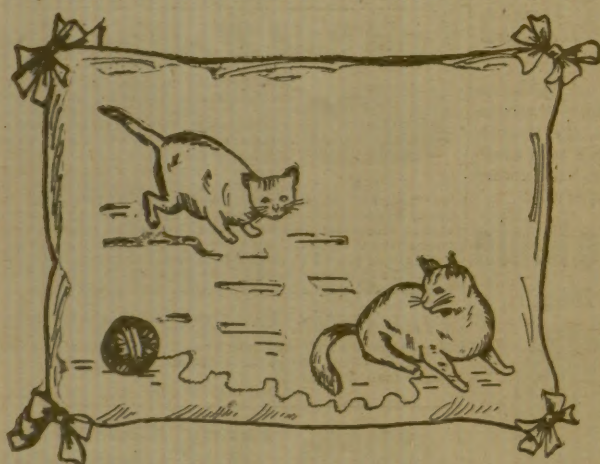


Also two nine-inch dollies to match. This scarf design is stamped on fine quality material 60 inches in length, 18 inches wide, over ONE THOUSAND SQUARE INCHES, the largest pattern outfit we ever offered. In addition are two large dolly designs making a complete bureau or sideboard set that will please our lady readers. The edge of the scarf is to be worked in buttonhole stitch, the design in the center to be embroidered in long and short outline, stitch or solid. The two dollies may be worked the same; this makes a complete set that will be very useful and gain the envy and admiration of your friends. We send a circular describing many other patterns; all are free to you.

Special Offer: For a club of two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT we send this stamped pattern free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A CAT PILLOW IN A COMBINATION OF

HAND PAINTING AND OUTLINE EMBROIDERY



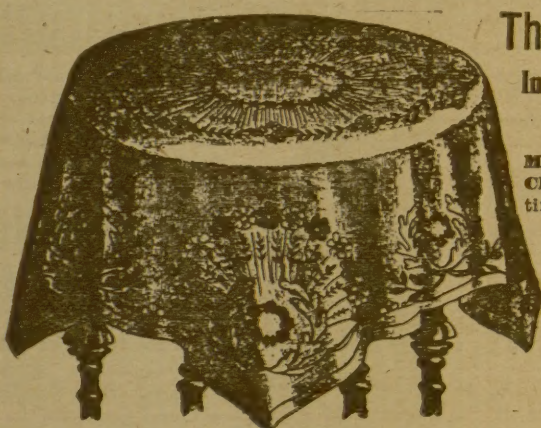
Is a Cute, Pleasing Design of Frolicking Kittens, a subject which is sure to amuse the young and old and add to the cheerfulness of any room.

Combination means that when you receive this pillow the design will be hand painted in a beautiful blending of colors and you are to outline the whole design in a dark shade of mercerized cotton. Painted on Art Pillow Cloth of an exquisite green or softest shade of yellow, this outline embroidery produces an effect that can be had in no other way. It will "bring out" the playful attitude of the Kittens, giving a "raised" appearance which greatly adds to the beauty of the pillow which is 22x22 inches square.

Send a new 15-month 25-cent subscription with 5 cents extra, 30 cents in all, and we will give you the above described pillow. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

This Exquisite Table Cover

In a Beautiful Pattern Especially Designed Outline for Embroidery



Made from a new material called Yachting Cloth with real Irish Linen finish, in a beautiful shade of light brown that will harmonize with all shades of embroidery silk or cotton and is especially designed for table covers. The stamping includes a centerpiece as well as a border of an unusually graceful design and is one yard square.

For two 15-mo. subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each will be given this beautiful cover, which can be used in any room. It is worth working for. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Soft, Warm White Blanket

well made and well finished. Size 55 inches wide and 72 inches long, of good weight. Supplied with the borders worked in fancy colors on the white ground. Large, warm, comfortable blankets for standard size beds. Regardless of advance in cost of raw cotton we have bought a quantity of these blankets at unusually low prices and are certain they are of unusual quality and exceptionally well made. Think of this big warm blanket on your own bed or laying on the shelf for use when needed what a feeling of satisfaction it gives one.

CLUB OFFER. For only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you either post-paid or express free one of these 55x72 White Blankets and you may have either blue or white border.

FOR MOTHER'S SHOULDERS OR THE BABY



We have bought in this connection one of the very best things in the way of a warm wrap for the Mother to use in and about the home that we have ever seen. Made of softest warm flannelette, 30x40 inches in size, and they come in two colors, soft dull pink and blue stripes over white, at either end are wider stripes and the blue one has both the wider stripes and a bit of variegated color at the ends. These small blankets are something very new; in all the city stores where shown they are selling rapidly. We could not resist offering this quick, without illustration our description must convey to you what a splendid little blanket this is and how useful it will be about the Baby; awake or asleep it can be used as a wrap or crib blanket, is splendid as a covering for carriage or as a shoulder throw it cannot be equalled by anything hand knit or made up at home. The edges are finished with buttonhole stitch and the whole idea is just splendid and we know that wherever seen others will be wanted.

Club Offer. To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, or for a club of ten subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send both the large and small Blankets. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

A Speaking and Sleeping DOLL FREE

Can Say PAPA and MAMA

I am the Prettiest, Daintiest, Sweetest Lace-Dressed Doll you ever saw

Observe My Beautiful Raiment. Lace-trimmed Gown and Hat. Openwork Hose, Low Shoes with Buckle and all sorts of frills and furbelows.

This newest premium is a Special Extra Large Size Imported French Doll, over a foot tall, and can be made to sleep and speak. To be exact, she measures sixteen and one-half inches from the sole of her feet to the top of her lace hat, requiring a big box eighteen inches long to pack her in. It is one of the most beautifully dressed Dolls ever given away as a premium for so few subscriptions or for such little effort as we require.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please every little or big girl who receives her from us. Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls; her handsome costume of lustrous silk finish; latest fancy trimmed, lace-bordered HAT; lace-trimmed underwear; openwork stockings, dainty low shoes with buckles, etc., etc. She is dressed throughout in the latest Doll fashion.

Our illustration does not do her justice; we can only show about how splendid she is. It would be impossible to show up her charms and graces, but you get a very good idea, and will be delighted when you receive and open the package and see her; and to see her is to love her, she is such a GRAND DOLL BEAUTY.

CLUB OFFER.

For only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send free and post-paid, one of these magnificent, large Dressed Dolls.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I Can Say Papa and Mama and also Close My Eyes
FREE for Only Six Subscribers



THIS BEAUTIFUL NARCISSUS ASSORTMENT

EXTRA HEAVY SILVER PLATED WARE.

Now offered in eleven different pieces comprising an elaborate and complete assortment. Especially desirable Wedding Gift, equally as desirable to all housekeepers.

Unless you have some of the Spoons in this pattern you have no idea how beautiful it is, with the soft gray frosted handle with high polished blades or bowls. You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more, especially such very Beautiful ware as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.

The combination of twenty-six pieces in the Narcissus pattern, French Gray finish enables you to have all the assortment for complete table set, or as few pieces as you require. The lovely pattern is a very heavily embossed design, in relief, ornamenting the entire length of each article, on both sides.

For every-day service and special occasions this durable ware embodies every requirement and although delightfully attractive will stand constant use.



Club Offers. We have arranged the following schedule of club offers, enabling you to obtain free as much of the assortment as you require, if not all.

For only two 25c. subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: Six Teaspoons, Two Tablespoons, a Dessert-spoon, Sugar Shell, or Butter Knife. For only three subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: either a Gravy Ladle, Pie Knife, Cold Meat Fork, or Berry Spoon. For a club of twelve subscriptions to COMFORT, a set of Six Knives and Six Forks. A club of thirty subscriptions to COMFORT for the entire assortment of 26 pieces. All must be 25c. fifteen-months subscriptions.

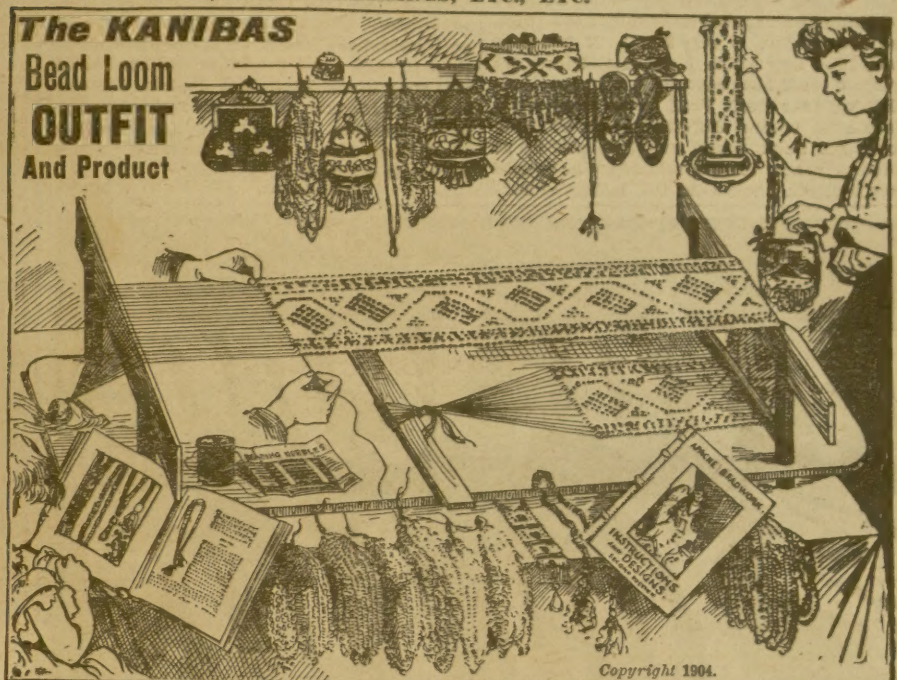
Carefully look over the different articles and decide which ones you desire most than first and in a small trial club for sample after that we are sure you will get the entire assortment when you find how nice the goods are. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

14,000 BEADS & LOOM OUTFIT FREE

PROFITABLE BEADWORK AT HOME MAKING BAGS, CHAINS, NECKLACES, PURSES, BELTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS, SHIRT-WAIST SETS, SLIPPERS, WATCH CASES, FOR WATCH CHAINS, CARD CASES, POCKETBOOKS, WRIST BAGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, ETC., ETC.

The KANIBAS

Bead Loom
OUTFIT
And Product



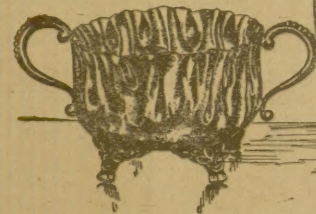
Copyright 1904.

The great revival in Art Beadwork has brought about a Wonderful Loom Invention for easily doing this fascinating work. The product of the Penobscot Indians of Maine as well as the Apache Tribes, has made them famous the world over. For thousands of years Venice has produced wonderful beads. Columbus first brought articles of Venetian Beadwork to America that completely fascinated the early settlers. Now the most dainty and artistic costumes are not complete without a dash of beautiful color such as can only be gotten from these same exquisite shades of artistically arranged beads. That beadwork is entirely practical can be proven by its thousands of years of usefulness. No art in existence has given the world more profitable employment or genuine happiness than Bead working; the articles that are now being made with beads sell for many times the cost of material—all that is necessary is a little time and patience for any one to become proficient in the art. With the invention of this Bead Loom, the mechanical possibilities of which are nearly unlimited, the simplicity of weaving the beads is at once astonishing and rapid. The old-fashioned work was mostly knit after the beads were strung yards at a time, when the miscount of even a single bead would throw the pattern out all over the design. All of our grandmothers' beautiful designs can now be reproduced with half the expenditure of energy and nerve force. Another wonderful help is the use of the regular Bead Needle. These are long and slender and have a very long eye built especially for holding a lot of beads at one time and doing the work easily and rapidly. The Kanibas Loom as illustrated shows the method of working, the hands holding the needle and thread, giving an idea of the progress of the warp in forming a Belt or Woven Chain. The outfit consists of 1 Kanibas Loom, 5 Bunches Black Beads, 2 Bunches Green Beads, 3 Bunches White Beads, 2 Bunches Pink Beads, 2 Bunches Blue Beads, 1 Paper containing a dozen Special Bead Needles, 1 Gold Swivel Snap for chain, 1 Spool Special Bead Thread, and the Apache Beadworker of Instruction and Design. This great book was gotten up especially to show some of the wonderful possibilities of Artistic Beadwork. It has a beautiful photograph cover and contains seventy-five different cuts and designs in popular beadwork, giving full detail instructions just what color beads to use and how to work them; it shows some of the Lady Washington Bags illustrated from these old Revolutionary articles themselves that cannot now be bought for hundreds of dollars. It shows how to make all sorts of Chains, Bags, Collars, Cuffs and Dress Trimmings, Purses, etc., etc., giving full directions for all designs. All the popular Secret Order Emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for Fob Chains, etc., and this book shows *Masonic*, *Odd Fellow*, *Royal Arcanum*, and other styles with directions. Some of the Bag designs shown bring \$12.00 or \$15.00 when worked out and the extra beads cost so little that very large profits come from doing the work. It only requires your time to make a lot of money doing these designs. You get these **Fourteen Thousand Beads with the Loom and Book of Directions, Thread, Needles**, in fact, the entire outfit above described absolutely **Free**. So popular and instructive has beadwork now become in teaching color schemes that the educational boards have adopted Loom Bead Instruction and introduced it in all large city schools.

Club Offer. For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver the entire outfit free. Get up your club now.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish
for Candy, Olives, Nuts,
Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish
for Salad, Fruit,
Nuts and Candy.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the
Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a
Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set
in a Few Hours' Time.

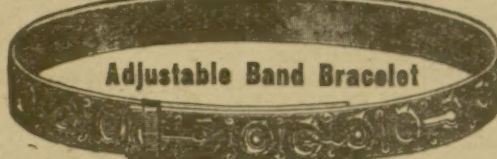
This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS

Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist



Adjustable Band Bracelet

for that length of time under our guarantee. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet, and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable. We are making extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate.

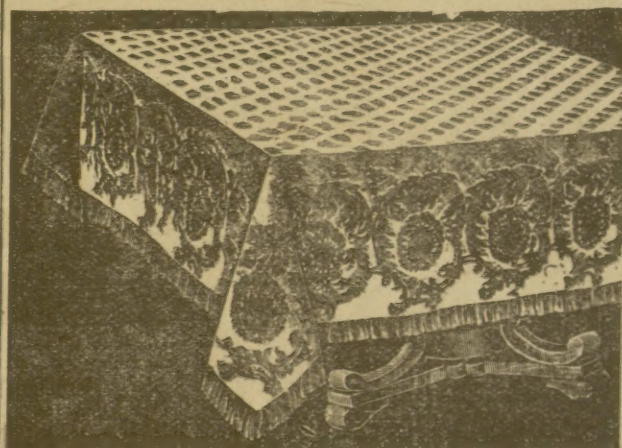
Club Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 25 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Complete Household Cabinet

Containing over two hundred different articles always useful in and around the home, particularly to the mother who must do all the making and mending. The assortment of articles has been put together, after repeated calls for such an outfit, in convenient arrangement to provide the great variety of really useful and much wanted articles most likely to be needed. Each article is of full size and good quality and is such as you would usually purchase at any store. The following list of contents of each package will at once convince you we have made a good selection and in the right quantities.

1 Aluminum Thimble, standard size and weight. 1 Card with 3 doz. best quality Shoebuttons. 1 Paper with 2 doz. best Hooks and Eyes. 1 Card Household Mending Cotton. 1 Linnen Tape Measure, 60 in. long. 1 Paper with 400 best quality toilet Pins. 1 Card with 1 doz. Safety Pins. 1 Card with 6 doz. Pearl Lintie Agate Buttons. 1 Tube with 80 Invisible Hairpins. 1 Paper best quality straight Hairpins. 3 Skeins of 5 yds. each Embroidery Cotton, assorted colors. 6 Stamped Linnen Dollies in assorted Designs. 4 Papers of Needles, Sharps, sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. 7 Ladies' Shawl Pins, assorted sizes, glass heads. 1 Tape Bookkin. 4 Darning Needles. 10 Embroidery Needles. 1 Glove Buttoner. 1 Key-Ring. 1 Doz. Agate Collar Buttons. 1 Doz. Best Kid Corsets. 1 Spool Linnen Thread. 2 Glass-head Hat Pins. 1 Pair Shoe Laces. 1 Pair Corset Laces. Each Cabinet packed ready for shipment and positively contains all articles as described. A nice present for mother.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send this Cabinet of useful articles, post-paid.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Imported Scotch Turkey Red Cloth.

A superior quality genuine Scotch imported Turkey red damask table-cloth, fringed. These table covers are of heavy weight, closely woven material, with heavy fringe, and the designs are all up-to-date floral effects that are very attractive, guaranteed fast color. Size 60 x 60 inches.

Club Offer. Send only six to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one of these Scotch Turkey Red Table-Cloths.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory. A Big Lot of Real Silk, also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS
FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

Any in need of work is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard time getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 90 to 160 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these



pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great one sample subscription lot now for only 50c. Order one sample subscription lot now for only 50c. **Grand Offer:** If you order AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. Five Skeins Embroidery Silks, Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell many more lots, to make this liberal offer besides giving you a large and elegant piece of Plush. **BEST WAY.** We send one of the above complete assortments for \$1.00 as a reward to all who send 25 cents for 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book **With Eight Fancy Stitches** are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline Stitch, Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patchwork. **REMEMBER** we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 35 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 55c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00.
Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT.

GENTLEMEN:—The Stock Food that you sent me several weeks ago works to perfection, as my stock is in much better condition with less grain than when I commenced to feed it.

Yours respectfully, FRANK RAND.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed find draft for \$13.00 in payment for Stock Food. I have used two pails of your Stock Food; it is certainly fine. I have used almost everything on the market, but nothing to compare with the Wilbur Stock Food. My milk cows, calves, hogs and colts,

after feeding three days, I noticed the change. It has saved me many a sack of grain. My horses are slick and nice, also are working hard every day.

Will enclose watch certificate and thanking you for past favors, I am, Yours very truly, Kremmling, Colo. (Signed) CASPER SCHWAB.

WILLIAMSBURG, OHIO.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

To Whom It May Concern:—I have used Wilbur Stock Food and can say I will use it as long as I have any stock, whatever kind it may be, to feed. Feed your chickens and get more eggs; feed your horse, and he will do more work; feed your cow and she will give more milk; feed your hog and he will give

more pounds of pork, and to make a long story short, you can't afford to be without it. So please hurry my five pail order to me.

Sincerely yours, JAMES J. WAGNER.

ARCADIA, OKLAHOMA.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

GENTLEMEN:—Received my watch in good condition and was surprised to find it so nice, and I appreciate it very much. It has kept good time ever since I got it and don't see how you could have sent it.

I think your Stock Food is the best made. Have used several different kinds of Stock Food, but never found any that will do as much as yours. I have sold ten pigs (would have been six months old the middle of Feb-

ruary) and they weighed 200 pounds apiece. Some wanted to know how I fattened them and what I fed them that made them grow so fast, and, of course, I had to tell them it was Wilbur Stock Food.

I have seven head of horses and they are rolling fat. When I hitch them up they are so high lived, that I can hardly do anything with them. They are always up and ready to go. Everybody wants to know what keeps them in such good condition and I tell them it is your Stock Food that does it. I have a team that is equal to your champion team on your envelopes. They are fine and eat Stock Food three times a day. I thank you for your past favors and remain,

Your agent, W. M. RANDLE.



I Want to Send You This \$100 Box Free



I want you to know for yourself why

Wilbur's Stock Food

is fed by 500,000 stock raisers daily. I want you to see what it does for your horses, your milch cows, your hogs, your sheep and your poultry.

I want to prove to you beyond all doubt, that Wilbur's Stock Food is a wonderful feed saver, fattener and positive preventive of disease.

I want you to find out by actual test that my food makes money for you every time you feed it.

That's why I'll send this big box absolutely free to you and to every reader of this paper, who fills out and sends me the coupon shown below.

I don't want you to pay me a cent for this big full size \$1.00 box, now or at any other time.

I don't want you to do anything to earn it.

It is not a premium, but a gift, and my object in giving it to you is to let

you prove to your own satisfaction that it is a feed saver and money maker for you. Is my offer fair?

Do you risk one cent by accepting this big box free? Is it worth a two-cent stamp? If so, just fill out the coupon below, and mail today.

\$1000.00 in Gold

Given Away in Cash Prizes

We will give away 127 Cash Prizes from \$1.00 to \$500.00 each to users of Wilbur's Stock Food this season. YOU may win the big \$500.00 First Prize. We will send you full details of this Great Prize Offer if you send the coupon for this Free Box of Stock Food or write us at once.

Fill out and mail the coupon today

E. B. Marshall President

WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO., 441 Huron St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE \$100 BOX COUPON

E. B. MARSHALL, President,
WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO.,
441 Huron St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me the FREE \$1.00 box of Wilbur's Stock Food; also full particulars of free cash prizes.

My Name _____

P. O. _____ R. F. D. _____

Freight Sta. _____ State _____

I own _____ horses _____ cattle _____ hogs _____ poultry.